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THE NEW YORKER

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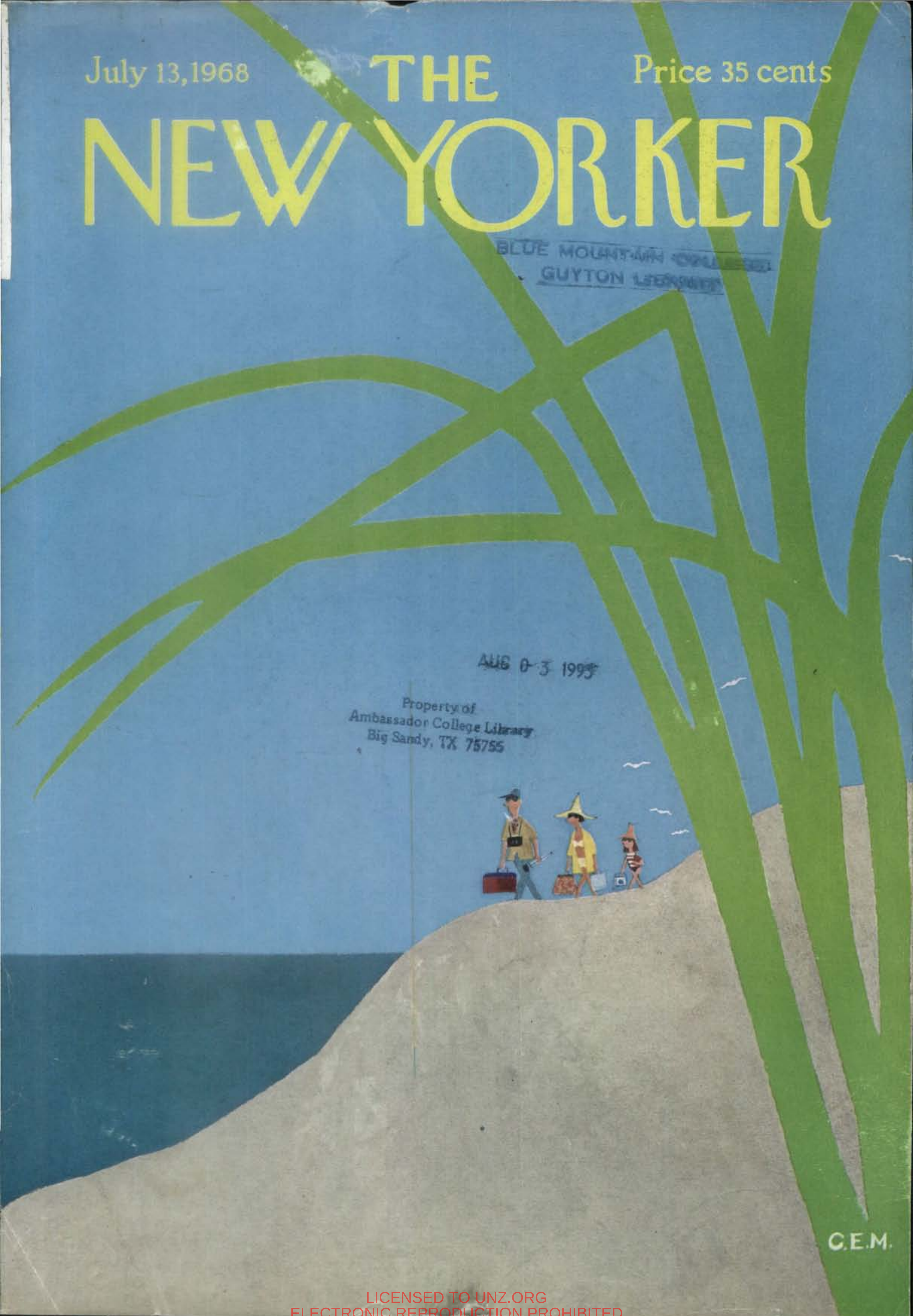

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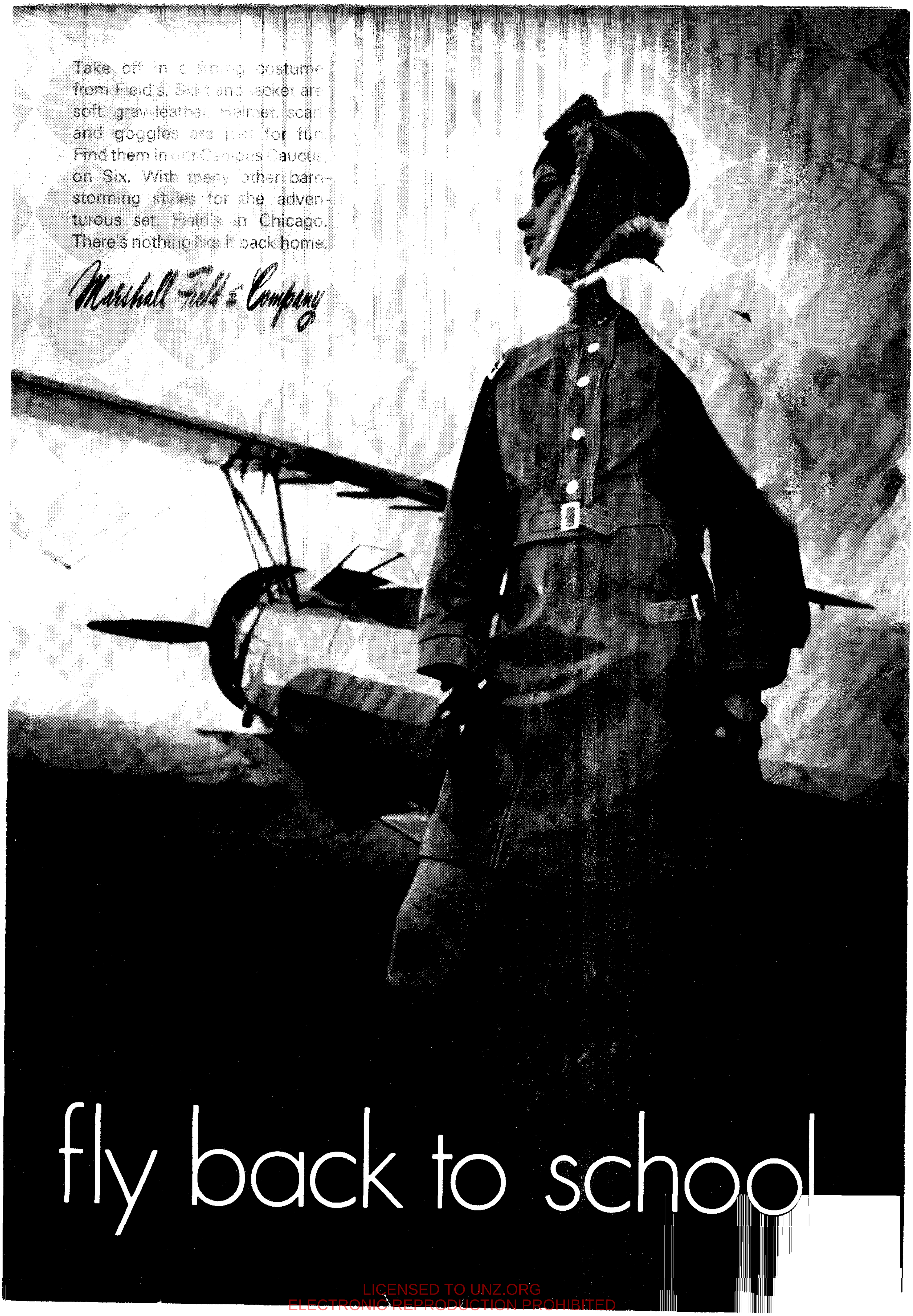

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. *and* W. *mean* East *and* West *of* Broadway.)

PLAYS

Atelje 212—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in Serbo-Croatian. Vitrac's **VICTOR; OR, THE CHILDREN TAKE OVER:** Thursday, July 11, and Saturday, July 13, both at 8, and Sunday, July 14, at 2. . . . ¶ Albee's **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Friday, July 12, at 8; Saturday, July 13, at 2; and Sunday, July 14, at 7:30. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

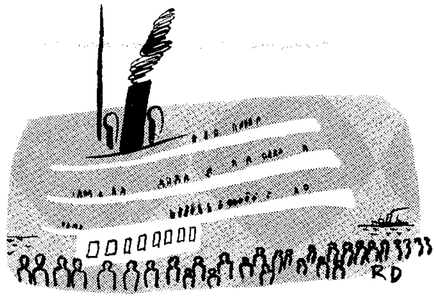
Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this much larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Théâtre de la Cité—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in French. Dumas's **THE THREE MUSKETEERS:** Thursday and Friday, July 11-12, at 8. . . . ¶ Molière's **TARTUFFE:** Saturday, July 13, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, July 14, at 2 and 7:30. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Laurence Hugo figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. On the evenings of Monday, July 15, and Monday, July 22, however, they will be replaced by Mace Barrett and Marilyn Cooper. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of WEST SIDE STORY, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

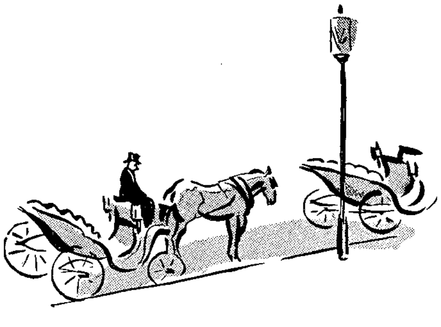
Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis, and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—CABARET: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... THE FANTASTICKS: Cinq brasses là-bas. Par cinq brasses d'eau ton père repose. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... HELLO, DOLLY!: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... MAME: Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... MAN OF LA MANCHA: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Hal Holbrook plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, July 11: "Pulcinella Variations" (première) and "Giselle."... ¶ Friday evening, July 12: "Pulcinella Variations," "Aleko," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy." ... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 13: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday matinée, July 14: "Harbinger" and "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday evening, July 14: "Pulcinella Variations," "Aleko," and "Etudes."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 16: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 17: "Danses Concertantes" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 18: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "Pulcinella Variations" and "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 20: "Danses Concertantes" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 20: "Aleko," "At Midnight," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 799-4420. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, July 28.)



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OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HENRY IV, PART I, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, are being given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, July 20. HENRY IV, PART II, with the same cast, is presented on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of SOUTH PACIFIC, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Singers, instrumentalists, and loquacious types come on and go off throughout the evening. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Sea Train, which traces its origins to the old Blues Project, heads the show. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. The Jake Hanna quintet, with Bill Berry on trumpet, makes pleasant music nightly. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—The quality of the entertainment sometimes makes it a scene worth making. The John Hammond trio plays through Sunday, July 14. Singer-guitarist Kenny Rankin is also on the bill and will stay on after the Hammond trio has left. Dancing is encouraged, but most people just sit and dig.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and jazz by the Roland Kirk quartet. Monday, July 15, will be turned over to singer Ozzie Waite. On Tuesday, July 16, the Jackie McLean quintet will start playing. Some early-evening concerts, before the regular sessions: Saturday, July 13, from five to nine, the Pharoah Sanders quartet. Sunday, July 14, from five to nine, the Substructure, a five-tuba outfit that includes Howard Johnson.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the neat and agile Billy Taylor trio takes turns with the solo piano of Toshiko. On Mondays, when they are off, new talent is auditioned. Grilled dinners are available.... ¶ Downstairs, the Oscar Peterson trio takes turns with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet. On Tuesday, July 16, the Miles Davis quintet will replace the Peterson group. Mondays are reserved for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. The Sonny Rollins quartet plays far out, trading sets with the McCoy Tyner trio. Monday, July 15, will be turned over to Chuck Israel's sixteen-piece band. On Tuesday, July 16, the Joe Henderson quartet will succeed the Tyner group.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of The Epitome. Dancing from nine till three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Live groups alternate with records over a strong system. On Monday, July 15, at eight-thirty, composer Michael Sahl and violinist Paul Zukofsky will combine taped and live sounds while the walls quiver with projected images. Dancing and the regular show will follow at about ten. No alcohol. Shazam.

FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration system. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not*, you may be turned away at the door. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Bring money.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Bobby Hackett quartet. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1501 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the Elephant's Memory. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0080)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery. Cool when the air-conditioning is playing a capella, hot when the quartet of Jonah Jones plays counterpoint against it. The Jones boys begin at nine; Phil Wayne's persuasive foursome begins two hours sooner. On Monday, July 15, Flip Wilson, whose given name describes his conversation pieces, will move in to replace the Jones family. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The beauty part of it—a part well taken by both the décor and the younger customers. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero play on, play on, from seven-thirty until two, but they take time out every Sunday and Monday. A boy-and-girl dance team (what ever became of *that* trade?) takes turns and twists on the floor a couple of times. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The Worthies are supplemented by Ellen Harwicke's neat voice-and-piano work. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2060): This was storied Versailles. The captains and the kings have departed, but upon payment of a reasonable fee anyone may now enter and see how they lived. The sound track is contributed by Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): Billy Maxted, once one of Red Nichols' red-hot Pennies, leads the band that takes the floor at seven-thirty; an orchestra collected by Eddy McGinnis begins at six. Home-free comes well after the theatre. No music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Dancers who are graduates of the school of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may perform on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Argueso's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): Not really a lawn party, but it *is* out-of-doors, on a terrace *cum* dance floor. The prance tunes run from around seven until half past twelve or later, every night, but not *cum* what may, for on weathery evenings everyone pops indoors.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

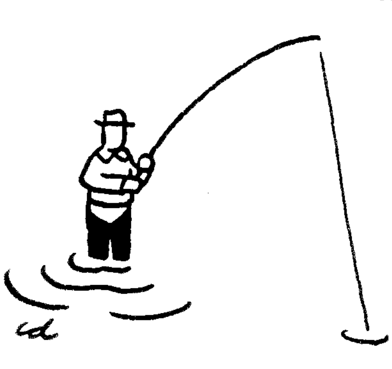
AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Over the hills and far away with Mel Tormé's well-couched arias, which have a sweet tooth, all right, but a sound one. Jo Anne Worley, a sprite from Off, and Way Out, Broadway, lends her cheerful presence, too, to the dinner and supper hours in the Royal Box. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which inclines toward its own particular way of playing things, does music through the evening. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—A very sunny Spain, now nearly too big to be encompassed by the naked eye. From the right vantage point, the eye and ear can absorb with ease the outgoing antics of the purposefully casual Chavales de España and their music festival, as well as the Peruvian birdcalls of Yma Sumac, the well-known hollow oak. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the jolly Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Gladys Knight and the Pips, who call themselves rhythm-and-blues, use not faith but their own entwined voices to move mountains, and in a hurry. An unfamiliar wit, Larry Wilde, does the talking. Every evening of the week, at dinner and supper. . . . ¶ The instruments (and those who play them) onstage in the ground-floor lounge are all attached to wall sockets—and rightly, for the music does sound as if it came out of the woodwork. Every night, too.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The stag of Eve may drink his fill as she and her many girl playmates waltz through the local extravaganza, which is huge and wholly without guile. But Sheila MacRae, the queen bee of the enterprise, is wholly with guile in her recitation-with-song. On Wednesday, July 17, she will be replaced by Teresa Brewer, that brisk little Southern oriole.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—New-girl-in-town is the tag for Grace Markay, who sings at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays, always in the noble old Persian Room, where the orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the night with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine Sundays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal and sometimes quite vocal by the cheery customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, singly and in tandem, play swashbuckling piano hour after hour. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Sitting around the campfire in the kibbutz after dark, swapping jokes, lyrics, footwork, any old thing. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr are the masters of ceremonies, and there are other worthy contributors. Dine as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Arma virumque cano* is the motto of the calypso chanter who strolls this West Indian beachhead, and the *a.* and *v.* are, naturally, all Jamaican. This music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): Leicester Square should be just around the corner, and the chef must have been brought up in Soho. The house guests, though, are like all the rest of us, and the music (the throat and fingers of Lynn Richards, who operates between Tuesday and Saturday every week, from nine until two) could be only mid-Manhattan.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The multiple-finger exercises that Cy Walter applies to his piano can only improve the music to which they are devoted. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole and who improves with age. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for

There you are. Stretched out in the sun. Getting tan. Getting

We take this sun thing very seriously. It has its dark side. While it's toasting you to a glorious tan, it can create absolute havoc underneath. (Drying your skin to parchment. Insidiously adding years to your looks.) The sun lotion you're using may protect you far less than you think. It may even be adding fuel to the fire. *Literally frying your skin in oil.* (Do you read the small print on the label? Does your lotion sort out *burning* rays from *tanning* ones?)

We don't want to see you ten years from now, looking older than you need to. We recommend to you the new 'Ultima' II Collection of Sun-Care Concentrates. One for the face. One for the body. One for after-care. This unique specialized approach, we believe, is the first real rebuttal to the aging effects of the sun.

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eautiful. Getting old. Setting up tomorrow's wrinkles.

drying, *aging* rays, yet lets in all the *tanning* rays you can handle. (Now that you think of it, wasn't it madness to *ever* sun your face as if it were nothing special?)

TANNING GEL CONCENTRATE. Slip into a cool film of this clear amber sun-screening gel. Then into your barest bikini. You'll be bronze in no time. But be sensible. *Use it all Summer*. Because even *after* you're tan, your skin is by no means immune to the aging effects of the sun. Every unguarded moment could lead to that leathery, weather-beaten look you'll loathe later on.

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The 'Ultima' II Collection of Sun-Care Concentrates created by Revlon.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The midsummer breeze is the piano of Muriel Roberts. She is on duty from cocktails through an early dinner, and she takes her Saturdays and Sundays off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through July 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23. . . . **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, Alvin Ross, and others; through July 25. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Aug. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Fritz Glarner, Edwin Dickinson, and Frank Gallo; through July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of American folk art, mainly of the early nineteenth century and comprising a sampler, paintings on velvet, Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur paintings, and portraits; through Friday, July 12. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Aug. 2.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: An exhibition by artists who specialize in flashing lights, reflections, and animated objects and images; through July 26.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FROM THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE: ART AND ARTIFACTS—Nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through July 31. (America-Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St. Open Sundays.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ "Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ About a hundred and fifty portrait and landscape photographs done during the past decade by Cartier-Bresson; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

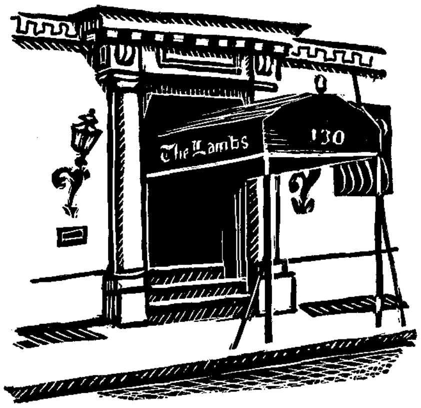
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)



MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

ORCHESTRAS

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, July 13, at 8:30, with Menahem Pressler, piano; and Sunday, July 14, at 8:30, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with João Carlos Martins, piano, and Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, July 17, at 8:30.)

ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, July 11, at 8:30, with Emanuel Hurwitz, violin; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; and the conductor, piano. Friday, July 12, at 8:30, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC OF HAYDN, MOZART, SCHUBERT—The last in a series of programs performed by Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Leslie Parnas and Robert Sylvester, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JAZZ IN THE GARDEN—Thursday, July 11, at 8:30: **THE SOFT MACHINE.** . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: **THE PAZANT BROTHERS.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Philharmonic Hall. Monday, July 15, at 8:30.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

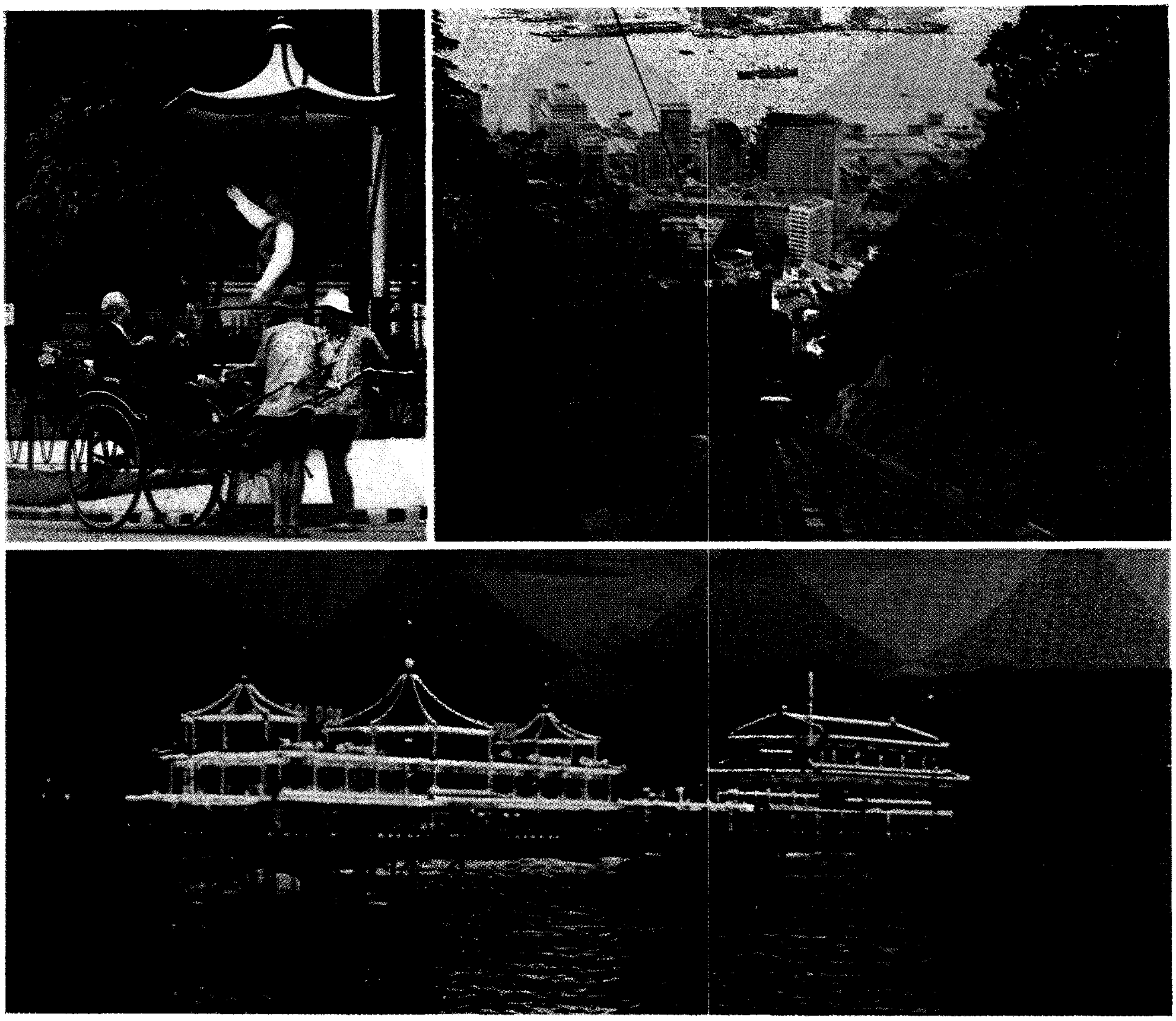
(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Paul Creston will conduct several of his own works on Thursday, July 11.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, July 12, at 8 and 10:30: Pete Seeger and Len Chandler. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8 and 10:30: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '66, plus Montego Joe. . . . ¶ Monday, July 15, at 8: Don Ellis and his orchestra, Kenny Burrell, and Chico Hamilton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8, and Friday, July 19, at 8 and 10:30: Indrani and her company of Indian dancers and musicians, with Ali Akbar Khan, sarode. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8 and 10:30: Phil Ochs and Jim and Jean. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the third in a series of four concerts, this one with Harold Kohon, violin; Eugenie Dengel, viola; and Leo Rostal, cello. (Friday, July 12, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with



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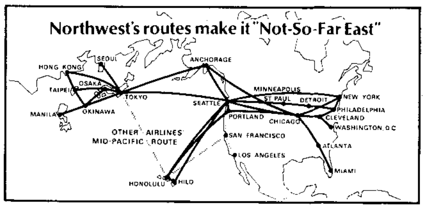
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sharon Bennett, soprano. (Thursday, July 11, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 12, at 7: An all-Bach organ program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: David Zinman conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Enrico DiGiuseppe, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra, with James Pappoutsakis, flute; Alfred Krips, violin; Martin Hoherman, cello; and Miss Wolff. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8: Judy Collins, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Don Ellis orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: A recital by Zara Nelsova, cello, and Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Johannesen. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Sunday, July 28—Thursday, July 11, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 2:30: "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: "Apollo," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 3:30: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Al Hirt, with Pee Wee and the Young Set, on Monday, July 15, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Valse," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 2:30: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Valse," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 3:30: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Ballet Imperial." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, July 13, at 8: With Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8: With Eugene Istomin, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 13: Solveig Oestergaard and Niels Kehlet, Jean Cébron and Pina Bausch, and Ritha Devi and her company of Indian musicians. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 16-20: Maria Alba and her company of Spanish dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 11, at 5:05; Friday, July 12, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 13, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, July 14, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 15, at 8:05. . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, July 16, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, July 17, at 2; and Thursday, July 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2.

Golf—New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (Whiteface Inn, Lake Placid. Through Saturday, July 13.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.)

Olympic Equestrian Trials—At Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J.: Friday through Sunday, July 12-14.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13; the Great American, Wednesday, July 17; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 13; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 17; and the Sorority, Saturday, July 20. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Santos of Brazil, Friday, July 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Chicago, Sunday, July 14, at 2:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 13, at 3:15, and Sunday, July 14, at 1:15.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 13, through Saturday, July 20.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

The Kinetic Art—Three programs of short films representing sixteen filmmakers from Europe, Japan, and the United States. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, at 8:30.)

Walking Tours—"East Seventies," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 14. Meets at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—July 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The White Rose" (1923), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ July 13 at 11:30: "The Street" (1923), a German film. . . . ¶ July 13 at 3: "Helen Keller in Her Story" (1955). . . . ¶ July 14 at 2: "The Southerner" (1945), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932), in German. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, with Machiko Kyo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.). . . **note:** Twelve programs in a series of Greta Garbo films, presented by Lincoln Center Festival '68. July 12 at 6:30: "The Torrent" (1926). . . . ¶ July 12 at 9: "Romance" (1930). . . . ¶ July 13 at 6:30: "The Temptress" (1926). . . . ¶ July 13 at 9: "Inspiration" (1928). . . . ¶ July 14 at 6:30: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927). . . . ¶ July 14 at 9: "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" (1931). . . . ¶ July 15 at 6:30: "Love" (1927). . . . ¶ July 15 at 9: "Mata Hari" (1932). . . . ¶ July 16 at 6:30: "The Mysterious Lady" (1928). . . . ¶ July 16 at 9: "Grand Hotel" (1932). . . . ¶ July 17 at 6:30: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929). . . . ¶ July 17 at 9: "As You Desire Me" (1932). (For information about tickets, call 765-5140.)

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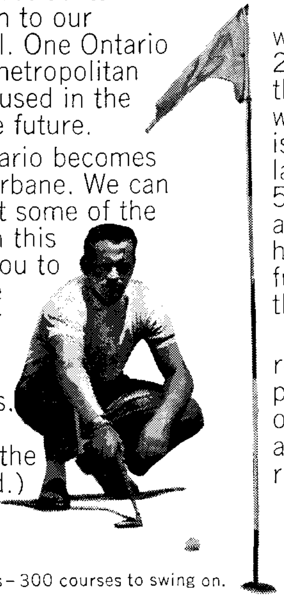

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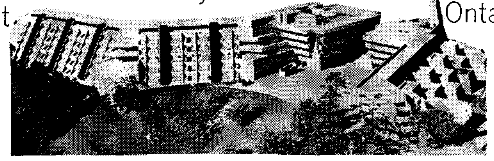

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 17.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 16.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through July 16.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 16. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 17.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Nazarin—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour") plays the priest. No film has ever said "I do not believe, thank God" with more distress, humor, and endurance. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Richard Lester's giant stride forward, in a story about two people—wonderfully played by Julie Christie and George C. Scott—in San Francisco. The story concerns modern ways of hiding pain and injury. Lester's technique, which is jangly and terse, exactly expresses the subject and becomes eloquent about his own tacit perception of modern pain. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 17.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through July 15.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading the witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savalyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre in this stupendous endeavor, which draws one into another life in a country on the brink of change. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting July 17.)

L'Avventura (1961)—A film that records a joyless affair between a young man and a young woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. In Italian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 13.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 14.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 13-15.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; starting July 17. No afternoon performances.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 11.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this early New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through July 13.)

Chronicle of a Summer (1960)—A pioneer feature-length specimen of *cinéma vérité*, photographed by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16-17.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1964)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; through July 12. No afternoon performances.)

Lola (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 17.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 14-16.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through July 13.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 15.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's portrait of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 13-15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting July 17.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation of the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; July 13-16. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16-17.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 12.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this film directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 16.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 16: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.
From July 17: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans; and "The Important Man" (in Spanish), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through July 12: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and "Passage to Marseille," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan.
July 13-16: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "All Through the Night," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre.
From July 17: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

Gramercy. Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 16: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.
From July 17: **PLANET OF THE APES.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
July 11: "Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From July 12: "A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 15: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From July 16, at 8:30: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

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Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US *(in French).*

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Man with the Balloons" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 13: ***BREATHLESS*** *(in French),* revival; and **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival.
July 14-16: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of nonprofessionals), revival.
From July 17: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 16: **THE FOX**; and "Africa Addio," revival, an Italian documentary with an English narration.
From July 17: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Death of Tarzan," a Czechoslovakian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
July 11: "Dark of the Sun," Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux.
From July 12: "Don't Raise the Bridge, Lower the River," Jerry Lewis, Terry-Thomas.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 16: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans; and "Guilt" (in Swedish).
From July 17: **THE FOX**; and "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), revival, Virna Lisi.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Lyceum, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
July 11: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
July 12: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** (in Swedish), revival.
July 13: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
July 14: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
July 15: **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival.
July 16: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival.
July 17: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
NAZARIN (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Inadmissible Evidence," Nicol Williamson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through July 16: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From July 17: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 12: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.
July 13-15: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French and both revivals).
July 16-17: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 16: "The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.
From July 17: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 11: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
July 12: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
July 13: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival; and **MOROCCO**, revival.
July 14: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
July 15: **LOLA** (in French), revival; and "Rapture," revival, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.
July 16: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** and **LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE** (both in French and both revivals).
July 17: A program of eight short films on the dance—"Graduation Ball," "Dances of Spain," and others.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

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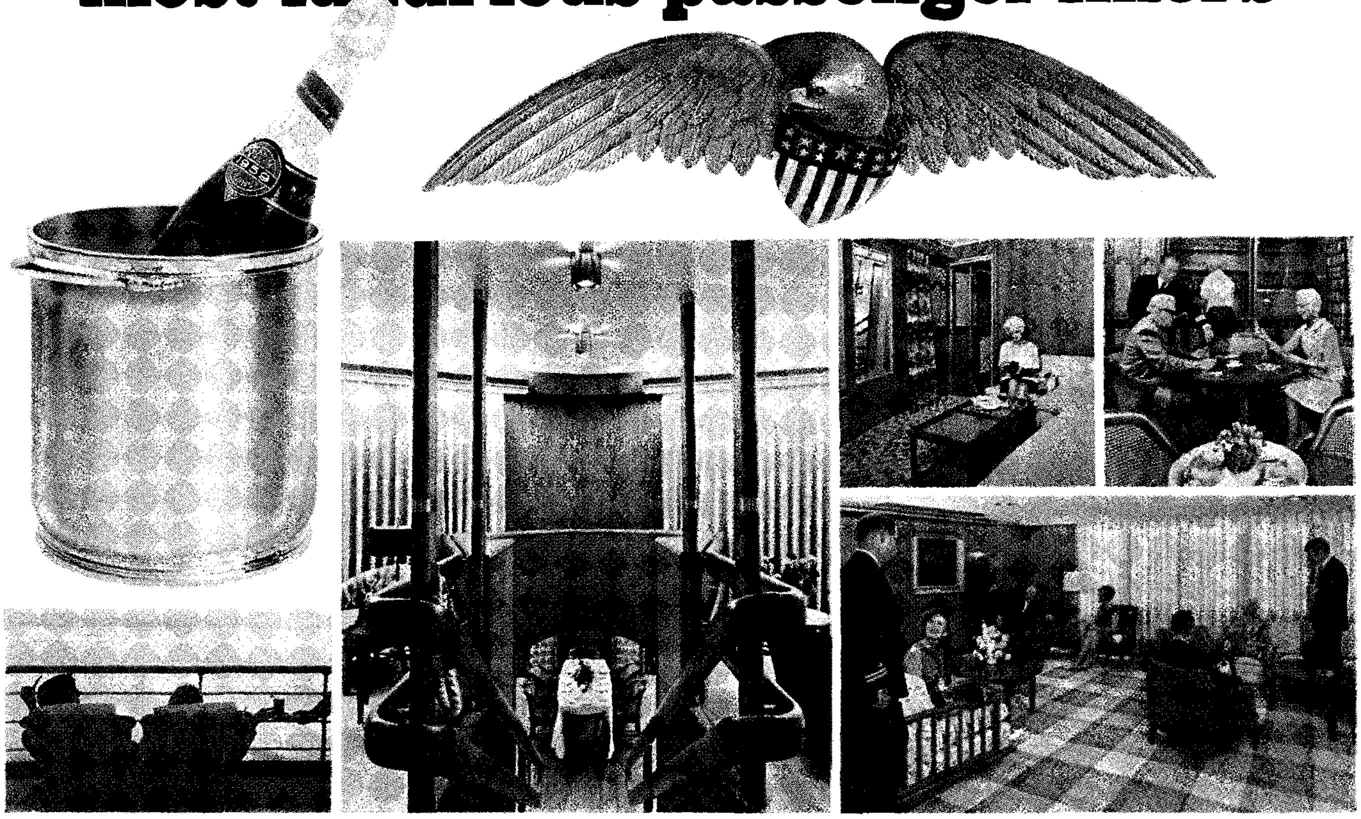

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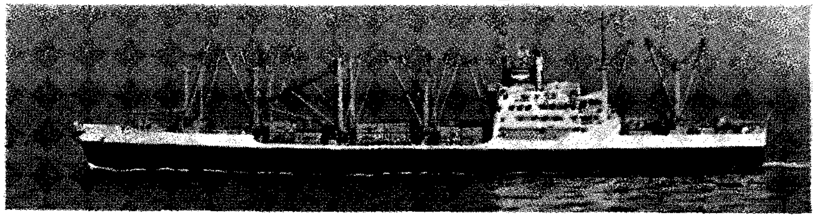

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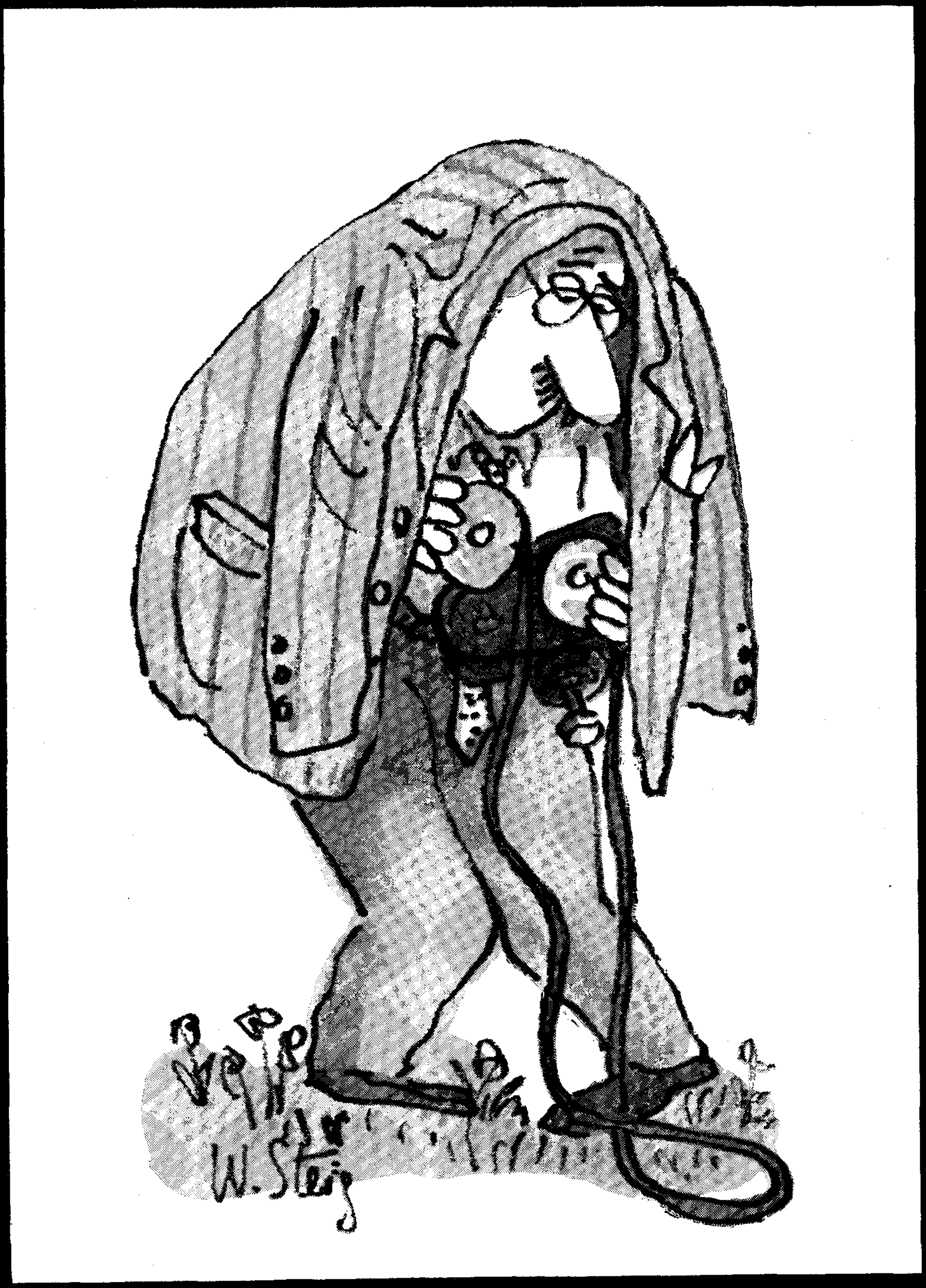

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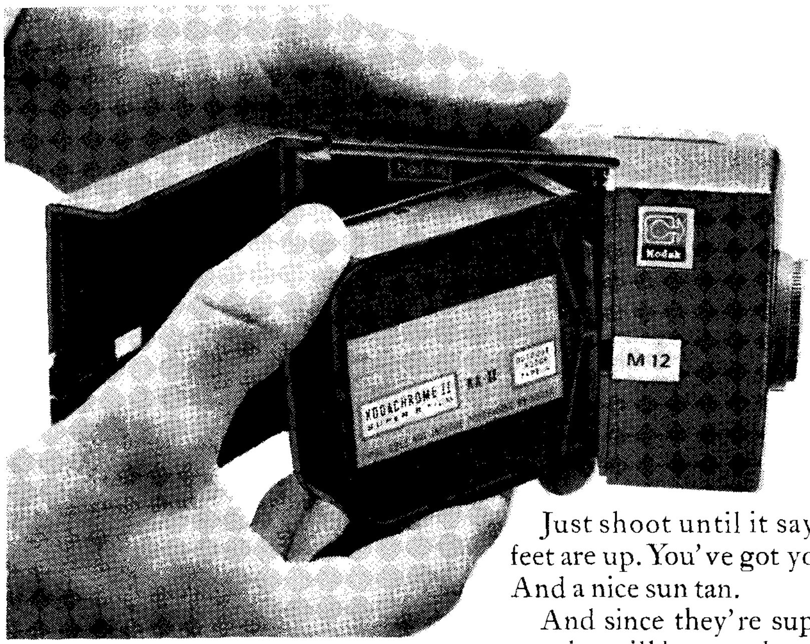

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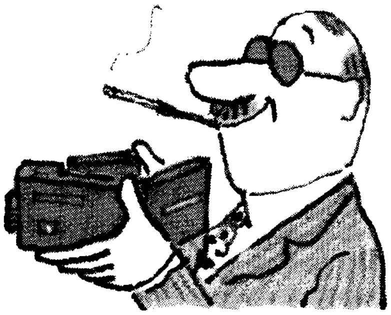

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for the glamorous Super-Royal gold flaked lipsticks.
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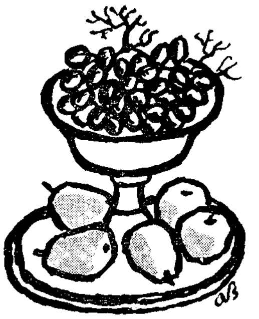
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JOGGERS surround us these days. Morning time and evening time, they hurry past on some uptown block, bound resolutely for the Park or damply and triumphantly home, their ancient sneakers slapping out a paradiddle of eupepsia and exhaustion. We have seen joggers of both sexes and different ages, but most of them are men who look to be in their middle thirties—a little heavy in the chest but still young enough to own a T-shirt with faded college insignia and some dream of having once played touch football for five hours on a warm October afternoon behind the Tri-Delt house. Their eyes are fixed on the far horizon—toward a vision of coronary arteries of pure bronze trimly sheathed within a 34-waist, tapered, side-vented J. Press Italian nubbly silk. Almost always, though, we notice something else in their eyes and their flushed, streaming faces—a look that says they are trying not just to catch up with good health but to keep ahead of boredom, which is perpetually huffing along at their heels. Jogging is in style and certainly good for you, but unfortunately it is a pastime of almost overpowering ennui. Anyone who has managed at least one lap around the Reservoir will have discovered that thinking and running are impossible to sustain simultaneously; by the time one has left the north Gate House behind, any inspiriting visions of oneself as Jim Ryun, Pheidippides, or Chingachgook slipping through the forest have dimmed and one is left with nothing but the sight of one's own kneecaps rising and falling, the sounds of an elderly bulldog trying to make his escape from one's chest, and the growing conviction that the temple of reason has just been transformed into a bowl of junket. Ahead of every jogger, we suspect, is not really the dawn of perpetual fitness but the evening when his daily written entry of miles jogged, pounds melted, and inches trimmed will prove less inviting than Dr. Rose Franzblau, followed by a short snooze, followed by a Martini and Huntley and Brinkley.

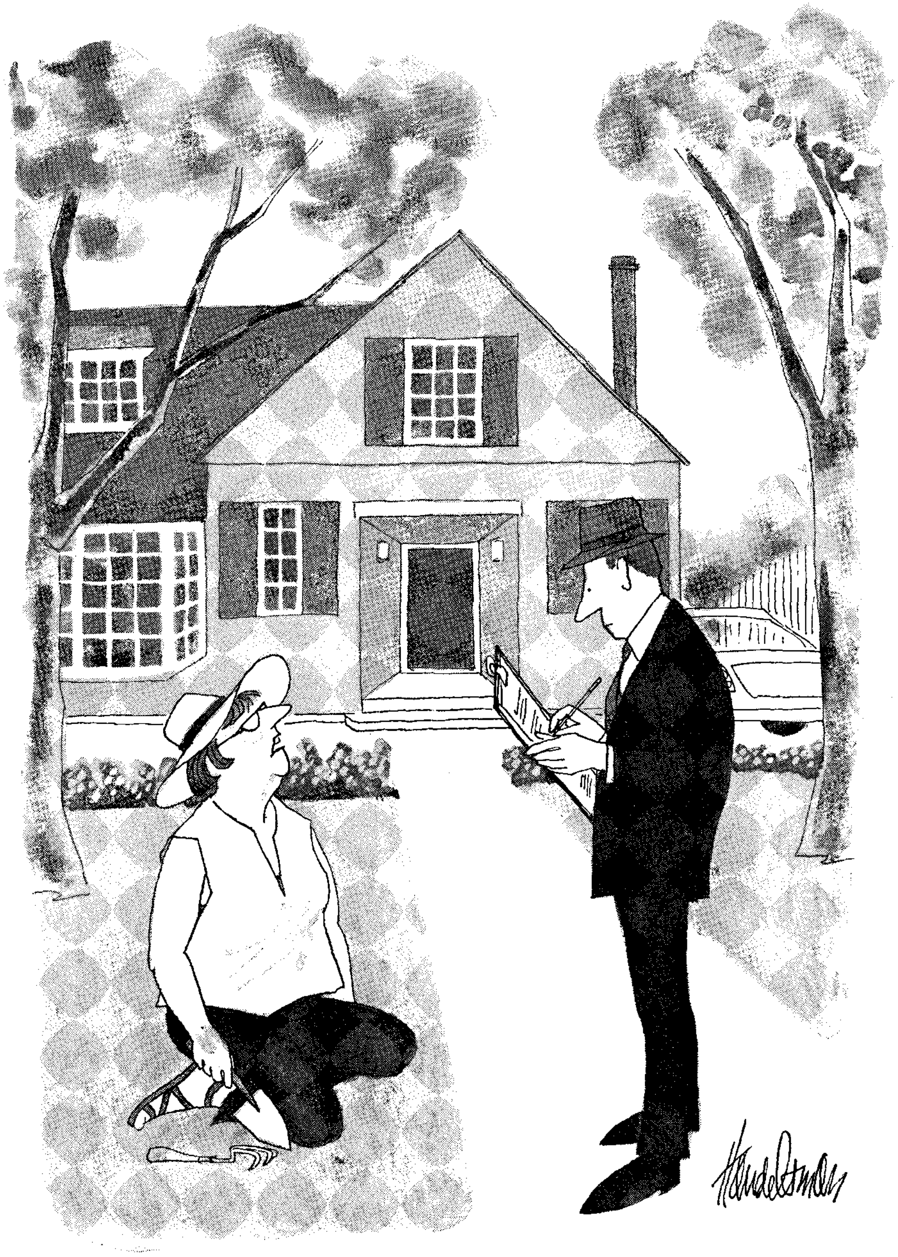
Three sets of tennis or eighteen holes of golf are more expensive than jogging and far more difficult for a city man to arrange, but golfers and tennis players seem able to sustain a passionate interest in their games—an interest uninherent in sweatpants and the contemplation of one's cholesterol level. Unluckily, these delightful paths to health and youth are not open to everyone. At least half of all males (including, we suspect, most joggers) lack the coördination and physical skill to pursue difficult, interesting sports without embarrassment; they recall those long hours in third-grade gym class when this acute unfairness of nature was made plain to them and they first perceived their coming afternoons as unwilling water boys or lepidopterists. How, then, to reward the jogger's good sense and admirable masochism? How to keep him from boring himself to death—or, at least, back into lassitude and flab? What is needed, we perceive, is the invention of an entirely new, complex, and absorbing outdoor sport—one that will require both jogging and intense concentration—and we hereby invite the U.S. Olympic Committee or Parker Bros. or the executives of Abercrombie & Fitch or some joggers' turnverein to put their minds to work at once on this challenge. We see this vaguely as a form of animated outdoor bridge or go, or a game of time-limit human chess *en plein air*. We look forward to the day when sixty-four square blocks of the upper East Side have been designated as a gigantic municipal chessboard, and the jogger hurrying past us on the pavement is alight not only with good health but with the immediate necessity of reaching the Seventh Regiment Armory in time to forestall a cunningly planned forked attack on his queen.



Out of Doors

THE Metropolitan Opera, concerned over the chronic shortage of seats in its handsome new house, has just put on a second season of free opera in the city parks before large and appreciative outdoor audiences. Although the performances—five apiece of "Carmen" and "Faust," two of "Samson et Dalila"—were presented in concert form, they were organized in a commendably grand manner. Participants included stars of the company, a ninety-man orchestra, a chorus of seventy-eight, and a backstage crew of twenty-five, plus sizable contingents of police and Parks Department personnel. The operas were given in the Minnie, the portable steel-and-fibre-glass shell that the Parks Department bought for the Philharmonic a couple of years ago and that is currently being used by both the Philharmonic and the Met—a pleasing example of cross-cultural coziness. The cost of this three-week event—something over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—was shared by the Met, the city, and Pepsi-Cola Frito-Lay, a private sponsor that came into the project at the very last moment. To judge by the size and enthusiasm of the audience that showed up in the Bronx for a "Carmen" in the New York Botanical Garden a week or so ago, it was a sum well worth paying.

Daffodil Hill, a natural amphitheatre at the southern end of the Botanical Garden, is an ideal site for an outdoor concert. The Minnie, a modernist rectangle with a flat, raked roof, was placed at the lowest point of a gently sloping green meadow, and the eight enormous trailer trucks that carry the shell and its equipment were parked in wagon-train fashion behind it, providing a measure of backstage privacy for the performers. We arrived by bus with the chorus an hour before curtain time and found several thousand people stretched out on the grass in front of the shell eating picnic suppers (one enterprising man was tossing a salad in a green plastic bowl) and keeping watch over children and dogs. Wandering backstage to the trailer that serves as an office and a dressing room for the soloists, we came upon Charles Riecker, the Met official in charge of outdoor concerts, reminding the control tower at LaGuardia Airport that a performance was imminent. "We'll be in the Botanical Garden from eight-thirty to eleven, and we'd appreciate anything you can do to help us out," Mr. Riecker said. He put down the phone and told us that the tower had promised to keep low-flying planes away from the concert area, provided weather conditions did not deteriorate. "We play unless things get very bad, because a large, complex operation like this is difficult to cancel," Mr. Riecker said, casting a professional glance at the overcast sky. "Last year, we set some kind of record here at Daffodil Hill with a non-stop 'Bohème.' It rained very heavily at the beginning of the performance, but the audience had come prepared with umbrellas and plastic raincoats, and the artists, seeing that the people were going to stay, agreed to go straight through the opera with a two-minute break between Acts II and III. As it turned out, everybody had a ball. Our equipment continued to work despite the flood, and the rain created a tremendous current of sympathy between the cold, wet people out on the grass and the cold, wet bohemians on the stage."



"Nixon? I have no opinion on Nixon, but I have very *strong opinions about crabgrass."*

By eight-fifteen, the backstage area of the shell was in the state of seeming chaos that always precedes an opera performance. Chorus and orchestra stood about in clusters, chatting, smoking, and swatting mosquitoes, while the principals warmed up their vocal cords and sipped hot drinks. Franco Corelli—nervous, because he was singing Don José in French rather than in Italian—unbuttoned his shirt and stuffed a folded newspaper across his chest for protection against the wind.

"I record in Paris next week," he told us, "and I must protect the voice."

"Franco was in an automobile accident yesterday," Mrs. Corelli said, handing her husband a container of tea and a flask of Scotch, "and he has three stitches in the back of his head. Look!" She pulled up a lock of Mr. Corelli's hair and showed us a nasty gash.

"I hope the stitches do not come apart when I am singing a high note," Mr. Corelli said grimly.

"*Non più in auto, Franco,*" said Mr. Riecker, handing his tenor a trouser belt (Mr. Corelli had forgotten his) and a score.

Nearby we found Robert Merrill, relaxed and suntanned, joking with his wife, Marion, and his two children, David and Lizanne.

"Just keep your fingers crossed and hope the wind doesn't blow too hard in my mouth," Mr. Merrill said. "That's the real hazard of outdoor opera. One time in Denver, the wind was so strong that I had to turn around and sing into the mike with my back to the audience."

"What about bugs?" Lizanne asked.

"I've swallowed bugs, too," Mr. Merrill said. "I remember a night in Omaha when every insect in town showed up for the concert. Sure enough, a large moth flew into my mouth just as I started the 'Figaro' aria."

A squirrel darted in panic among the ladies of the chorus; a young man in a white dinner jacket helped Rosalind Elias, the Carmen of the evening, across a patch of muddy ground to the steps of the shell, and, as the warning chimes sounded, told her cheerfully to break a leg—the old theatrical expression for good luck. Miss Elias, a petite, dark-haired girl in a red evening dress, gave him an impish smile and remarked that she didn't mind getting wet as long as she could be heard.

Mr. Riecker gazed apprehensively at the sky and informed us that the Weather Bureau had just raised the probability of rain to forty per cent.

"*In bocca al lupo,*" Mr. Corelli said. He snapped on a black bow tie and began to look through the score for his entrance.

Out in the dark, as the orchestra crashed into the opening notes of the brilliant Bizet overture, was an audience estimated at thirty-five thousand people. "They're a great crowd, and they're here to stay," Mr. Riecker said, returning from a quick check of the outboards. "At Lincoln Center, we wouldn't reach that many people in a week of sold-out houses."

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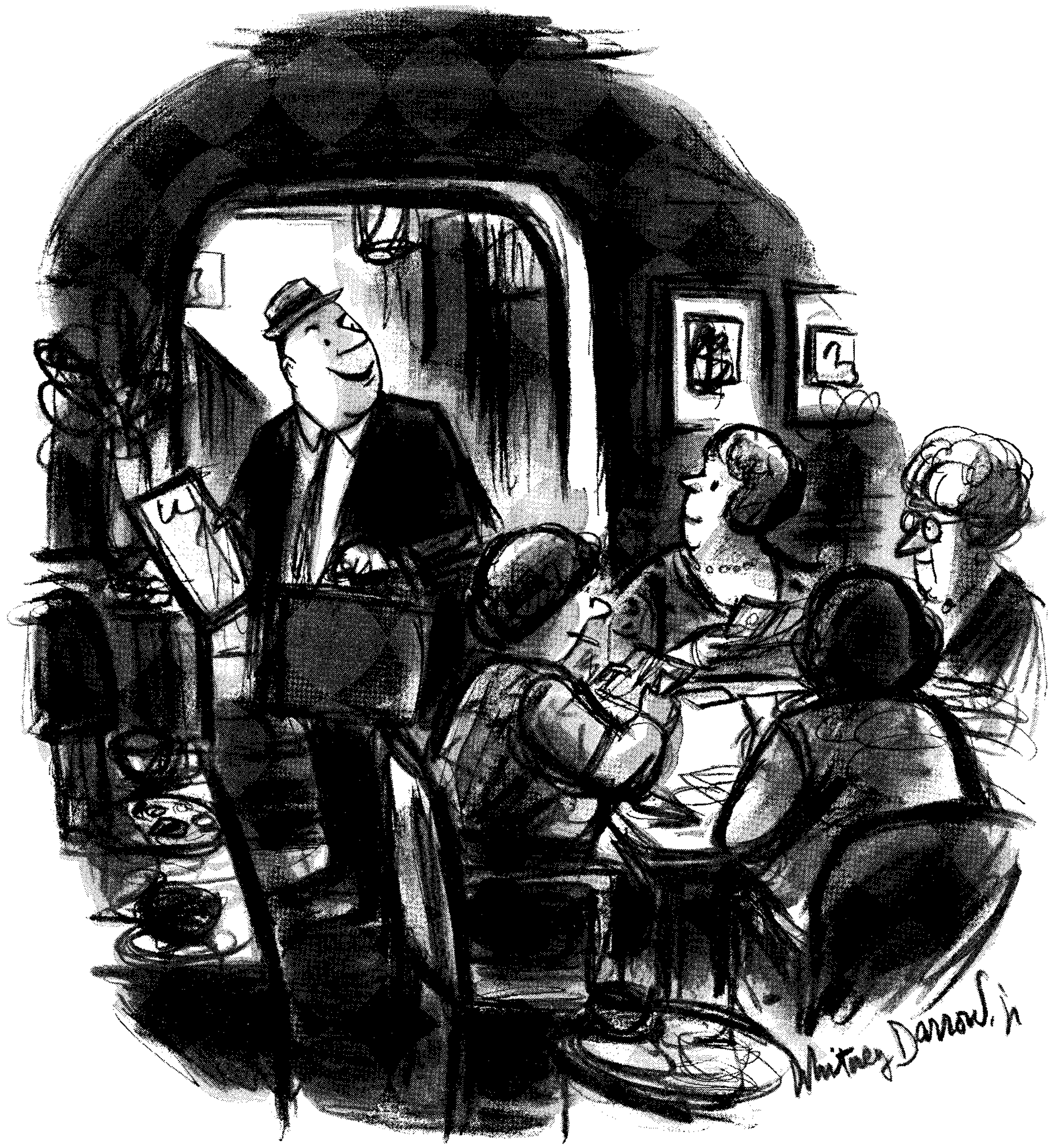
OVERHEARD in the Statler Hilton Coffee Shop, puzzled waitress to man who had just ordered some French pastry: "You sure you don't mean Danish?"



"Well! The Valley of the Dolls!"

• •

New African Hall

THE American Museum of Natural History's new Hall of Man in Africa, one of thirteen major exhibits installed, or in the process of being installed, to help celebrate the Museum's centennial next year, is an ambitious, highly successful, seven-years-in-preparation, five-hundred-and-six-thousand-dollar attempt to reflect African tribal life. We toured it in the company of its chief creator, Dr. Colin M. Turnbull, the Associate Curator of African Ethnology, who, on five trips, has spent something like six years observing and fraternizing with natives in Kenya, Uganda, Burundi, the Congo, and the Sudan. His principal conclusion is that tribal society is stable, moral, and sophisticated as well as picturesque. "A basic thing is the notion of the family," he said, pausing before a chart that traced relationships from the family, through the clan and the tribe, to the nation. To the muted accompaniment of piped-in music of cricket chirps and frog croaks, human chants, and the notes of flute and lute, we inspected dioramas of the Berber nomads of the northern Sahara Desert, the Pokot cattle herders of the grasslands of northwestern Kenya, and the Mbuti Pygmies of the Ituri Forest, in the Congo. The Berbers were breaking camp at dawn. Some were packing; one, facing east, was praying to Mecca; another, facing us (in what looked like a stylish cowled bathrobe), was keeping watch with a long rifle. The Pokots were drawing blood, as part of their diet, from the neck of an ox, an operation that Dr. Turnbull said gave the beast *no* pain. The Mbuti, equipped with spears and metal-tipped arrows, were preparing for a day's hunt of elephant, antelope, wild boar, and monkey. Over a thousand examples of art and artifacts—musical instruments, stone implements, fishing nets, carved fetishes, masks, burial goods, games using small chipped stones to represent cattle, an illustrated Coptic Bible, and so on—were on display in three dioramas and over a hundred cases. "These are beautiful things, but we're not an art museum," their selector said. "We try to look at them from a functional, African point of view. The Museum of Modern Art and the Museum of Primitive Art, which also show such things, have a different outlook. All African art objects have a function. African music, which is religious, is significant in public life. Pygmy music in the forest and in the villages is totally different. Pygmies, who have been forced, for reasons of survival, from the grasslands into the forests, feel that the environment in the forests is spiritually hostile, and they react to it in various ritual forms. Customs that seem bizarre to us have a really good, rational functional explanation; they perform a service to society. You understand things much better if you know what their function is. We have tried to set up the exhibits in a way that will give casual visitors, including children, something interesting to look at and will tempt them to read the labels."

We found the labels one of the most interesting features of the Hall. One, under the heading "Domestic Authority," read:

> The importance of women in African societies is usually much underrated, perhaps because women play a more quiet, private role than men. The woman rules the home and gets satisfaction from her time-consuming chores of cleaning, food preparation, and child rearing, for she is not taken for granted. Among the southern Bantu, women are eagerly courted even after marriage, and to maintain his status a man must continually give his wife beads and ornaments so that she can make a good showing.

Another, on "Forest Farming," ran:

> The Bira live in perpetual fear of the forest, a hostile world that thwarts their efforts to survive by cutting it down to make fields. They plant varied crops—plantains, manioc, beans, peanuts, and dry rice—but no field lasts more than three years. Living in tiny, mutually suspicious village enclaves, they use magic, witchcraft, and sorcery for defense against neighbors and forest spirits alike. Intervillage markets exist less for economic reasons than for expressing and relaxing these tensions and to expand social horizons.

A long legend on "Economic Authority" ended up with "Above all, African women are proud of their strength and regard heavy labor as anything but degrading. Nor do they shun using their strength on their husbands, if need be," and one on "Fishing" read, in part:

> African waters teem with fish.... Intoxicants bring many fish to the surface, so that men, women, and children must all retrieve them before they recover and swim away.... Small fish isolated in pools by reed mats may be fattened on snails, manioc peel, and bananas until ready for eating.

"The casting nets used by the Sea Island fishermen in Georgia have startlingly similar African counterparts," Dr. Turnbull said as he led us to an exhibit called "The African Tradition in America." "On the whole, however, African culture has been better retained in South America than in North America."

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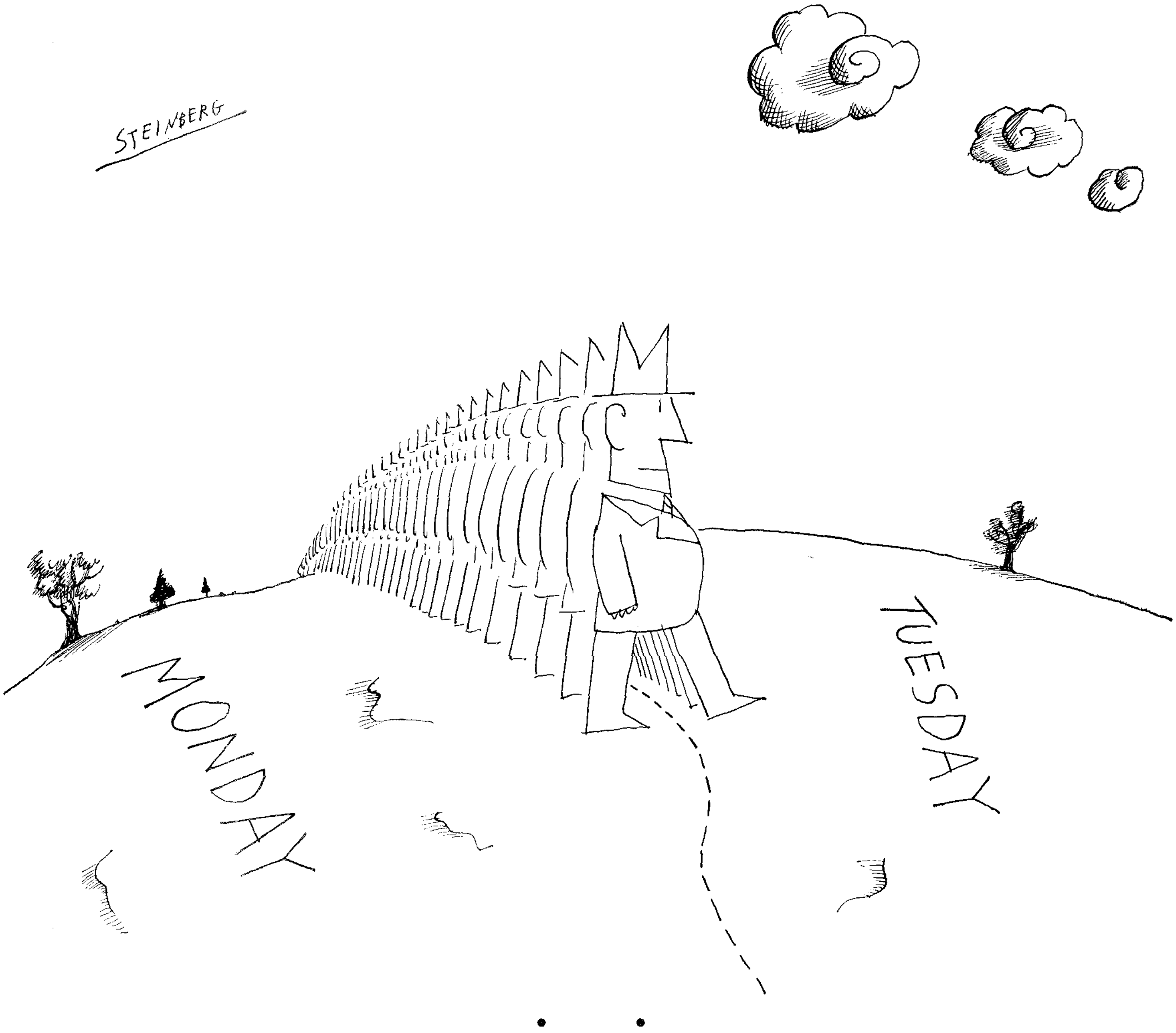
HAND-LETTERED notice affixed to a nurses' station at the New England Baptist Hospital, in Boston, and observed by an edgy patient:

> 4 P.M. TEMPS
> PLEASE RECORD IN BOOK BY
> 3 P.M.

Long-Winded Lady

WE have heard once more from the long-winded lady, who writes: "There are times when this city seems actually to disapprove of people. In gloomy moments, I think we are allowed to stay alive here but not to live, much less to enjoy ourselves or take pleasure in what we see when we look out of our windows or walk around our streets. If we have the fortitude to get up out of bed in the morning and get going to face the day, we should also have the freedom to rejoice, and I think the freedom to rejoice is being denied us when our senses are dulled at every turn by streets that are inimical when they are not simply sad. Tonight at seven o'clock, I stood at the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway waiting for the light to change. It is a crowded place there, where a huge fenced-in parking lot occupies the site of the recently executed Astor Hotel. Broadway is dying, but the big street still looks much as it has looked for some time now—a garish architectural shambles with cheap shop fronts and a few movie houses. At seven o'clock, in summertime, the celebrated lights had not yet begun to stretch and lift and distort the scene into night's dazzling skeleton of what might have been if Broadway, the entertainment center, had been able to prove her own importance. The people crowding the sidewalks moved steadily, jostling along like sheep in a pen that has no end, except that this Broadway pen must have had an end, because some of the people were coming back. They seemed to be the same people coming back. Not that the crowd was faceless but that there was a common expression—not passive, not alert, not expectant, not disappointed: a crowd expression that conveyed nothing because it said nothing. There were few, if any, tourists in the crowd, and it was not a holiday night, not even a weekend night. The people on the sidewalks were ordinary New Yorkers after working hours. I thought to myself: All these people are sheep and I am a sheep. Somebody behind me gave a push, but I did not look around, for fear they might become angry and push me again. Instead, I watched the light and I thought: There are too many people in this world. I looked up. Over there the pale moon was rising to meet the night. We look at her, the moon, and we know where we are. We are on earth. We are children of earth, and we will all know our day of atonement. We will die, and we know that. We are doomed to death, but we are not doomed to unusual daily punishment, and on the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway tonight it seemed to me that our lives are circumscribed to the point of unusual daily punishment. The people in the crowd looked as though they had been 'let out' and would be 'let in' again when their recreation hour was up. I thought: We all need something to lift our spirits and brighten our fancy, and if we cannot have bridges and vistas and colonnades and canals and window boxes filled with flowers and a humane and smiling architecture, we should have a little street music: a man with a melodeon, or a brass band, or a piper, or a barrel organ, or a person with a big voice and a tuneful song—anything that will touch our memory and remind us that life is short. The light changed and I started across Broadway along with the rest of the people who had been waiting. I was about halfway across when I heard a wild shout of 'Father, Father!' and a young man ran forward so that I only saw his back. He was a very tall young man, fat and untidy in a tweed jacket that was too short for him, and gray flannel trousers, and he ran as awkwardly as though he had seven arms and seven legs to control instead of only two of each. He seemed to be keeping all his knees high in the air, and he held one arm up, like Mercury. Then I saw, on



the corner, a middle-aged man standing alone with his hands clasped patiently in front of him. The middle-aged man was not very tall, and he was very thin and trim and distinct in a dark-blue suit, a white shirt, and a dark tie. His face was pale, and his expression was solemn and almost stern. When he caught sight of his son, he pursed his lips into an odd smile that was half formal and half shy, and he extended his hand very formally in greeting. But then, as the son ran up and took his hand, the father couldn't help himself and he began grinning. The son bent and kissed his father, who kissed him back, and as they moved from the corner I saw that the son wasn't a young man at all but a young boy, not more than fifteen years old, maybe sixteen, and that he wasn't fat but simply growing in all directions at once. His hair was rumpled, and as he talked, gesticulating with his arms and chattering at full speed, he kept putting one big hand flat on the top of his head and holding it there, hoping not to grow another inch just yet, I suppose. He wore big spectacles, and his face was red and shiny. He had his father's brown eyes and his father's straight, narrow nose and perhaps his father's serious mouth, but it was hard to tell about that, because he was smiling and talking so much. They moved along slowly, going north, when suddenly the son remembered something more he wanted to say, and he scrambled around in front of his father and started all over again, talking and waving his arms and *getting in the way*, just as he must have often done not long ago, when he was a *small* boy. The father stared admiringly up at his son, hearing every word, and you could see that what he longed for was to have the chance, just once again, to pick his child up and walk a few steps with him in his arms. And it would have taken very little to cause that boy to embrace his father and whirl him around in the air. What a funny trick Time had played on those two—or was it a trick of Light that made the son so big while the father remained the size he had been? It was as though some cameraman had enlarged a picture of the child and left the father life-size. But Time and Light and cameramen didn't matter while the father and son stood there. Whatever true perspective is, those two had it—at least for that moment. They got themselves side by side again and went on up the avenue and were lost to my view in the crowd that was gathered outside the Criterion Theatre. I think they were going to have dinner someplace. Maybe they went to the Howard Johnson's at Forty-sixth Street. That is a nice place, especially if you get near the window, so that you can look out at the crowd passing and see that at a little distance there are no sheep on Broadway. No longer a sheep, I continued on my way. I thought: There are not too many people in the world. There is plenty of room. There are just the right number of people in the world. Exactly the right number, as long as I am one of them."

THE LONG TRIP

I

IN Chicago, on the first hot day of summer, when the thick humidity and the heat waves swaying up from the asphalt made him feel he was moving through an aquarium, he boarded the late-afternoon bus for Madison, a stuffy submarine suffused with green sea light. He walked to the rear, where there were many empty seats, and placed two suitcases that contained most of his belongings, other than his books, on the overhead rack next to the john, then slumped down in a seat and lit a cigarette. His head ached. That morning, after three sleepless nights, he had passed an exam that enabled him to keep his thirty-five-hundred-dollar fellowship, and he'd just downed six beers in the Greyhound bar. Through the spattered window he saw a girl standing with her back to the terminal.

He sat up straight. Her face was impassive, she stood with the posture of a model, and there was no outward show of warmth or openness in her, but he felt her presence; it was as if only a threshold separated them and she was about to step over it. She wore a print dress cut low at the neckline, homemade, he guessed, and her hands were clasped at the level of her waist, her fingertips gripping the broad brim of a white hat whose wide circle was like a shield over her hips and thighs. She was fair, and the skin of her face was as white as the cleavage between her breasts.

Two tall males stood beside her, each of them with a piece of luggage in his hand, looking like cranes, he thought, with their spindly legs and big noses, or those storks pictured as carrying satchels, with spectacles on their beaks. Both of them were chattering and grinning at her. College boys. Pale blue jackets, madras, pegged pants; the whole cardboard cutout. As they talked, she first turned to one, her blond hair falling in a fan over her shoulder, listened for a moment, gave him a slight smile, and then slowly turned her attention to the other—her lifted chin, prim lips, and straight nose showing in sharp profile against the dark brick. She must be the one leaving.

What did she remind him of? In rural Wisconsin where he was raised, young girls, Germans and Scandinavians, came to the country church in the summer wearing starched dresses and sat with straight backs in the hard pews, the sunlight gilding their hair, the down on their arms, and the backs of their necks, and they looked like that. Made the service seem a jumble of fragments, maddening as the flies, a blurred jumble punctuated by shoulders, gold hair, a nape, the surprise of the gospel, scraping and rustling, and then seeing the bodies full length. Hands smoothing and rearranging a skirt. A shoulder strap tucked. What a hell of a reason to go to church.

She reminded him of Ellen. The resemblance had more to do with her manner than the physical, but that was it, Ellen: poise in a sheath of simplicity. The same patience and courteous attention, the strong profile, the identical aura. The hat held as if in modesty. She would board one of the other buses, sure as fate (there were half a dozen others lined up on the lot, all with their motors going), and he'd never know what she was like.

He slumped back in the seat and glanced at the ring on his finger, the gold band worn thin by age, dented and scratched and turning the color of bronze. It was three years since Ellen gave it to him, an eighth of his life, and for a full year of that time it was all he had of her other than memories. The ring was her mother's, one of the few material things Ellen treasured, and the single physical object of her parents that she owned. Her grandparents had burned her father and mother's possessions, their clothes, their books, the photographs and movies of them—everything that bore their image, their imprint, their signature, or touch. They were killed in an accident when she was a child. He had never learned what happened. If he made any reference to the incident, her body tensed and her eyes widened, brimming with a terror beyond tears, a terror that never showed in her at any other time, and it would have been unmerciful to sustain the state, to ask anything more, so he never did.

She referred to it simply as "the accident," and dated events of her life from that time. "That was just before the accident," she would say, or, "Oh, yes, now I remember; it was three years after the accident." When she gave him the ring, she said, "This is all I can give, other than me, and it's yours, too. Take it, take it!" He sat unbelieving, afraid, reluctant, so she took him by the wrist and, after several tries (his hands were slim and delicately boned), she found that the ring fit on the third finger of his right hand. She slipped it in place. "No," she insisted, "you *must* keep it. For me." Now it was on his ring finger.

He never would have believed that she could be so positive and insistent. When he first saw her, she seemed isolated by a sorrow no one could penetrate. It was his junior year at Madison, and he was doing everything he could to keep it from being a bore—painting scenery for plays, trying to learn the rudiments of the banjo, auditing classes with freak instructors, and attending the beer parties, the professorial parties, the pot parties, the pill parties. Parties that themselves became a bore.

She appeared at one of them, wearing a long black coat, and sat in a corner with her back against a radiator, the coat still on, lighting one cigarette after another and letting them burn down to her fingers without smoking them. It was a stand-up, bottle-in-the-hand party, where the crowd moved in slow revolutions around a packed apartment. People stopped in front of her, trying to make conversation. Some offered drinks; she refused, and they shrugged their shoulders and walked off. Late in the evening, when he was bolstered with beer, he came and stood in front of her, silent, until she had to raise her eyes to him. Her eyes. They were large, wide, tentative, with the whites white as milk glass, and because her lashes and eyebrows were pale the whites looked even more enormous and unprotected, and the color of the iris seemed to lie in layers—a blue that met his stare, a green pulsing beneath the blue, trying to reach surface, and beneath the green a deeper blue he retreated from. Then her eyes went blank and distant. He lifted up a strand of her hair, which was fine and blond, wrapped it around his fingers, and pulled hard on it.

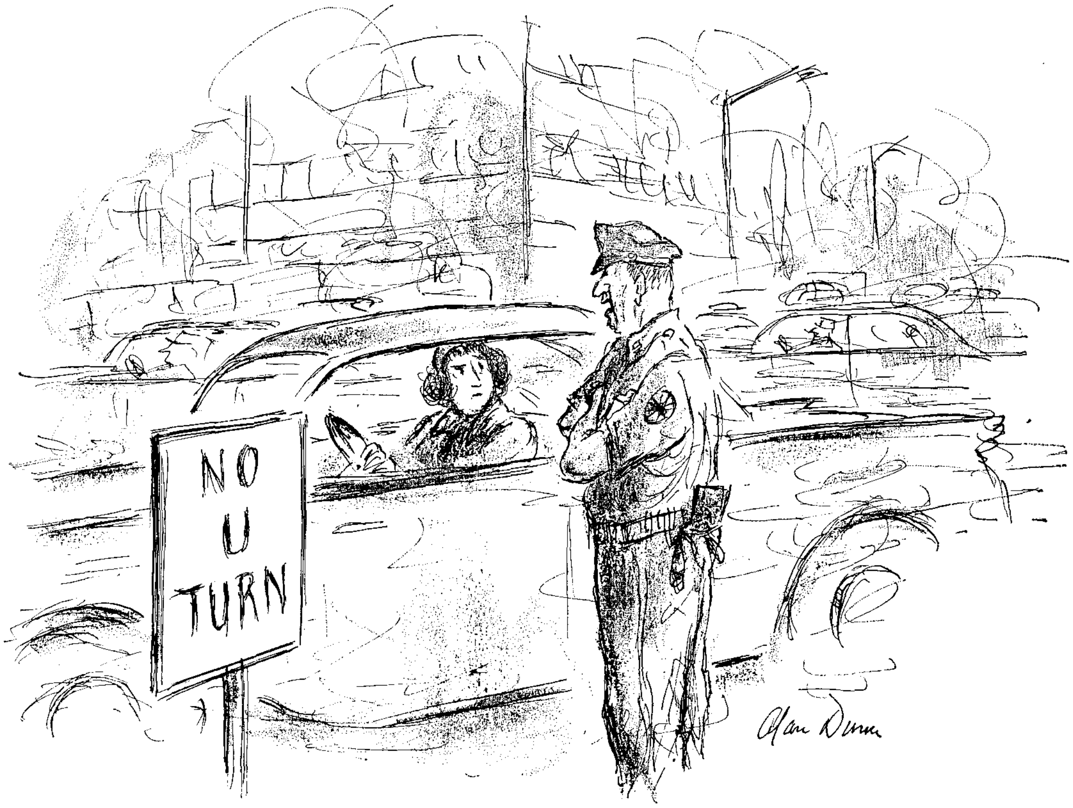
"You want to be left alone," he said. "Right?"

"Yes."

"Me, too," he said, her hair still in his grip.

She moistened her lips as if to speak, to protest, and he moistened his. Then he went down on his knee and kissed her forehead, her cheek, her mouth, and each of her eyelids. He stood up. "You need to be kissed there," he said, and turned and walked away. A few minutes later, she got up and left.

She began to show up at the parties he went to, wearing the same black coat, or similar unflattering apparel—



"Look, lady, are you trying to make me overreact?"

• •

bulky sweaters and long skirts, one-piece dresses, ill-fitting men's clothes—and remained aloof, sitting off at the edge of activity, in a corner, or on a windowsill with her legs drawn up, staring out at the night, or on the floor, or the counter top of a kitchen, where nobody went except for drinks. A couple of times, he caught her staring at him.

One night, wedging himself between a refrigerator and stove, he sat down beside her, and before he could speak she broke into a torrent of words about the night sky, the constellations, about Cassiopeia and Leo, about Orion, who reminded her of the Stoics. And phrases such as "translucent metaphysics" and "solitary as sleep" and "at those times I feel quixotic and ephemeral" fell from her tongue like everyday language. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew larger and darker, the green rising up in them, shimmering. There was no more distance in her. She was talking to him. Then they were interrupted by a heavyset fellow with horn-rimmed glasses and black sideburns down to the bottom of his jaw who said, "Hey, babe, I'm cuttin' out. You want the ride home?" The stranger walked off and she excused herself and got up and followed. He was furious.

The next time, he monopolized her; he stayed at her side the whole night, listening mostly, while she told him of her interest in philosophy and languages. She was friendly but somewhat distant and formal, even pedantic at times, and he wanted her to be as open as she'd been before. He questioned her about astronomy. It no longer interested her. He tried to get her to talk about her family. She wouldn't. He asked her about her friends. She had none. He offered her a drink of his beer. She said no, she never drank. He said that was all the more reason to try it, and finally persuaded her to take a sip.

"What an outdoor taste!" she said. "It's like plums fresh from the tree."

"Watch it," he said. "That's a quart."

"I didn't realize it would taste so good."

"You've never even tasted it?"

"Never. And my grandfather makes it. Isn't that unnatural!"

"Your grandfather's a brewer?"

"He used to be a brewmaster, but he started a plant of his own several years back and it's done fairly well. He's very proud of it. Oh, that's his. The one you have now."

He was opening a new quart. He looked at the label. *Auld Meister.* "Well, I'm glad we could all get together tonight," he said, and drank to that. She took a small sip from the first bottle, and he settled back beside her.

"If your grandfather's a brewer, there must have been barrels of it around the house, and you claim you didn't even taste it?"

"No."

"You mean you had that much self-restraint?" Testing her.

"There was never any in the house, to my knowledge. We're not allowed to drink."

"It's in the veins?"

"We're Christian Scientist."

He looked at her, and she gave him a solemn nod, her eyes wide. My God, he thought, a sense of humor, too. "Christian Scientist, you say?"

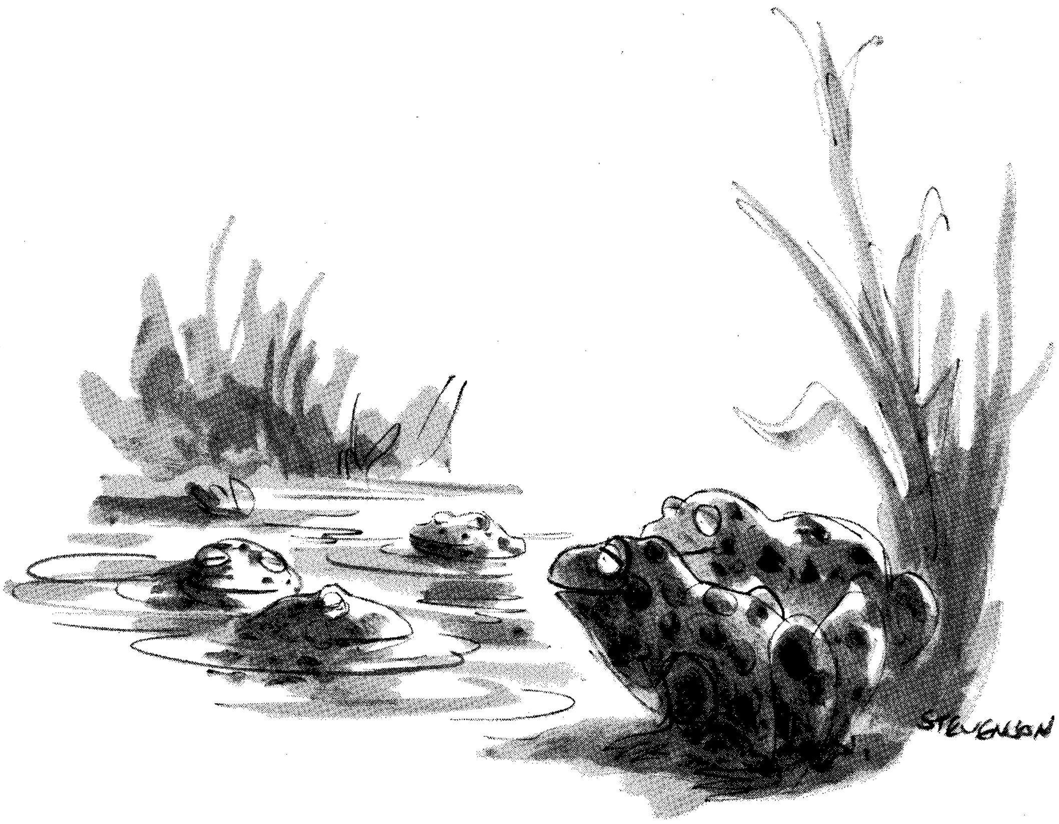
"Yes," she said.

"Making *beer*?"

The same nod. He covered his mouth with his hand. An older woman he respected told him once that the only thing that ruined his good looks, which she called primitive Cro-Magnon (he had a big broad forehead, deep-set eyes, and high cheekbones), was the gap between his front teeth that showed when he laughed; and he laughed easily, especially with beer in him, and now he couldn't stop.

"But we *are*," she said. And when she became insistent about it, and then offended, setting the beer down so hard it foamed over, and then indignant as he continued to laugh, he realized it was the truth, the *truth*, and he forgot about his hand, his teeth, everything, overcome with laughter, and finally, to catch his breath, he had to slap the side of the refrigerator. Then, for the first time, she must have seen the humor in it, too, because she suddenly burst into laughter herself. He stopped and stared at her in awe. He had never heard such rich laughter, laughter that covered so much of the scale, cascading from high to low, and was colored with such darkness and light.

A few hours later, when he was drunk, he led her, half drunk, to his rented room. For an hour, she fought him, holding him off with hands, elbows, and knees, and finally passed out. He sat on the edge of the bed and took off his clothes, his head nodding as consciousness slipped from him, and then stripped her naked. The cool air woke her and she fought him again, with a determination he'd never felt in a woman, until, sobering, seeing in her large eyes the look of a cornered animal, he began to feel compassion for



"Lot of new faces this summer."

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her and to resent himself. He dropped on his back into unconsciousness.

In the morning, she was sitting at the window, fully dressed, her coat on, a lighted cigarette in one hand, her head bowed so low that her hair shielded her face.

"You aren't crying?" he asked, rising on an elbow.

"No."

"Oh."

"I've been waiting for you to wake."

"Oh," he said, and covered his groin with the sheet.

"Did you ever see outside?" she asked.

"See what?"

"Your view."

"Sure."

"It's nice."

"Just backs of old buildings," he said.

"But they're all in whites and grays. The alley's purple. It's European."

"You've been to Europe?"

"No. I'm going."

"When?"

"Soon."

"Oh." Why should that make him, who had no claim on her, feel hurt and abandoned?

"That garage with the doors swung back, the iron poles against them—are they always that way?"

"Always."

"I love it. It's like a Utrillo. I feel dimensional, at the center of one of his canvases. One of his red ladies."

"In a black coat?"

"He'd paint me red."

"Before he tried the cure, or after?"

"Cure?"

"It didn't work. He died raving, brains eaten out. Booze."

"Oh." Her head sank even lower, and there was a long silence. Then she murmured, "I feel I've been abused."

"I know," he said, his voice as regretful as hers. "I'm sorry. I've never been that way."

"You've been others?"

He left that open.

"Why were you?" she asked. "The 'booze'?"

"I wanted you."

"Why me?"

"Why not?"

"What for?"

"For you."

"What part of me?"

"All parts. You."

"Who's that?"

"You. Everything you know about yourself. All you've imagined."

"What about what I don't know?"

"That, too."

She extinguished the cigarette with methodical care, laid the long stub in the ashtray, and placed a pack of Benson & Hedges on the windowsill. "You're out of cigarettes," she said. "I wanted one of your Camels and looked through your clothes. There weren't any. Was that presumptuous?"

"No, no, of course not. It was perfect. It assumes something."

"What?"

"Just that you felt you could do it."

"Maybe I did it in fury," she said.

"Maybe you did."

She rose, shoulders drawn high and close, head lowered, hands in her pockets, and went across the room slowly, moving with an uncertain, sidling step, a sad sashay. She opened the door and stepped outside. All he could see was the end of her coat sleeve and her hand on the knob. The door began to swing in, and her arm, her shoulder, then her face appeared, eyes averted, and he could see she had been crying. He wondered how long he'd lain there, spread-eagled, while she was awake, and at that moment he loathed his body. Her eyes lifted, travelled slowly over the sheet, and met his eyes, where they held for a long time.

"You're insidious," she said, and in one deft and graceful movement she disappeared and shut the door.

HE didn't see her for a month. He watched for her on campus and at parties but saw her nowhere, and after a while he gave up looking and kept to his room, where he busied himself with his badly neglected studies. The first frost came and then the first snow. Several times he picked up the telephone book, found her number, dropped a dime in the phone, and started to dial, but he always hung up before he reached her. He was sure she didn't want to hear from him, and he couldn't blame her. Besides, a few curt words from her over the phone was all he needed to make his sense of loss more keen—for he did feel a loss; he hadn't realized how much it meant just to be in the same room with her. He found himself composing letters in his mind—playful bantering ones, angry ones, and long mournful ones, exaggerating his sadness—and though he hardly knew what she was like, the letters were addressed to her.

One morning, after a heavy snowfall, when he was squinting against the glare, he saw a woman moving down the street in the sad sashay he had seen only once—her!—leaving prints in the snow that were like grace notes to him, sudden music, a precursor to birdsong and spring. He ran and caught up with her and touched her shoulder. She turned. When she saw who it was, a smile so radiant it seemed the reason for the brilliance around them appeared on her face. The past, everything that had happened, was covered over, he saw, as the ground was covered, was white, and they could begin again.

Still smiling, she said, "I'm supposed to be angry at you."

"Why?"

"You didn't call."

He took her for coffee, and began the long delicate task of courting her—a task he had learned, from his blunders in the past, to carry out with aplomb, patience, and detachment. But when he realized he had the power to free her from her sadness, and saw her transformed from a retiring, sober, and somewhat pedantic student of philosophy into an uninhibited participant in life, as full of curiosity, passion, and exuberance as a child, he was so moved by the transformation and so proud of himself for bringing it about that he fell in love with her, and first the detachment went, then the patience, and at last, in a flurry of jealousy, the aplomb. But by that time she had given him the ring and was living and acting like his bride. She accompanied him everywhere, even to the doors of his classrooms, she kept his room and desk in order, she laundered his clothes, she ate her meals with him, and when she had early classes (which he never had) she came to his room afterward and got into bed with him and slowly brought him into the world of the waking. Golden mornings. Her hair rayed like a nimbus around her face on the pillow.

Then she took him home to Milwaukee to meet her grandparents.

HE shifted and strained in the seat of the bus like a man trying to throw off chains. Why had he been so insistent that they get married legally, for real, when she was getting so much pressure from her grandparents? What made him keep at her?

"I think I want to get married," she would say.

"What do you mean 'think'?"

"I do, but in a while. Maybe after I've finished school and have a job and you have your doctorate."

"That's a *while*?"

"It isn't long."

"Hell, I'll never get it."

"Yes, you will. I know you will."

"You just want time to play around."

"I want to be settled."

"You want money."

"Quit! I just want you."

"Then let's get married."

God, for months that conversation had gone on. And there were others, too, as circular and pernicious.

"You're back in your old thing," he would say.

"What thing?"

"Your slumped-over, catatonic, 'I dare you to find me and bring me out' thing."

"I can't help it. I feel trapped."

"Which is my fault."

"I didn't insinuate that."

"You said it outright."

"I did not."

"It's what you meant."

"It isn't!"

"Then get out of this."

"I can't."

"*Why?*"

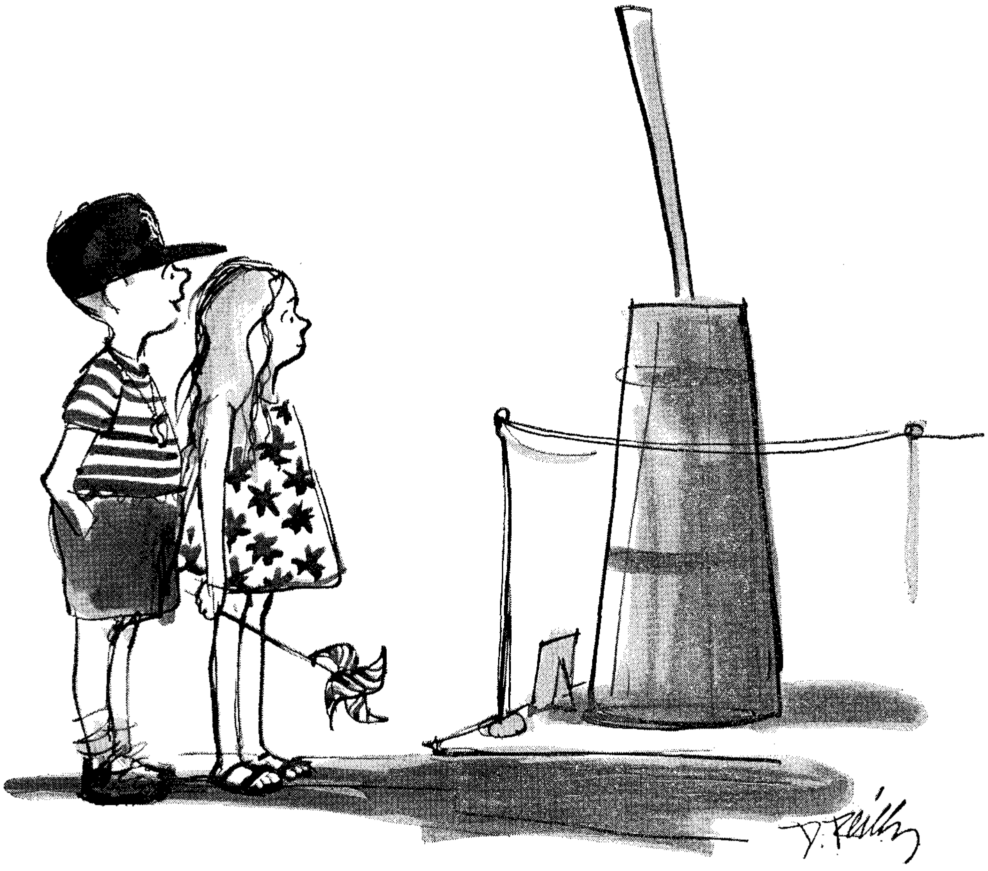
"I need your help!"

"God, I'm sorry. Here . . ."

THE bus driver called out the destination once more, for the last time, and started climbing the steps of the bus, helping his bulk along with the aid of the metal rails, then dropped into his seat and raced the motor, making steel panels vibrate and screws buzz. The girl outside placed the hat on her head, and, ignoring the protests of her two companions, took the pieces of luggage from them, then leaned from the waist, so that her breasts wouldn't touch them, and kissed each of them on the cheek. In a wash of astonishment that cleared his mind and made him more attentive, he saw she was boarding this bus after all.

Surprisingly, there were few other passengers on it, and most of them were sitting near the front. She walked several seats past them, glanced at him, and chose a seat, by herself, near the center of the bus. The driver, who had lurched out of his seat and was following behind her, helped her put her luggage on the rack. Since the beer, which was supposed to be dulling the eruptions of his mind, wasn't doing any good, was, indeed, making his headache worse, he decided he might talk to her.

The bus pulled out. By the time they reached the expressway, the sun was starting to set, and he began to feel the same emotion, limiting as the night, that he'd felt every evening at this time when he and Ellen were apart. His persistence and her grandparents' frantic disapproval of him (he was not "stable") finally drove her off, to New York, where she lived for a year while he was finishing his last year at Madison. And then, as though Fate meant to reunite them but made a miscalculation, she returned to Madison two



"That's the way they made the more expensive spread in the olden days."

weeks after he'd moved to Chicago.

He knew no one in Chicago; he'd won a fellowship to a school there. He lived in a bad neighborhood, near a Catholic seminary that was like an externalization of his desolateness, and each day rode the El to school, and from school to the Loop, where he worked part time for an accounting firm. The place he stayed in was a two-story frame house, once a family dwelling, whose large rooms had been divided into cubicles that rented for eleven dollars a week. Most of the occupants were old men who had grown up in the neighborhood and were now on Social Security. At the head of a flight of stairs that creaked and leaned toward the left was a single bathroom (a sink, a stool, a shower stall made of Masonite) that served the whole building.

His room was unfurnished. He found a discarded lamp and some curtains in a garbage can, and installed them. He bought a mattress and laid it on the floor. And he slept there and worked there, holding a board across his knees for a desk. He placed his books in stacks according to subject. He ate one meal a day—most of the time a hamburger or a bowl of soup—in a cheap restaurant, and lunched on candy bars and raisins the rest of the time. He allowed himself cigarettes and, every Saturday, a case of beer, and saved most of his money. At the pressure of a fingertip his gums bled, and he grew thin and weak. Every day at this time, when the light at his single window failed, he drew the curtains and lay down facing the wall, and Ellen's aura and presence and scent filled the room. But as the semi-darkness turned to dark he grew afraid, shook himself free of her, and switched on the lamp and went to work.

They began to write to one another, each of them trying to take the entire blame for what had happened, and toward the end of the winter she came to visit him. He rented a suite for them at the Blackstone (no extravagance too extreme for her), and one day took her across town and showed her his room. "How ascetic!" she said. "True," he intoned, as proud of the way he lived as he was sorry for himself. She visited him again at Easter, when magnolias were in bud behind the seminary walls, but this time she was distant and depressed and cried at the sight of his room, cried at sparrows foraging for food in a gutter, cried on the El (causing passengers in the car to stare at him as though he'd slapped her), and cried at the airport when he saw her off. Several weeks afterward, he received a telegram:

HELLO LOVE. ITS SPRING AND ALL
SPRING MEANS. CALL IMMEDIATELY.
ELLEN.

TWO weeks later they were married. And now he was on this bus, barrelling through the night, going from that unpleasant past, which at least was over, into a future that was unknown. He shifted his weight in his seat. There was no way he could get comfortable. A single person—a colored man whose sleeping head swayed and bobbed with the motion of the bus—sat in the row of seats between him and the girl. He scooted over and started out of his seat, figuring, what the hell, why not talk to her? But, as he rose, there was such pressure on his skull he felt he was lifting a sandbag with his head. The beer. Finally, the beer was getting to him—now when he didn't want it to. Damn. He took several unsteady steps forward, the sandbag teetering, then swung around and went on sea legs to the john, where he urinated, his hip banging against the metal door. The beer, and the lack of sleep, kept closing in on his mind until there was only a pinpoint of consciousness to see through. Shapes at the periphery were vague and distorted. A white tile? A towel? The face of an animal? What?

Then the whirling water, whining and spiralling down, enticing him to give up. That dark place. He shook his head, shouldered open the door, and started toward the front of the bus, grabbing the backs of seats for balance, then stopped short. The pinpoint closed. His shoulders sagged, and he fell sidewise into an empty seat.

II

WHEN he woke, it was totally dark out, and some reading lights were on at the front of the bus. Two seats ahead of him, a single light cast its slash of brilliance onto the glistening crown of the girl's head, which was turned to stare out the dark window, and in the window was a reflection of her that he stared at. The beer was still with him, but now he felt as giddy and reckless as he did depressed. What role should he adopt? The naïve boy with shining eyes, bushy tail and all, a coup for her? The silent, inscrutable starer—make her so ill at ease she has to do the work? The witty dazzler? Hell, he'd never pull that one off, not in his shape. The beast? Hell with it. Hell with them all. Let the beer dictate his tack.

He pulled himself up, tottered a couple of steps as the bus made a turn, then went forward and dropped into the seat beside her, and at the whoosh of the cushions she swung toward him, startled, her green eyes wide.

"Hi," he said.

"Who are you?"

"Ticket inspector. Did I scare you?"

"Yes, you did."

"Sorry. Just wanted to talk. It got cold in the back there."

"The whole bus is cold."

"Cold night." That was a promising start. "Ah . . ." he said, trying to think of something essential, intimate,

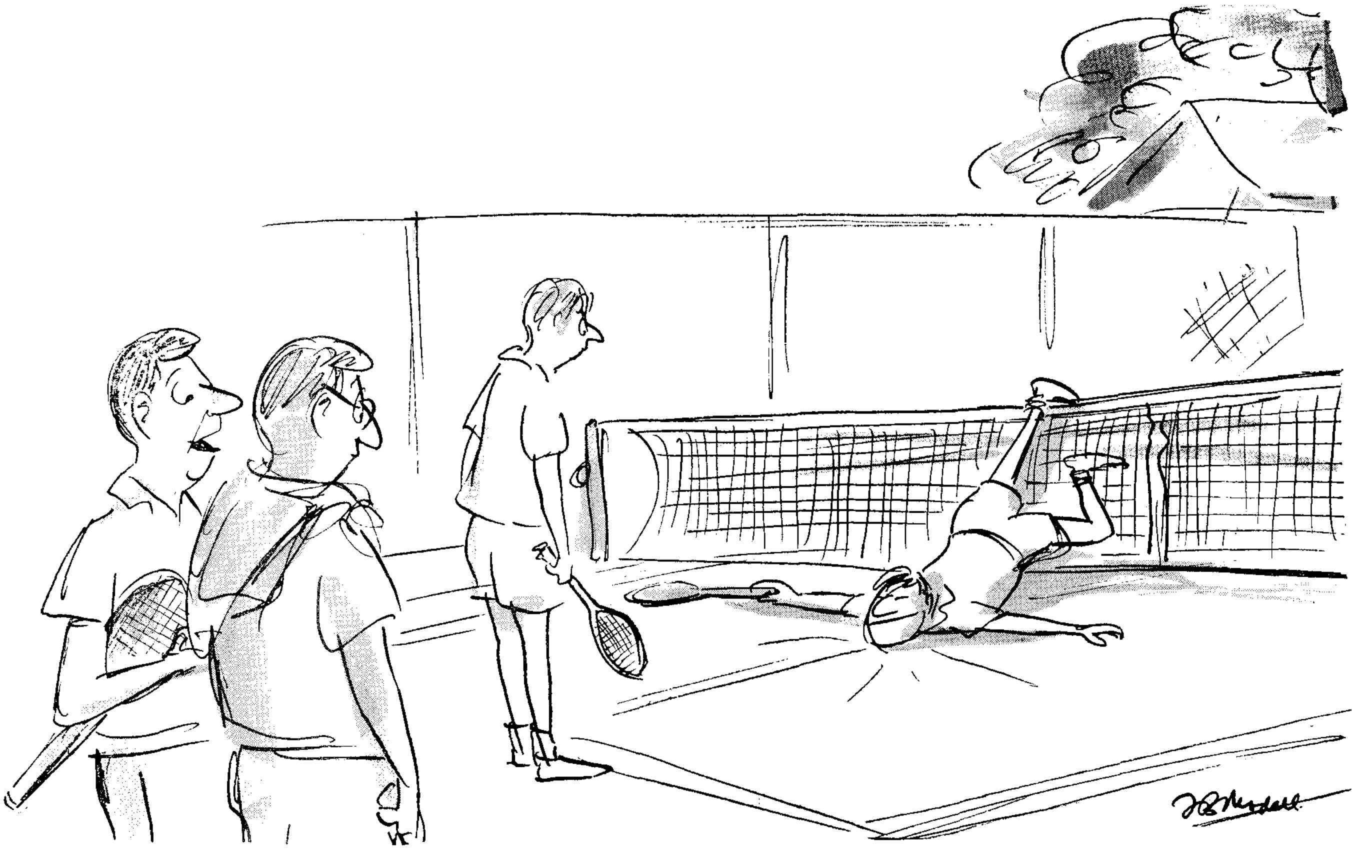
THE OLIVE YARD

Now by a sudden shift of eye
The hitherto exemplary world
Takes on immediate wildness,
And birds, trees, winds, the characters
Of our childhood's alphabet, alter
To final mystery.

Flesh is simple flesh no more;
Numbers, no longer arithmetical,
Dance like lambs, fly like doves;
And silence falls at last, though silken branches
Gently heave in the near olive yard,
And vague cloud labors on.

Whose was the stroke of summer genius,
Dealt from a cliff-top fastness
Where the griffin vulture soars,
That let us read our always clouded future
As easily as a book of prayer
Spread open on the knee?

—ROBERT GRAVES



"That's the sort of thing that, for me, would take all the sting out of losing."

• •

"ah, do you have a sweater I could reach for you?"

"They're all packed away."

"Want my jacket?"

"Oh, no! No, I'm not that cold."

Her nose was more pointed than it appeared from a distance, but her long curled eyelashes and full upper lip—the kind that made you want to press it flat against teeth—more than compensated for this minor imperfection. She didn't seem put off by him, judging from her sidelong look of interest, and suddenly he felt depressed. "You remind me of Ellen," he murmured, staring straight ahead.

"Ellen?"

He raised the hand with the ring on it; he let it drop. "My wife."

"Oh, you're married."

"No, I'm putting you on. This is an heirloom. My great-grandma's." He turned to her. "Do I *look* married?"

"It's hard to say."

"Do I? Tell me, do I?"

"You seem young, boyish—a lone-wolf type, maybe—but that doesn't mean you're not married. You could be and you couldn't be."

Oh, God, he thought, a mediator, an agreeable one, a pushover.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Student," he said. "Perpetual student. Eternal student."

"A graduate student?"

"Yeah." He looked up and found her studying him. "You?"

"Undergraduate," she answered, lowering her eyes from his frank stare.

"Northwestern?"

"No, an Eastern school."

"Eastern college? Which one?"

"Radcliffe."

"Radcliffe!" he said, and made wide eyes. "Jesus, pardon me while I get on my paws and crawl back where I came from!"

She put her fingers to her lips and stifled a small laugh.

Flattered, he wondered, or just dumb?

She turned her large eyes, which were still bright with amusement, on him and said, "You've been drinking."

Maybe not so dumb. "A few beers," he said. "A few beers, a few laughs. Ha. Ha."

"I noticed you."

"You mean my dance? My waltz from the john to the barroom floor?"

"No. When I got on the bus."

"You did?"

"Why lie?"

"Well, why didn't you say hello? Give me a sign?"

"Why be forward?"

"Why not?"

"It's not the way I was brought up," she said.

"How was that?"

"Puritanically. To be a young lady." She made quotes around the last word with her fingers, and grinned.

"Are you?"

"What?"

"A lady?"

"I try."

"Puritanical?"

She laughed, showing teeth as small, short, and square as a child's. "Definitely!"

"Hey, we're moving along like a couple of bats out of hell!" And better get some reins on quick. "My forebears are from the East," he said.

"Oh." She let it fall faint and cold as a snowflake.

"Right. A Van Eenanam was a—Oh, my name's Van Eenanam. Chris." He turned and paused for her.

"Sue McIntyre."

"A Van Eenanam was a scribe in New Amsterdam, Old New York, the Peter Stuyvesant thing. *Nieuw* Amsterdam. Ha! My grandfather traced the family that far and stopped. He figured that was good enough for him, and what's good enough for him is good enough for me.... *Her* family," he said, exhibiting the ring again, "they trace back to Sir Philip Sidney." He flapped a limp wrist. "The fairy queen," he said in a high, gay voice, and quickly covered his mouth with his hand. Damn teeth. “Proud as hell of it, too.”

“Then you *are* married.”

“Oh. Ah. Well, in a way.”

“Either you are or you aren’t.”

“Must we mince?”

“It’s one or the other.”

“*Right. Why lie, huh? Well,* she and I have gone through the formalities, but it remains to be seen if I’ll be shotgunned by her family. There’s no great liking for me there. The one time I was exhibited to them—her grandparents, she lives with her grandparents—they declared me off limits.” He wagged his finger at her. “ ‘Don’t ever let us catch you laying eyes on him again!’ ”

“Apparently she did.”

“And then some, Sue. There was a bit of the shotgun hanging over the wedding itself, in case you’re interested, and they don’t even know we’re married, much less that. Christ! One look at me and they decided I was a wastrel, a beatnik, a liberal—‘Do you realize those people want world *peace*?’—and now I’ve sure as hell moved up to a, to a . . .” As he searched for a fitting expression, his hand kept making a circular motion close to his shirt, as though he were unreeling ribbon from its front, and in this indecisive delay, caused by the fog of the beer, he felt he was losing his hold on her.

“Why was that?” she asked.

“What?”

“Why did they think that of you?”

“Who knows? I didn’t run at the mouth like now. I dressed up, and wore shoes instead of tennies. Got my hair cut so you could see ears. Shaved my mustache and—”

“You had a mustache?”

“Right.”

“I bet it looked good on you.”

“Terrible. I don’t have a beard. And I played the quiet and sociable young fellow. Listened deadpan to everything they said—about the Pope and the Communists taking over the world, how the City Fathers are poisoning us with fluoride—and agreed with every bit of it. Her grandfather’s judgment: ‘Spineless. Doesn’t have an opinion of his own.’ ”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” she said, and there was a note of true commiseration in her voice.

“Yeah, I guess. He assumed I hadn’t worked a day in my life and never would. Hell, I was brought up a farm boy, or ‘form buoy’ as they say where I come from.”

“Where’s that?”

“Near Madison. Rock Creek. Ever been there?”

“I’m afraid not. I’ve—”

“Nobody has. Hick town.”

“What does your family think of it?”

“What’s that?”

“What does *your* family think of the marriage?”

He hadn’t expected this, and the sudden shift in direction made his chest and forearms ache with anxiety. “My parents?” He had to take some quick breaths of air. “They don’t know. I haven’t seen them for a couple years. We write.”

“Oh.”

“Nothing dramatic,” he quickly added. “I’ll tell them. It’s just that I’m not a form buoy anymore.”

“They expect that?”

He shrugged his shoulders. He was ashamed of his parents, who were poor and uneducated.

She had turned away and was looking out the dark window, her straight hair eclipsing her face at the cheekbone. He thought he noticed a flush in her throat.

“Why are you riding this bus?” he asked.

“It’s taking me to Madison, where I pick up another.”

“I mean, why a bus? I hate them.”

“Why are you?”

“Perpetual student’s curse. Also, I’m a tightwad.”

“I don’t have much money, either,” she said, and then her voice rose as though to bury this confession. “And besides, I wanted to see the countryside in different states. I’ve never been out of Massachusetts.”

“Never?”

“This is the first time.”

“I’ll be damned. Cloistered life?”

“Sort of.”

“Family’s doings?”

“My father.”

“Wanted to keep you for himself, huh?”

“Perhaps. That, and being poor.” On this her voice became distant and weary, and he felt sorry for her. Her bare arms looked cold.

“You’re sure you don’t want my jacket?”

“Thank you. No.”

“It commits you to nothing.”

“I know. Thank you.”

“You’re not used to this weather.”

“No.”

“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”

• •

“It comes off the lake.”

“Can you see the lake from here?”

“I doubt it.”

“I’d like to see it in the day.”

“So do you work to pay for school,” he asked, “or what?”

“That, and I have a scholarship.”

“And now you’re going—”

“To Saskatchewan.”

“Canada?”

“Yes.”

“What for?”

“To teach Indian children.”

“Indians!”

“For the Canadian government.”

“How’d you get sucked into that?”

“I saw a brochure when I was in a bad mood and I thought it would be a good excuse to get away, travel, see the country, so finally I applied and was accepted. It surprised me. At first, I didn’t know whether I really wanted to go. The reservation is supposed to be in wild country.”

“And you’ll live there?”

“Yes.”

“How? I mean, in a schoolhouse, or barracks, or tepee, or what?”

“I don’t know many details, really, until I get there, except that I’ll be teaching English and science to Indian children, and I’ll get paid a little for it.”

“Some guts!”

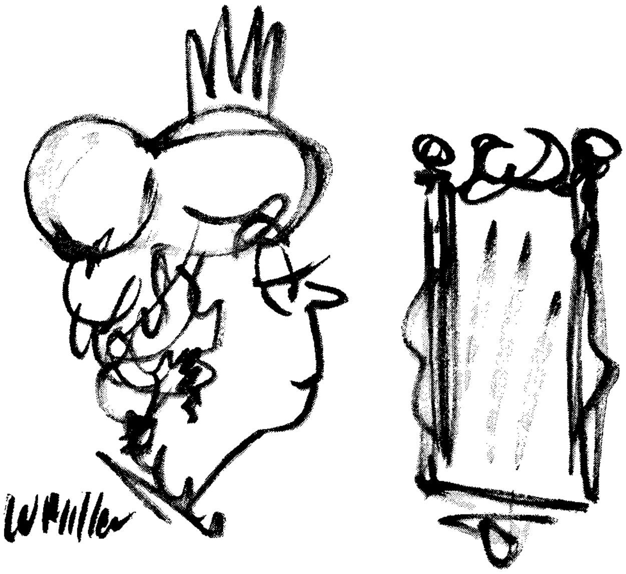
“Pardon?”

“That must take courage—get-up-and-go.”

“I think mostly a desire to be on my own.”

“Jesus, do all women want that?”

“I don’t think so. I do because of



"Snow White,
But you got soul, Baby!"

my situation—at home, I mean—and just for now."

"Ellen did the same damn thing," he said, and the air around him dimmed. The beer? He also felt out of breath. "Wouldn't take help from her grandparents. They thought it magnificent! Frail Girl on Her Own, Big Capitalist World, Hard Knocks, Survival of the Fittest—that crap. Of course, before a couple months were up they saw to it she had a few conveniences. Record-player. Air-conditioner. Car. Little things." His vision dimmed again and his head, which felt crushed down at the hairline, burdened by the same sandbag, began nodding. "Christ!" he said.

"Do you always talk this way?"

"What's that?" He hadn't heard her.

"Your talk. Vulgar language. Clipped. That way. Blunt, then intimate, then so cold."

"Oh, that. Mostly when I'm swacked."

"Swacked?"

"Smashed, gooned, juiced, zorched, stoned, my head wedged, out of—"

"You're that way now?"

"A hair's breadth."

"Have you been smoking dope?"

"Ha!" He covered his mouth. " 'Smoking dope.' Well, no, for right now let's just say I'm half dead."

"Half dead?"

"Exaggeration. Dead tired."

"How long since you've had sleep?"

"Three days."

"Three days!"

"Beg pardon. Just caught a nap behind you there, accidental one, on the way up."

"Are you all right now?"

"On and off, Sue. You know how it is. If I pass out, just roll me in the aisle so somebody steps on me when this thing stops. Have to be awake. Have to meet Ellen, for Christ's sake."

"Who is this *Ellen*?" she asked, and her voice was so altered and sharp that his head cleared and he sat up straight.

"I told you," he said, a bit indignant. "My wife."

"All night you've been comparing us, and no woman likes to be compared with another, especially if she makes a person act the way you do."

"How's that?"

"Bitter."

"Oh, that's not her. That's her grandparents."

"Using foul language every time you mention her name."

"Foul language?" he said, more to himself than to her. "Is that right?"

"Yes."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Because I'm a bastard, I guess."

"I don't believe that."

"I am."

"You do run loose at the tongue sometimes, as you said, but I'm sure that's because of your condition. Your eyes look bad."

"I'm a bastard," he insisted.

"I don't think so."

"I said I'm a bastard!"

"Hush. The people."

"What about this," he said, and put his hands to her jaw and kissed her on the mouth, purposely pressing his elbow against one breast. She sat rigid, her hands folded in her lap, as though she were being kissed for the first time and knew neither how to protect herself nor how to respond. He drew away. "What about that?" he asked. "That's what I *really* wanted to do all night. And that's only a fraction of it. A millimetre."

"That doesn't make a bastard of you," she said, and then slowly turned her large eyes on him. "And besides, I remind you of Ellen."

"I just said that. It's not really true. I mean, it's not like, it's not . . . It's what you *radiate*."

"And that's?"

He looked into her eyes. "Sun. Outdoors. Virginity."

"That sounds pleasant enough, and flattering," she said, but she looked ill at ease instead of flattered, unsettled for the first time, and she turned back toward the window.

"Let's see," he said, and took her by the chin. "Your bone structure's different. And lips. Your top one is fuller. Everything's different but the hair, as far as I can see, and hair is just hair." He moved his face closer and turned her head from side to side until her neck muscles relaxed and she began to pose for him, eyelids lowered. "Beautiful," he whispered, and kissed her again. Instead of resisting, as he expected, she moved closer and placed her hand on the back of his neck.

Then, abruptly, she pushed him away. "No," she said. "The people."

"They're all up there," he said, and shut off the reading light.

"The driver can see."

"Here." He slipped his hand between the seat and her buttocks and drew her forward so that she was half sitting, half lying, her legs straight.

"I can still see his eyes," she said.

"Haven't you ever been on a bus? You can see his eyes from every seat. It's the angle of incidence, an optical illusion, typical bus-mirror parallax. It doesn't mean he's looking at you."

"But I know he is."

"That's vanity." He drew her down lower, and pressed that lip flat, as he had wanted to. He never felt a woman warm so fast. Soon she was out of breath and struggling in the seat to get closer against him.

"This is what I want," he said. "This, this."

"Don't. Not here. He can see."

"Beautiful!"

"Please. No. What will he think?"

"He'll like you more."

"How will I face him?"

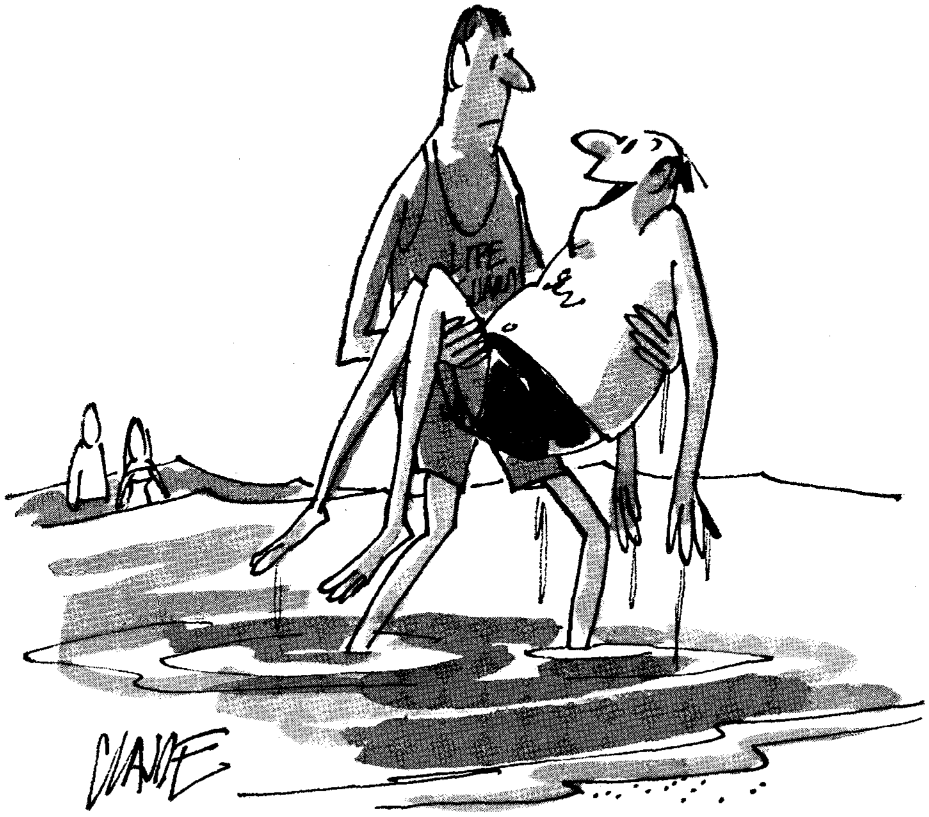
"Don't. When we stop, pull your hat over your eyes and run."

"He'll think I'm trash and you will, too, and I'm not. I've never been this way. I was never allowed— Oh, this is torture!"

He felt he'd been struck a blow from behind, and in a sunburst of blue his muscles went slack and his head sank to her breast.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "Thank you."

He started to ask her what had happened, who had hit him, why they had hit him, but when he tried to speak no



" . . . and then suddenly I was seeing 'Omnibus.' You ever see 'Omnibus,' boy?"

• •

words came. She was stroking his hair and neck and murmuring, "Thank you, thank you, that was good of you. I don't know what I would have done. Thank you." And then he understood that his mind was giving out. That dark place. He tried again to speak, and produced a sound like "bok" and another sound, but his mind kept driving him deeper, past his voice, down through his defenses and experience, taking him along to the bottom, where he thought, Jesus, Jesus Christ, if we would have been anywhere except here I would have had her, and that would be adultery. Which made him drop deeper into unconsciousness. He retained his sense of touch, and his hearing became acute and distorted, amplifying tiny sounds, but all he could smell was an odor of lilacs—from where? not her, she wore a musk perfume—and all he could see was black. But there was dimension to the blackness, as though he were sitting in the rear of an empty theatre staring at a dim screen. Occasionally images flowered on the screen, glowing, and then came into focus, and he felt, through some frayed network of his nerves, that if he didn't add subtitles to the images something final and irreversible would happen.

First he saw:

—his head, detached, lying on a woman's breast, whose face was invisible—

BOY FINDS MOTHER

Then he saw:

—the screen door, covered with plastic, that led to his rooming house in Chicago—

THIS DOOR CONDEMNED

And then:

—a girl from childhood, scraping down the street in her mother's high heels, wearing a red dress that dragged on the walk—

SISSY TURNS WHORE

Then:

—blond hair falling in a fan over a low-cut dress—

STORKS FLANK VIRGIN AT DEPOT

"What?" she asked, and he realized he must be talking out loud.

"Those two at the bus station," he said. "Boyfriends?"

"Oh, no." These vowels seemed prolonged, and her voice reverberated and came from a distance, as though she were speaking from the end of a marble corridor—"Owowo nowowo. They're from Harvard."

"Trailing you? After you?"

"They live in Chicago."

"Not lovers."

"I have none."

"Good. Never have any."

"Why?"

"Wait for me."

—her body spread on the ground, limbs tied to stakes, a brown body mounting her—

NO!

"What is it? Are you all right?"

"Don't let the Indians get you!"

"I won't."

The reverberations grew, began echoing between his ears. "Wait for me."

"You're married."

"Maybe."

"You have Ellen."

"Maybe."

"You love her."

"Yes."

"Then you have her."

"*Wait for me.*" This echoed in his head until he was no longer sure he was talking to her or had ever talked to her, and the steady stroke of her hand on his hair was a room away. There was a rush of images—tree roots, egg crates, balled paper (his heartbeat picking up as each one went past without a title), a culvert, angleworms, a fingertip, an ink spot, clothes ripping, clothes being ripped down a seam through which he fell headlong. Into oblivion.

THEN hands were at his cheeks, trying to lift his head, dropping to his shoulders, shaking him, while the refrain "Wait for me, wait for me" kept ringing in his mind, and gradually began to fade like the residue of a bad dream. The fingers of the hands traced a familiar pattern over his features, and he knew he was awake. He opened his eyes and saw the inside of a bus, with a row of overhead lights shining down on him. The bus was empty except for one face, with a broad smile on it, in front of him.

"Ellen."

"You're here!" she said. "You're home. You made it!" She bent down and kissed him on the mouth, then moved her lips to his ear and whispered, "I thought I'd never last until you did."

And then, as he slumped down in the seat and covered his face, he realized that the long trip, far from being over, had just begun. —L. WOIWODE

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NEW YORK (UPI)—If you were stranded at the North Pole without any apparent means of starting a fire, you might try starting it with ice.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Noted.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GARRISON

A GREAT many Americans must have responded with some measure of bewilderment when, on March 1, 1967, they heard the news that Jim Garrison, the District Attorney of Orleans Parish, Louisiana, had arrested a prominent New Orleans citizen, Clay L. Shaw, for "participation in a conspiracy to murder John F. Kennedy." The conclusions of the Warren Commission, published some two and a half years before, had offered the authoritative judgment that Lee Harvey Oswald alone was responsible for the assassination. And although a host of doubts were subsequently raised concerning the adequacy of the Warren Commission's investigation and the reliability of its conclusions, it seemed incredible that the New Orleans District Attorney could declare, as Garrison had, "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence beyond a shadow of a doubt." Indeed, the possibility that a local prosecutor had found the answers to questions that had baffled the investigative resources of the federal government seemed so remote to most journalists that, soon after the initial stir provoked by Shaw's arrest, news of the "assassination plot" was generally relegated to the back pages and treated about as seriously as flying-saucer reports.

I, for one, however, was prepared to believe that District Attorney Garrison's claims might have some substance to them. In the course of writing my book "Inquest," I had found that the Warren Commission's investigation had been severely constrained both by bureaucratic pressures exerted from within and by limits of time imposed from without. Far from being the rigorous and exhaustive examination that it was taken to be, the Commission's work was, at certain crucial points, reduced to little more than an exercise in the clarification of superficial evidence. When one delved more deeply, some far more difficult problems than any acknowledged by the Commission began to appear. Even members of the Commission's own staff found this to be true. For example, when one staff lawyer suggested, late in the investigation, that it might be worthwhile to look further into the partly corroborated claim of one witness that Oswald had been associated not long before the assassination with two unidentified Cuban exiles, his superior curtly told him, "At this stage, we are supposed to be closing doors, not opening them." It later turned out that some of the doors left ajar but unopened led to associates of Oswald's in New Orleans, so it seemed entirely conceivable to me that Garrison just might have stumbled upon some valuable information that the Commission had, for one reason or another, sidestepped.

Consider, for example, a story at the root of Garrison's investigation, which involved a meeting among Oswald and three men—David William Ferrie, Carlos Quiroga, and W. Guy Banister—all of whom the Warren Commission had had reason to be interested in. Ferrie, who, according to the testimony of one Commission witness, commanded a unit of the Civil Air Patrol in which Oswald may have been a member briefly, had been arrested in New Orleans shortly after the assassination, on a tip that he was involved with Oswald, and then released. Carlos Quiroga, a prominent Cuban exile, had visited Oswald's home several times in New Orleans, for the purpose, he alleged, of appraising Oswald's pro-Castro activities. W. Guy Banister, a private detective known to be associated with anti-Castro activists in New Orleans, had an office in a building whose address appeared on some of the pro-Castro literature that Oswald occasionally handed out on the streets. All this information was in the hands of the Commission, yet none of these three men was questioned by the Commission or its staff. It seemed to me that leads such as these, if they had been pursued, could have provided a possible bridge between the known and unknown worlds of Lee Harvey Oswald in New Orleans. And once such a bridge was crossed, a whole new set of clues to why Oswald killed the President might have been found.

Could Garrison have discovered such a bridge? Skeptics tended to dismiss the possibility on the ground that Garrison was a flamboyant and extremely ambitious politician. According to Aaron M. Kohn, the managing director of the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, "Garrison never lets the responsibilities of being a prosecutor interfere with being a politician." However, the fact that Garrison was politically motivated did not necessarily—to my mind, at least—preclude the possibility that he might be on to something. Whereas it might not always have been in the interests of the Warren Commission, which was concerned as much with dispelling doubts as with ascertaining facts, to pursue leads that might generate further doubts, or possibly damage the effectiveness of federal agencies, an ambitious politician, it seemed to me, might well pursue leads to their conclusion, especially since solving "the case of the century," as Garrison called it, would certainly enhance his reputation. Convinced that it was possible—indeed, probable—that Garrison could find details of Oswald's affairs that the Commission had missed, I went to New Orleans shortly after Garrison announced that he was getting to the bottom of the "assassination plot" and arrested Shaw.

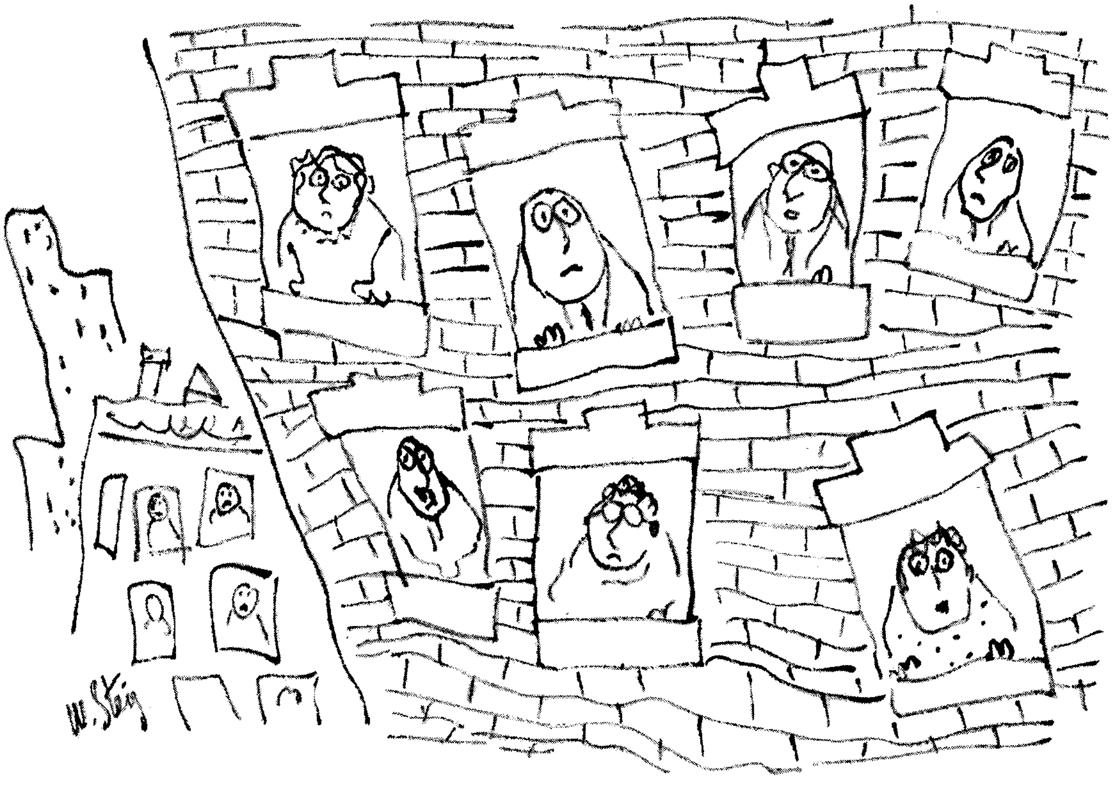
EVER since he was first elected District Attorney, in 1961, Jim Garrison—he legally changed his given name to Jim from Earling Carothers—has been a controversial figure in New Orleans. He has fought long and hard against prostitutes, homosexuals in the French Quarter, and the more vulnerable purveyors of vice, but, according to his critics on the Metropolitan Crime Commission, he has neglected the problem of organized crime in New Orleans. "People worry about the crime 'syndicate,' " Garrison once said, "but the real danger is the political establishment, power massing against the individual." When the city's eight criminal-court justices exercised their statutory right to oversee the financing of his anti-vice campaign, Garrison charged that their actions "raised interesting questions about racketeer influences." A court subsequently convicted Garrison of criminally libelling the eight judges, but the conviction was reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court, in a decision that held that individuals have the right to criticize public officials even though the charges may turn out to be unfounded. Garrison is popularly referred to in New Orleans as the Jolly Green Giant—an image conjured up by his imposing physical stature (six feet six inches) and his political glad hand. When I met him, in mid-April, his welcome was gracious, if slightly fulsome; he told me, almost solemnly, that it was his reading of my book that first set him thinking about launching an investigation of his own. (Later, I learned that this was a standard greeting, extended to almost all critics of the Warren Commission.) Over a leisurely dinner at Broussard's, Garrison began to tell me about the conspiracy he had uncovered. It was a diffuse narrative, in which it appeared that Oswald had only been feigning the role he went to considerable lengths to establish for himself as a pro-Castroite and had in fact been part of an anti-Castro assassination team trained by David Ferrie. Ferrie, in turn, was in some important way—Garrison never explained exactly how—personally involved with Clay Shaw. When a plan to shoot Castro was aborted because Oswald could not obtain a visa to Cuba, the assassination team turned its attention to President Kennedy, and, on November 22, 1963, carried out its mission.

How had Garrison discovered this conspiracy? "It's exactly like a chess problem," he explained. "The Warren Commission moved the same pieces back and forth and got nowhere. I made a new move and solved the problem." The move he meant was the arrest of Clay Shaw. He pointed out that after Shaw was arrested men from the District Attorney's office searched Shaw's home, in the French Quarter, and found in it a cache of new evidence, which he suggested that I should see, because it would give me "a new perspective on the case."

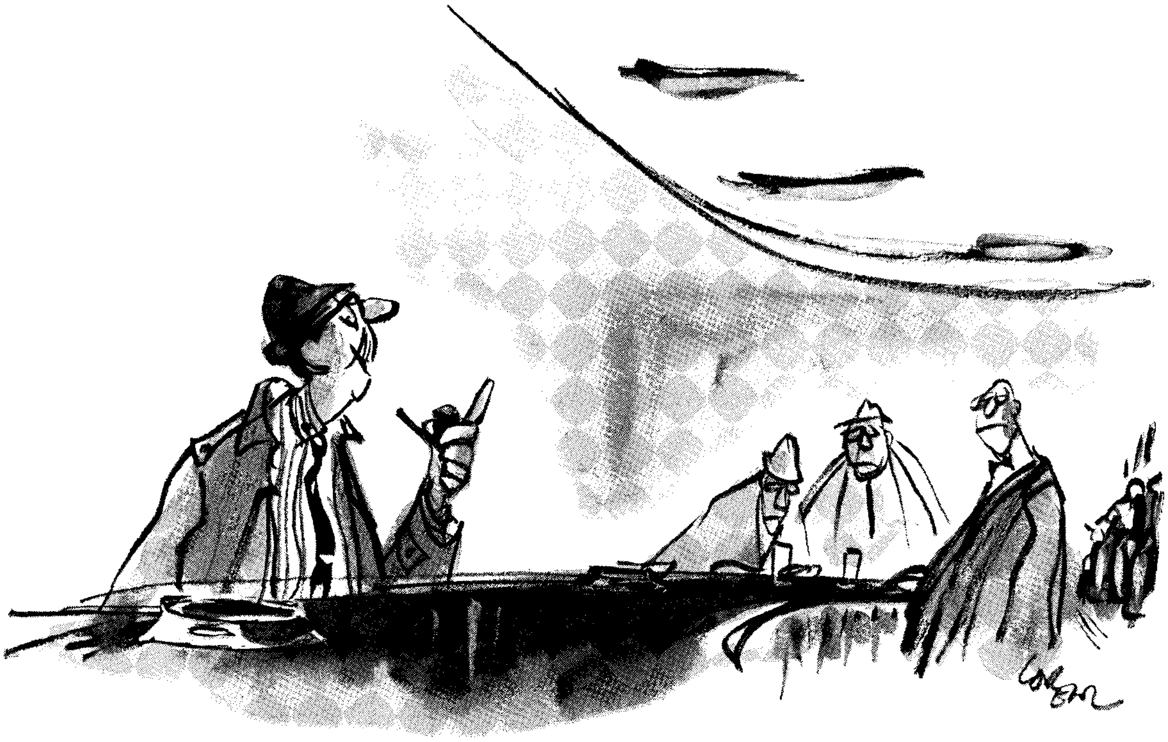
Early the next morning, I went to the District Attorney's office, which is housed, next to the Parish Prison, in the Criminal District Court Building, a massive structure at Tulane Avenue and South Broad. Garrison had not yet arrived, but one of his assistants, James C. Alcock, told me that Garrison had left word that I should "start going through the evidence." I did so with Jones Harris, a New Yorker of independent means who has devoted the better part of the last three years to a private investigation of the assassination. Six cardboard cartons were brought out containing personal belongings of Clay Shaw: letters, photographs, financial records, blueprints for renovating houses in the French Quarter, the manuscripts of plays he had written years ago, calendars, checkbooks, address books. In one box were a black costume, a net mask, and some plastic slippers—all of which Shaw had claimed were part of his 1965 Mardi Gras costume. Alcock said that the District Attorney's staff had yet to examine all this material, and he suggested that Harris and I look through Shaw's address books and financial records in hopes of discovering some information that might interest Garrison. We were left alone with the evidence.

Though none of these materials, as far as I could see after examining them, had anything directly to do with the assassination, the odd way in which Garrison treated them did give me, when I thought about it later, "a new perspective on the case." I recalled that a judge's order had forbidden discussion or disclosure of any evidence in the case. The very fact that Harris and I were allowed to examine objects seized from Shaw's home and designated "evidence" seemed to be a direct violation of that order. Why, I wondered, should the District Attorney risk having his case thrown out of court on a technicality by letting outsiders go freely through the evidence? Moreover, it seemed curious that Clay Shaw's papers had not already been rigorously scrutinized by Garrison or his staff, especially since Garrison had told several people, including me, that one of the main reasons for arresting Clay Shaw on March 1st was to prevent him from destroying his personal papers. Six weeks had passed, and yet from what I saw it appeared that no real investigation of Clay Shaw was going on at all but only a search for peripheral characters connected with David Ferrie. If Garrison believed that Shaw had openly conspired to kill the President, why was the inquiry into his activities being treated with such apparent nonchalance?

A discovery that Jones Harris made while we were going through the papers provided considerable insight into the nature of Garrison's investigation. What Harris found was a five-digit number that was common to both Shaw's and Oswald's address books. The entry in Shaw's book was "Lee Odom, PO Box 19106, Dallas, Tex." In Oswald's book, the number 19106 was preceded by the Cyrillic letters Д Д (which, like other Russian letters on the page, the Warren Commission had assumed were made during Oswald's two-



and-a-half-year stay in the Soviet Union). Though the coincidence of numbers proved nothing in itself, it was striking, and Garrison decided that further investigation was merited. Shortly thereafter, Garrison announced to the press that he had found the entry "PO 19106" in both Oswald's and Shaw's address books, and that the number was a "nonexistent or fictional number," which removed "the possibility of coincidence." Moreover, Garrison said that "PO 19106" was a code that, when deciphered, produced Jack Ruby's unlisted telephone number, WH 1-5601, and "no other number on earth." The method by which Garrison "deciphered" the code is worth following. Starting with the "scrambled" number 19106, Garrison "unscrambled" it (by choosing the nearest digit, then the farthest, then the next nearest, etc.) to produce the number 16901. Ruby's number was 15601, so by unscrambling the digits Garrison managed to match the last two digits in the two numbers. The next step was to subtract 1300 from 16901, and—presto—15601. Finally, Garrison converted the prefix "PO" to "WH" by a system that, according to the prominent cryptographer Irwin Mann, yields at least six different prefixes; Garrison chose Ruby's.

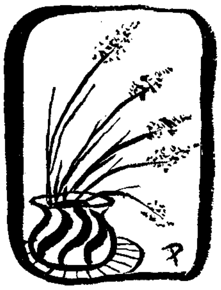


"One liberal Old-Fashioned for one old-fashioned liberal."

A few days after Garrison announced that he had deciphered the code, it became known that the number 19106 in Shaw's address book was by no means "nonexistent or fictional." PO Box 19106 had been, as Shaw's address book indicated, the address in Dallas of a man named Lee Odom. Odom stated that he had been introduced to Shaw in 1966 by the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, and had briefly discussed with Shaw the possibility of bringing bloodless bullfights to New Orleans; he had left his business address—PO Box 19106, Dallas, Texas—with Shaw. In fact, Odom's post-office box could not possibly have been the number in Oswald's book, because the post-office-box number 19106 did not exist in Dallas before it was assigned to Odom, in 1965—long after Oswald's death, in 1963. It was clear that Garrison had done some questionable interpolating of his own in moving from a coincidence to a conspiracy. First, he had told newsmen that the number in Oswald's book was PO 19106, although in fact it was Д Д 19106. (When a television interviewer later asked him how he had determined that the prefix was PO, rather than Д Д, he answered, with perfect aplomb, "More or less by looking at it.") Then, on the basis of his deductions, he had announced that the post-office-box number was fictional. And, finally, he had converted the number in Shaw's book into Jack Ruby's phone number by rearranging the digits, subtracting an arbitrary number, and changing the letters "PO" to "WH." Garrison had constructed a piece of evidence against Clay Shaw and had disclosed it to the press. Yet the District Attorney did not seem particularly perturbed when questions were raised about the logic of his deductions. When he was asked on a local television show how the number of a post-office box that didn't exist until 1965 could have been used to represent Jack Ruby's phone number in 1963, he replied, "Well, that's a problem for you to think over, because you obviously missed the point." Indeed, Garrison counterattacked in a press conference, saying, "We are very interested in knowing who introduced Mr. Odom to Mr. Shaw, how many bullfights Mr. Odom has actually produced"—as if this fact were relevant to his investigation—and "We are particularly interested in clarifying now why there is also coded in Lee Oswald's address book the local phone number of the Central Intelligence Agency." Using an entirely different system of decipherment, Garrison managed to convert the number 1147, which appeared in Oswald's book, to 522-8874, the C.I.A.'s phone number. Oswald's codes were "subjective," Garrison said, in that they varied from number to number. There seemed little point in Oswald's having gone through such an elaborate procedure, however, because the C.I.A. number that Garrison referred to was—and is—listed in the New Orleans telephone book.

What was Garrison's purpose in all this? He himself noted, in an extended interview in *Playboy* for October, 1967, that pre-trial publicity prejudicial to the defendant "could get our whole case thrown out of court," yet he himself had jeopardized his case by releasing information that was not only prejudicial to Clay Shaw but unfounded.

IT was aboard a jet flight between New Orleans and New York in late November of 1966 that the Garrison investigation started taking shape. Prompted by a cover story in *Life* that called for a new investigation into the assassination, three prominent passengers—Senator Russell B. Long, of Louisiana; Joseph M. Rault, Jr., a wealthy New Orleans oilman; and District Attorney Jim Garrison—began speculating about the events in Dallas three years before. As their conversation was reported in *New Orleans*, the official magazine of the city's Chamber of Commerce, the three agreed that, in Rault's words, "... it would be almost preposterous to believe that one man, an individual such as Oswald, could have been the only one involved in this thing." Senator Long cited deficiencies in the Warren Commission's investigation. "I think if I were investigating," he said, "I'd find the hundred best riflemen in the world and find the ones who were in Dallas that day." Garrison recalled that in 1963 his office had been interested in "a very unusual type of person who made a very curious trip at a very curious time about the date of the assassination," and the District Attorney added that he "might want to now go back into some of those events."



The individual whom Garrison had in mind was David William Ferrie, and he was, to say the least of it, "a very unusual type of person." Garrison later characterized Ferrie as both an "evil genius" and "a pathetic and tortured creature." To compensate for being completely hairless, Ferrie pasted what looked like clumps of red monkey fur on his head and wore artificial eyebrows. (Explanations of how Ferrie lost his hair have become part of the folklore of the assassination. William W. Turner, author of a so-called "official history" of the Garrison investigation which appeared in *Ramparts*, reported one speculation that the loss might have been "a physiological reaction to exposure to the extreme altitudes required for clandestine flights." He went on to say that Chinese Nationalist U-2 pilots have reportedly experienced the same "hair-loss phenomenon." Fred Powledge, after interviewing Garrison, wrote in the *New Republic* that Ferrie's "interest in homosexuality led him to shave off all his body hair." However, the question was decisively answered by Harold Weisberg, a critic of the Warren Commission, whose stepbrother, Dr. Jack Kety, had treated Ferrie for the disease alopecia, which can render its victims hairless.)

Rather like Oswald, Ferrie was a failure at virtually everything he tried. He trained for the priesthood, and was dismissed from two seminaries as a result of eccentric personal behavior. Later, he became a "bishop" in a quasi-political underground cult called the Orthodox Old Catholic Church of North America. Ferrie ran a service station in New Orleans. His greatest ambition seems to have been to become a fighter pilot. In 1950, he wrote to Secretary of Defense Louis A. Johnson, demanding, "When am I going to get the commission, when the Russians are bombing the hell out of Cleveland?" In a letter to the commanding officer of the First Air Force, he wrote, "There is nothing I would enjoy better than blowing the hell out of every damn Russian, Communist, Red or what-have-you.... Between my friends and I we can cook up a crew that can really blow them to hell.... I want to train killers, however bad that sounds. It is what we need." Ferrie never received an Air Force commission, but he did succeed in becoming the leader of a unit in the Civil Air Patrol (a civilian organization made up of volunteers), and he also set himself to training youths in jungle-warfare tactics. Oswald, according to a witness before the Warren Commission named Edward Voebel, may have belonged to Ferrie's outfit for a brief time in the nineteen-fifties, when he was a teen-ager. Ferrie was also engaged in a long-term project to discover a cure for cancer, and it was said that at one time he housed thousands of white mice in his apartment in New Orleans. For a while, he was employed as a pilot for Eastern Airlines, but he was suspended, in 1961, as a consequence of an arrest on a morals charge, and later dismissed. After that, he managed to make a meagre living as a free-lance pilot, an independent psychologist, and a private detective. At about the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, in 1961, he became associated with some Cuban exiles, and, according to one of them, he flew fire-bomb raids against Cuba and helped anti-Castro refugees escape. It has also been reported that, in pursuit of his desire to "train killers," he became involved in teaching paramilitary tactics to anti-Castroites in St. Tammany Parish, across Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans.

In 1963, Ferrie was employed as a private investigator for the law firm then representing Carlos Marcello, who was reputed to be the head of the New Orleans Mafia. Marcello had been deported in an extralegal manner—he was abducted by Justice Department agents and put on a plane to Guatemala. According to one story, Ferrie clandestinely flew Marcello back into this country. On the day of the assassination, Ferrie claimed, he was in court, listening to a judge declare the Marcello deportation illegal. To celebrate the victory, Ferrie drove to Texas on a "goose-hunting" expedition with two friends. Meanwhile, Garrison's office received a tip from a New Orleans private detective named Jack S. Martin to the effect that Ferrie had trained Oswald in marksmanship and was his "getaway pilot." Martin was said to be a member of the same cult in which Ferrie was a bishop. On his return to New Orleans, Ferrie was arrested and questioned, but, according to F.B.I. reports, Martin admitted that he had made up the whole story, and Ferrie was released.

The F.B.I. may not have thought much of Martin's tip, but it was this tip that enabled Garrison to begin his investigation, in December, 1966, with a specific suspect in mind—David Ferrie. Garrison set about his work with the assistance of a small but industrious staff. His chief investigator, a policeman named Louis Ivon, had requisitioned other members of the New Orleans Police Department to do the necessary legwork. William H. Gurvich, a partner in one of the city's largest private-detective agencies, handled interrogations and the extraterritorial aspects of the investigation. Thomas Bethell, a young British writer who was living in New Orleans, was put in charge of research. Assistant District Attorneys Alcock, Andrew J. Sciambra, Richard V. Burnes, and Alvin V. Oser questioned the more important witnesses and prepared the legal groundwork. Other tasks were performed by some of Garrison's personal friends—among them Max Gonzales, a law clerk in the criminal court and a pilot, who made a number of flights with Ferrie in order to gain his confidence, and Alberto Fowler, a Cuban exile and the Director of International Relations for the City of New Orleans, who made discreet inquiries about Ferrie's activities among anti-Castro exiles. Later, a self-styled intelligence expert using the pseudonym Bill Boxley joined Garrison's staff.

The first step was to compile a dossier on Ferrie. Cameras were secretly set up across from Ferrie's apartment, he was followed everywhere he went, and his friends were questioned about his activities. Little came of this surveillance. For further information, Garrison turned back to Martin, whose tip had first linked Oswald and Ferrie. Martin, who told Secret Service agents that he suffers from "telephonitis" when he has taken a drink and that it was on such an occasion that he telephoned the District Attorney's office about Ferrie, continued to narrate a vast number of disconnected yarns about Ferrie and the assassination. According to a typical one of these, Ferrie hypnotized Oswald and then dispatched him on the assassination mission. According to another, Ferrie had a working association with certain anti-Castro activities conducted by the private detective W. Guy Banister. Garrison found this connection especially provocative, because Banister, up to the time of his death, in 1964, maintained offices in a building at 544 Camp Street, a block from the William B. Reily Company, where Oswald worked, and one of the questions the Warren Commission had left unanswered was why the address "544 Camp St." appeared as Oswald's headquarters on some pro-Castro literature that he handed out. Since Banister's office was, as Garrison put it, "a mare's-nest of anti-Castro activity," Garrison postulated that Oswald might be an "agent provocateur" in Banister's employ.

Garrison followed up this lead by systematically questioning Banister's former employees. One of them, a shipping clerk and sometime private investigator named David F. Lewis, Jr., added richly to the developing drama. Lewis claimed that he had been witness to a meeting among Banister, Ferrie, the anti-Castro leader Carlos Quiroga, and a person he called Leon Oswald, who he later thought might be Lee Harvey Oswald. Although Lewis said he was certain that this meeting had occurred in 1962, a time when Oswald was known to be living in Texas, and although Quiroga categorically denied that such a meeting had ever taken place, Garrison intensified his efforts in this direction. He began digging into the activities of anti-Castro Cubans, and discovered the sites of what had been two secret training camps in St. Tammany Parish. Ferrie was rumored to have used one of them to train his corps of commandos. In the hope of identifying the men under Ferrie's command, Garrison hired Bernardo Torres, a private detective from Miami who claimed to have assisted the Secret Service by spotting potentially dangerous Cubans during a visit President Kennedy made to Miami in 1963. In December, 1966, and January, 1967, the investigation was broadened to include various efforts to track down, with Torres's help, any Cubans in Miami who might have known Ferrie. These efforts turned out to be unproductive but quite expensive—more than half the total expenditures—and Garrison began to suspect that Torres's activity did not justify the expense. Toward the end of January, the Florida manhunt was called off.

But Garrison had other leads to follow—notably an old clue from a New Orleans lawyer named Dean Adams Andrews, Jr. Andrews' original story, which he told to the Secret Service shortly after the assassination, was that Oswald had come to his office a few times during the summer of 1963 in the hope of finding some means by

"*One* of us is fast."

"Good morning, vice-presidents!"

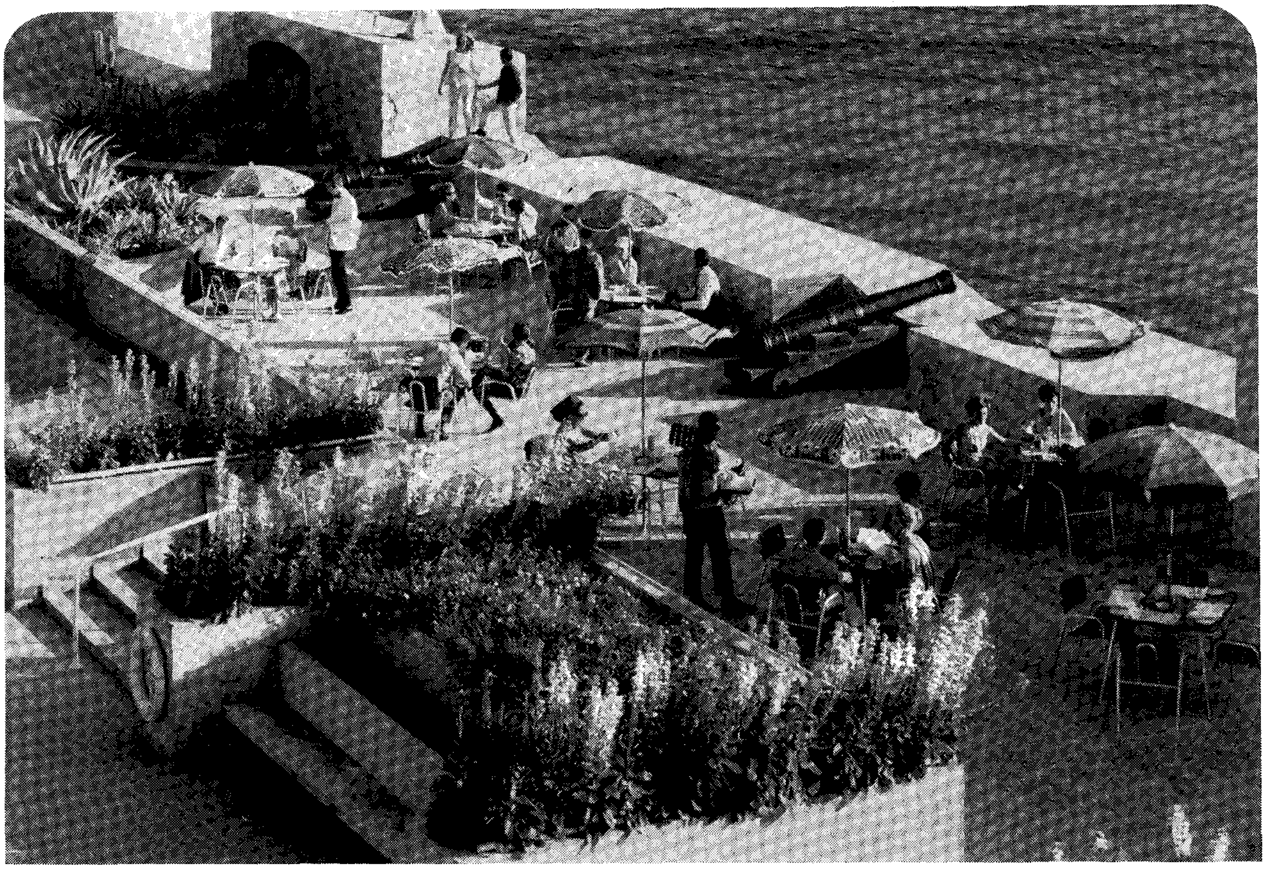
which the "undesirable" discharge he had been given by the Marine Corps could be converted into an honorable one. The day after the assassination, Andrews, who was in the hospital under sedation recovering from pneumonia, said he received a phone call from a man he knew as Clay Bertrand, whom he described as "a lawyer without a briefcase" for local homosexuals. According to Andrews, Bertrand asked him to go to Dallas and defend Oswald. When Andrews was questioned by the F.B.I., he gave several different descriptions of Bertrand, and finally said that the character bearing that name was merely a figment of his imagination. A few months later, he again changed his story, telling the Warren Commission that he had recently seen Bertrand in a bar, and describing him as "a boy" who was "5 foot 8 inches" and had "sandy hair." No other clues to Bertrand's identity turned up, however, and Wesley J. Liebeler, a Commission lawyer who conducted the investigation in this area, said he was convinced that no such person existed.

Garrison nevertheless now decided to pursue the matter further, and gave Assistant District Attorney Sciambra, a former boxer known by the nickname Moo, a task he referred to as "squeezing" the French Quarter. A crackdown on homosexuals that Garrison had carried out in 1962 was generally thought to have produced a number of informers, but Sciambra was unable to find anyone who had ever heard of Clay Bertrand. Garrison reasoned that Dean Andrews was probably protecting a wealthy client with homosexual associates, and came up with the idea that Clay Bertrand was in reality Clay Shaw, a socially prominent retired director of the International Trade Mart in New Orleans. David L. Chandler, a *Life* reporter who worked closely with Garrison in the early days of the investigation, was present when Garrison first put forward this hypothesis to his staff. According to Chandler, Garrison offered three arguments for it. First, Shaw had the same first name as Bertrand. Second, Shaw was rumored to have friends in the homosexual world. And, finally, Shaw spoke fluent Spanish and, although Andrews had never said that Bertrand spoke Spanish, Garrison was looking for a conspirator involved in anti-Castro activities. Garrison brushed over the fact that Shaw—six feet four and a quarter inches tall, fifty-four years old, and white-haired—hardly fitted Andrews' description of a five-foot-eight-inch boy with sandy hair. He also ignored the question of why Andrews, having given a false description and a false last name to protect his client, would give the client's correct first name.

In any event, Shaw was brought in for questioning in late December, on the pretext that Garrison was attempting to tie up a few loose ends in the Warren Report. According to Chandler, it quickly became apparent that Shaw had no information to offer about Ferrie or his activities, and the matter was dropped. The District Attorney told his staff to "forget Shaw." In January, when asked if he knew the identity of Clay Bertrand by Richard N. Billings, another member of *Life's* staff, Garrison replied, "His real name is Clay Shaw, but I don't think he's too important." Ferrie was still, at this time, the only suspect.

By February, 1967, the investigation seemed to be at a standstill. Ferrie obviously knew that he was under suspicion, and it was highly unlikely that he would do anything to incriminate himself. The Cuban-exile trail had petered out in Miami. The Bertrand matter had been shelved. Garrison's chief witness was David Lewis, and, of the four participants in the meeting that Lewis described, Oswald and Banister were dead, Quiroga (according to Garrison) could not be found, and Ferrie unequivocally denied everything.

At this point, Gordon Novel, a specialist in anti-eavesdropping devices, was recommended to Garrison by Willard E. Robertson, a New Orleans automobile dealer who was one of Garrison's political supporters. (Garrison had been so concerned that the F.B.I. might be tapping his telephones that he had made plans a few weeks before to execute a midnight raid on the F.B.I. field office in New Orleans, using a water pistol loaded with a charge of red pepper to disarm the officer on duty; he even invited Chandler, the *Life* reporter, to accompany him on the mission, but for some reason the plan was scrapped.) Upon learning that Ferrie was under suspicion, Novel told Garrison that he knew a good deal about Ferrie's activities in 1961. According to Garrison, Novel claimed that Ferrie, a Cuban-exile leader named Sergio Arcacha Smith, and two unidentified Cubans had been involved in a "pickup" of arms from a bunker in Houma, Louisiana, belonging to the



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Schlumberger Well Surveying Corporation. Some of the arms were reportedly deposited in the offices of W. Guy Banister. The purpose of the raid was to acquire arms for an anti-Castro militia, and Novel stated that a C.I.A. contact had indulgently provided a key to the bunker. Novel later claimed that one of Garrison's ideas for breaking the stalemate his investigation had apparently reached involved a plot to kidnap Ferrie. According to this story, Ferrie was to be shot with an atropine dart, injected with sodium pentothal, and forced to confess. Novel has said, "Garrison asked me to order him such a dart gun so that it wouldn't appear on his office purchase records" after the District Attorney "had read about the idea in one of the books about the C.I.A."

The entire investigation might have expired quietly for want of any truly tangible leads if it had not been for some resourceful moves by three reporters for the New Orleans *States-Item*—Rosemary James, Jack Dempsey, and David Snyder. In New Orleans, the financial vouchers of the district attorney's office are a matter of public record. By piecing together information gleaned from these records and through various leaks from Garrison's office, the reporters were able to come up with a fairly accurate picture of the investigation, even though it was still being kept secret. Mrs. James wrote an article on the subject and showed it to Garrison on February 16, 1967. He simply shrugged and told her, "I will neither confirm nor deny it." The next day, the story broke. Garrison's investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy was now a public issue. Garrison charged that the news story had seriously interfered with his efforts; arrests that were to have been made immediately, he claimed, had now to be deferred for months. Moreover, he announced that he would seek private financing in order not to have to conduct the inquiry in a "fishbowl." Two political allies, Joseph Rault, Jr., and Willard Robertson, thereupon organized fifty New Orleans businessmen into a group that called itself Truth or Consequences, Inc. Its function was to supply Garrison with both funds and moral support. Meanwhile, David Ferrie told a newspaperman that Garrison's investigation, in which he was suspected of being Oswald's getaway pilot, was nothing but "a big joke." He denied that he knew Oswald, and, for good measure, added that he was conducting his own inquiry into the assassination.

For two days, shortly after the *States-Item* broke the news of Garrison's investigation, Ferrie was kept under "protective custody," Billings has reported, at the Fontainebleau Motor Hotel in New Orleans. According to a member of Garrison's staff, this was done at Ferrie's request. In any event, he returned to his own apartment on the evening of February 21st. The next day, Ferrie was found dead. An autopsy indicated that he had died of a cerebral hemorrhage caused by the rupture of a blood vessel. The coroner, Dr. Nicholas Chetta, ruled out suicide, because a person is rarely aware that an aneurysm, or weak spot, exists in a blood vessel, and it would be virtually impossible to induce a "blowout." He also ruled out murder, on the ground that if the rupture had been caused by an external blow there would necessarily have been tissue damage, and none was found. He concluded that Ferrie had died from natural causes. But the mere fact that a man suspected of having conspired to assassinate the President had died five days after he was publicly implicated in the crime was sensational news, and reporters flocked to New Orleans. Garrison, without waiting for the results of the autopsy, had proclaimed Ferrie's death a suicide and had interpreted a somewhat ambiguous letter that Ferrie wrote to a friend shortly before his death as a "suicide note." Garrison called Ferrie "one of history's most important individuals," and claimed that an arrest had been only days away. "Apparently, we waited too long," he said. No mention was made of the fact that Ferrie had already been placed under protective custody for two days.

Ferrie's death brought a windfall of publicity, but Garrison had lost his prime suspect. And the hundreds of newsmen who had come to New Orleans could hardly be expected to continue reporting cryptic comments from Garrison such as "The key to the whole case is through the looking glass. Black is white; white is black." When they asked for hard news, Garrison told them that he had "positively solved the assassination of President John F. Kennedy," and he added that "in the course of time" he would make arrests. At that point, most of the out-of-town reporters left.

Garrison had promised that arrests would be forthcoming, and apparently a number of possible suspects were

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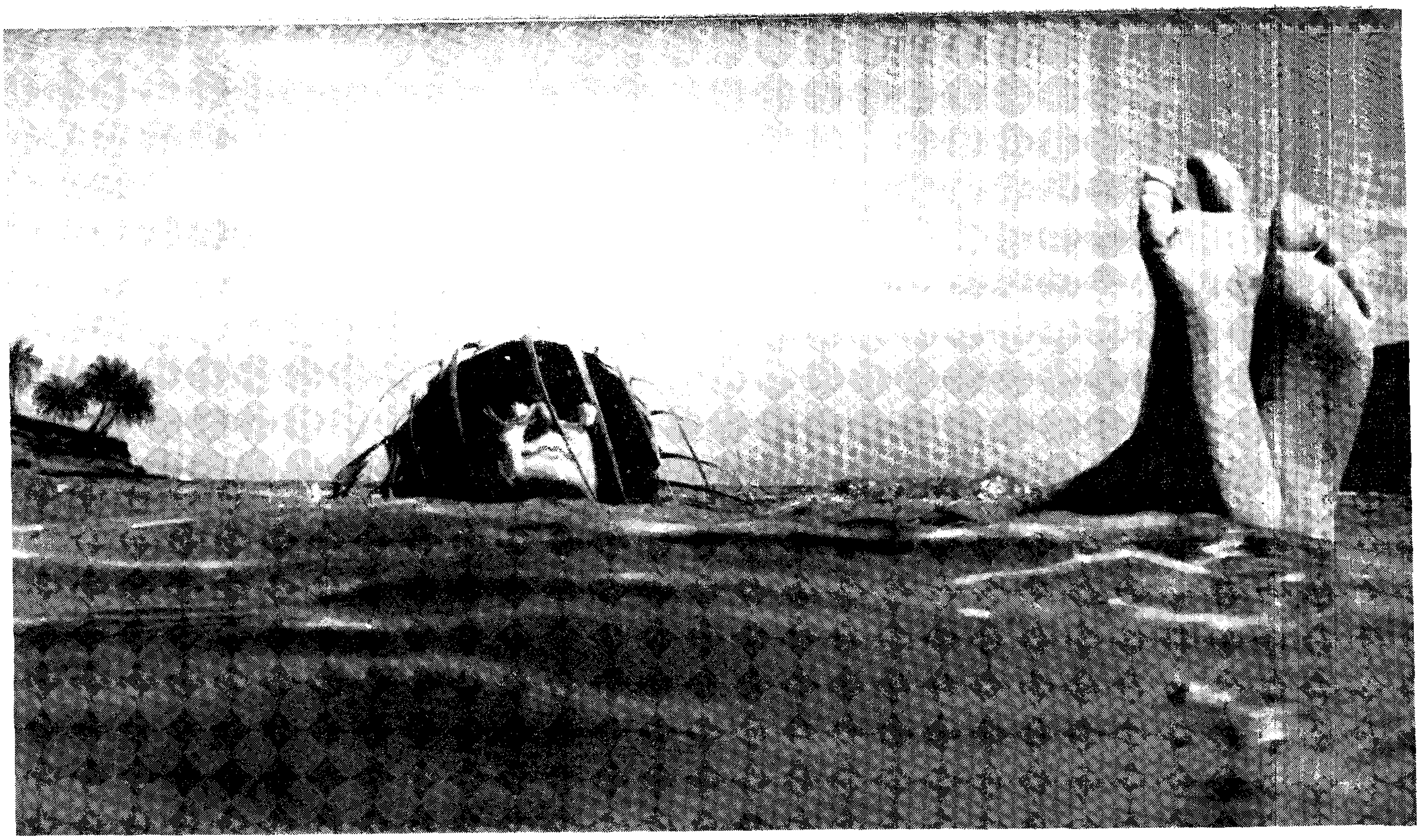

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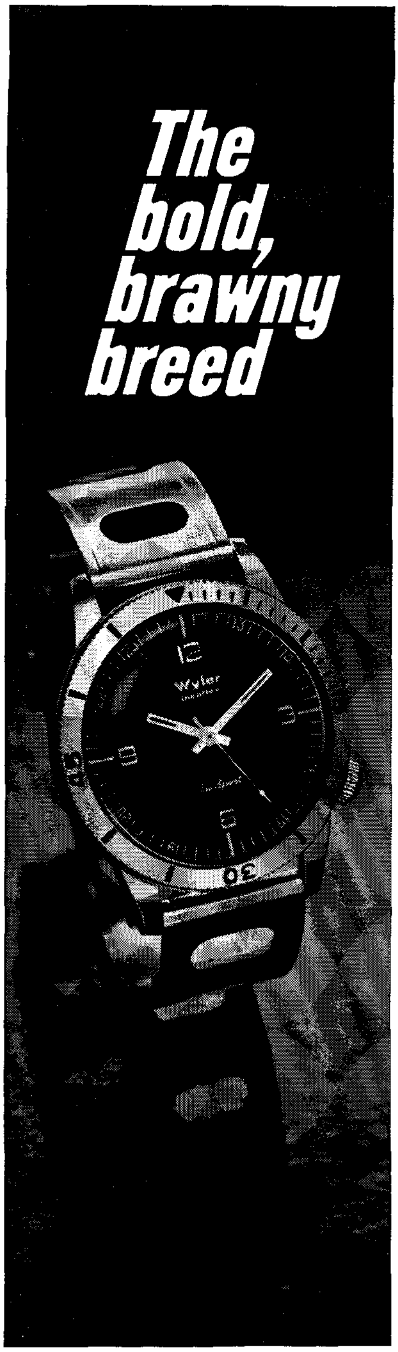

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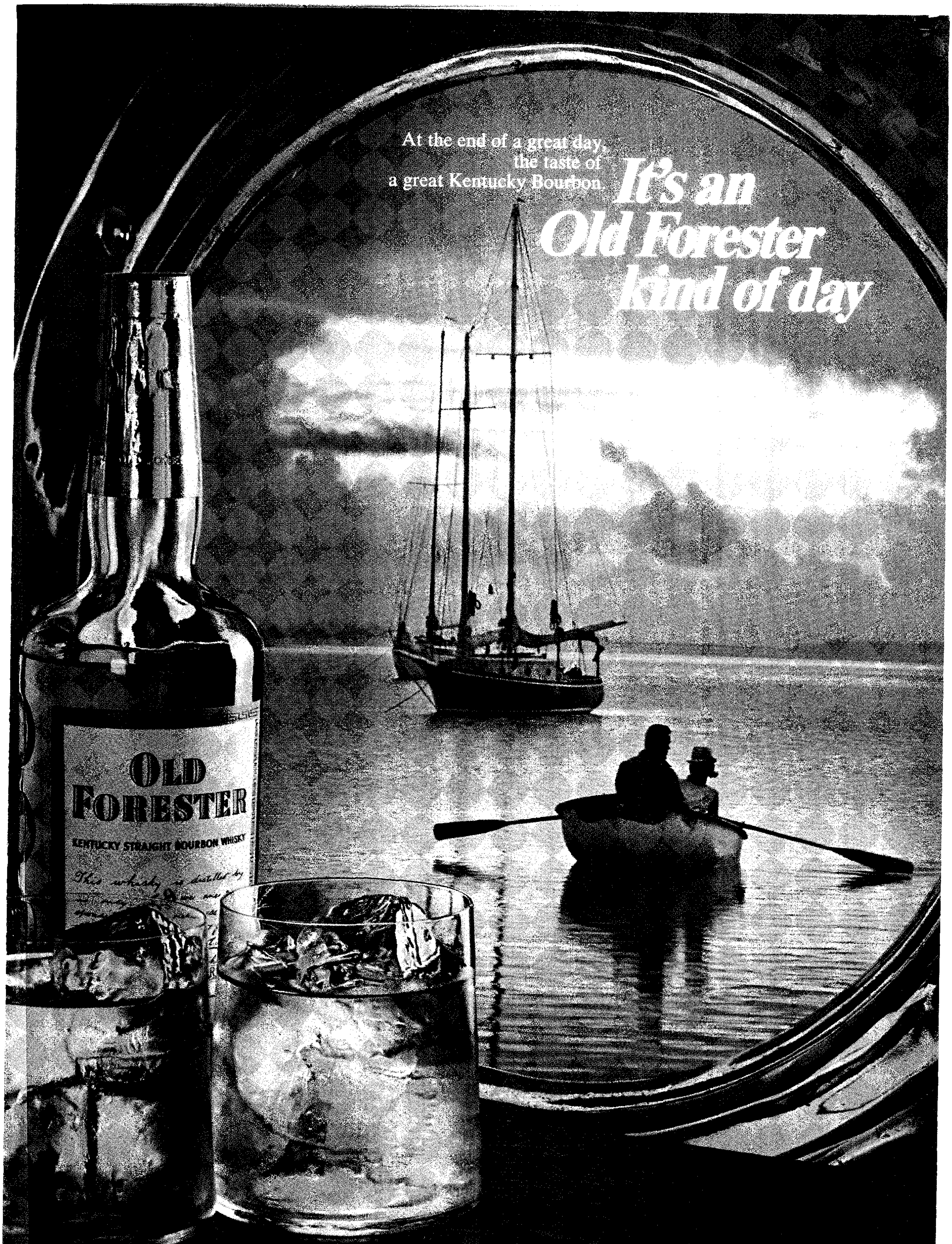
considered. Some were drawn from Ferrie's twilight world of adventurers and self-styled secret agents. Others, according to William Gurvich, were prominent citizens of New Orleans. At this point, Garrison received a brief letter from Perry Raymond Russo, a twenty-five-year-old Baton Rouge insurance salesman, who claimed to have known Ferrie. Russo had previously approached a number of local reporters, but they had shown no interest in him after he said that he had never seen Oswald and knew nothing specific about the assassination. Garrison, however, was very much interested in Russo's assertion that he possessed useful information on Ferrie. On February 25th, the day after Garrison received Russo's letter, Moo Sciambra was sent to Baton Rouge to question Russo.

The greater part of the interview was confined to uncovering Russo's relationship with Ferrie. Russo told Sciambra that he had first met Ferrie in 1962, when he attempted to get a young friend of his in Ferrie's Civil Air Patrol unit out from under what he called the commander's "spell." Russo said that at one point, after he had succeeded in breaking Ferrie's hold over his friend, Ferrie had threatened to kill him. Later, however, he and Ferrie became friends, and worked as partners in selling pornographic films imported from Cuba. Ferrie's main interests, Russo continued, were, first, instructing members of his Civil Air Patrol outfit in "the art of fighting jungle warfare" and, second, his medical research; he was developing an aphrodisiac as well as a cure for cancer. But Ferrie had said very little to him on the subject of assassination, except for some vague remarks about how easy it would be to shoot a President and flee by airplane to Cuba or Brazil. Russo indicated that Ferrie probably had in mind either Eisenhower or the President of Mexico. He did remember, however, that Ferrie had said a few times in the summer of 1963 that he would "get" Kennedy. Sciambra then showed Russo some photographs. The first one he identified was of Sergio Arcacha Smith, the Cuban-exile leader. Russo said it resembled an actor in one of the pornographic films. "To be perfectly honest," he said, "I looked at the film quite a bit." (Russo was mistaken in his identification. Garrison's investigators later ascertained that the actor in the film was not Arcacha Smith.) The second photograph he recognized was of Clay Shaw. Russo said that he thought he had seen this man twice before but that he had never met him. The last photograph showed Lee Harvey Oswald. Russo thought this person was a roommate of Ferrie's, who had a beard.

The next day, back in New Orleans, Sciambra gave Garrison a preliminary oral report on his interview with Russo in the presence of Richard Billings, of *Life*. Garrison then asked Sciambra to arrange a test for Russo using "truth serum," or sodium pentothal. The "truth serum" was administered to Russo the next day by Dr. Nicholas Chetta. While under the influence of the drug, Russo was again questioned by Sciambra, though no transcript was made of the interrogation. Afterward, Russo had dinner with Garrison, Sciambra, and Billings, and Sciambra told Russo that after taking truth serum he had identified a tall man with white kinky hair, and that he had also said that he had been introduced to this man as "Bertrand." According to Billings, Russo insisted that he did not remember ever having met anyone named Bertrand. Garrison attempted to resolve this embarrassing discrepancy by suggesting to Billings that the truth serum probably jogged Russo's memory. "They asked me a lot of questions," Russo is reported to have recalled later. "I could figure out what they wanted to know."

The following day, Garrison brought Russo to Shaw's home in the French Quarter for a look at Shaw, and on March 1st Garrison summoned Shaw to his office and had him interrogated for two and a half hours. Shaw categorically denied that he knew either Ferrie or Oswald and that he knew anything about the assassination. When the topic of using truth serum came up, Shaw sent for a lawyer, Salvatore Panzeca. Panzeca agreed to let Shaw take a lie-detector test, provided that the defense had the right to approve the wording of the questions, that the results of the test were not disclosed except at a duly authorized court proceeding, and that Shaw had a day's rest before the test. Garrison replied that he did not have to agree to any conditions. A moment later, he declared that Shaw was under arrest, had him handcuffed, and led him before news photographers to be booked. This move, Garrison later told me, was "a command decision." He said he was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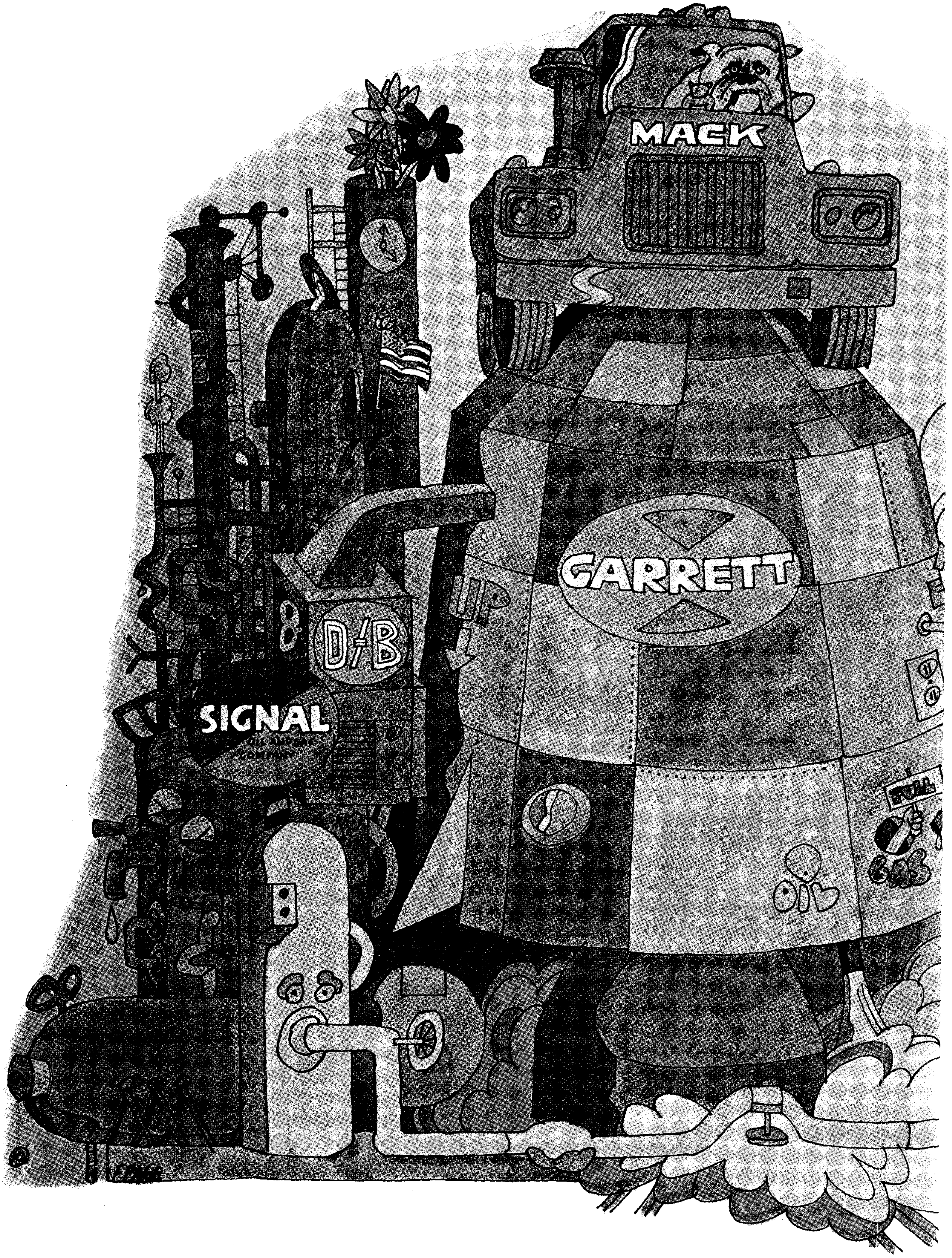
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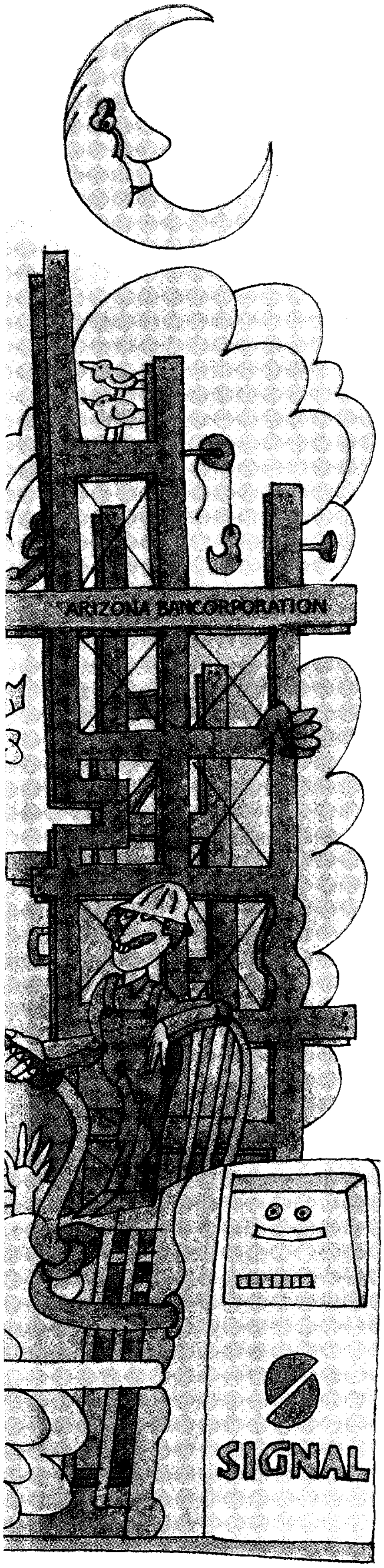

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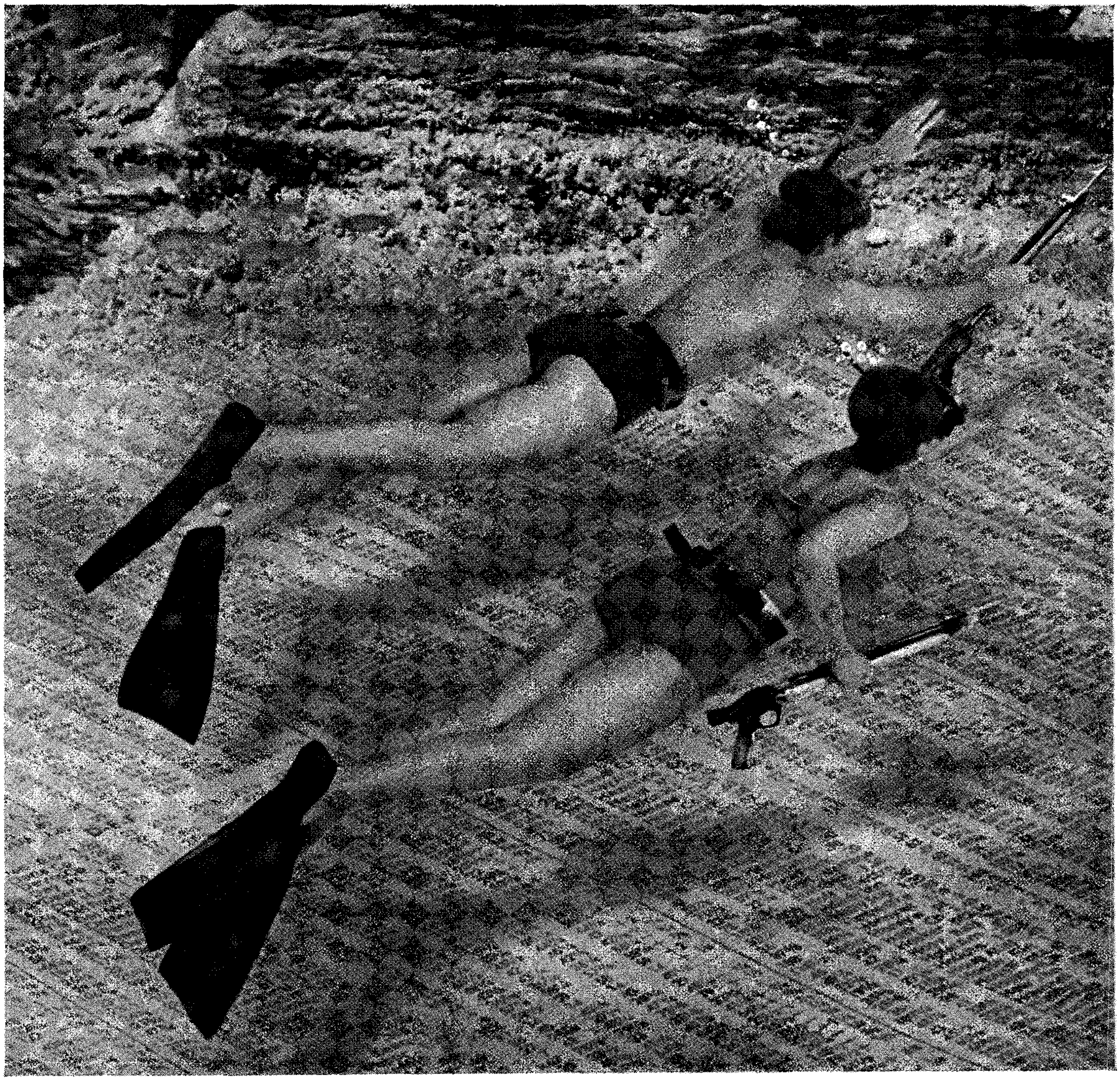

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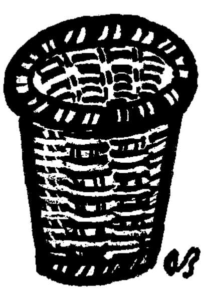
Personal Trust Division—350 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022 • Tel: 350-5244 (Area Code 212) apprehensive that if he released Shaw the suspect might "destroy vital evidence." This explanation made little sense, for Garrison could have obtained a search warrant without arresting Shaw; no more cause was required than that he have a confidential informant, and he had—Perry Russo. Moreover, he had questioned Shaw in December, and if Shaw had had incriminating evidence in his home it would seem likely that he would have disposed of it then. But, whatever Garrison's motives were, on March 1, 1967, a week after the death of Ferrie, Clay Shaw was arrested for conspiring to murder John F. Kennedy.

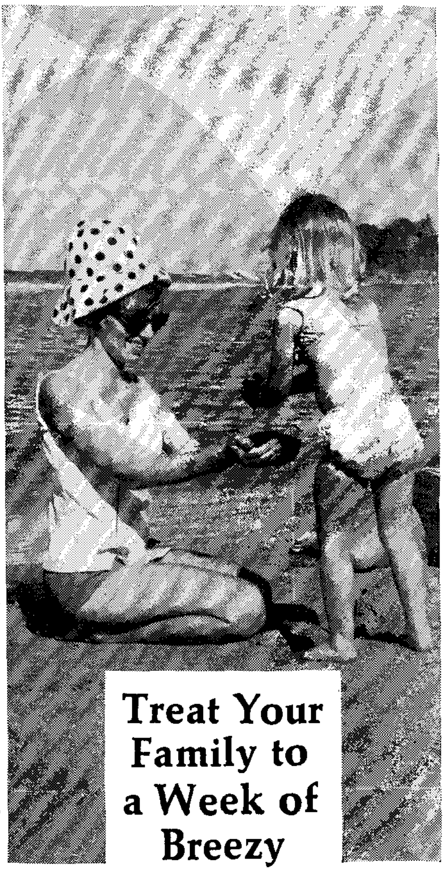
IN Louisiana, after an arrest has been made, the district attorney either presents the case to a grand jury or files a "bill of information," which, under the Louisiana code of criminal procedure, allows a district attorney to bring a case to trial without a grand-jury indictment. In the case of Clay Shaw, however, Garrison decided to do something that was, in his own words, "virtually unheard of." Instead of going before a grand jury meeting in closed session, he requested a preliminary hearing, which takes place before a judge and is public. The purpose of a preliminary hearing under Louisiana law is to determine whether or not the state has sufficient evidence to warrant a trial. Although it is not unusual for the defense to request a preliminary hearing, if only to attempt to compel the state to tip its hand and disclose vital evidence before the actual trial, such a hearing is rarely, if ever, requested by the prosecution. Why, then, should Garrison, the prosecutor, have elected to disclose some of his evidence before the trial—an apparently gratuitous favor to the defense? Garrison has said that he did so in order to "lean over backward and give the defendant every chance." A preliminary hearing, however, has at least one extralegal consequence that a political-minded prosecutor might find advantageous: it provides the prosecution with a dramatic opportunity to reveal publicly far in advance of the trial some of the more sensational aspects of the case, thus helping to stimulate public interest. Whether or not Garrison's extraordinary move did, as he claimed, enhance the defendant's prospects for justice, it unquestionably worked to focus national attention on the case.



With a full complement of reporters in attendance, the hearing began on March 14th, before a panel of three judges, with the testimony of Perry Russo. Russo stated that he had attended a meeting at Ferrie's apartment in September, 1963, at which the assassination of President Kennedy was planned by three men: Ferrie, a man he called "Leon Oswald," and another he called "Clem Bertrand." Russo identified Leon Oswald as Lee Harvey Oswald from a photograph. Then Garrison asked Russo whether he recognized the man he called Clem Bertrand in the courtroom. Russo pointed out Clay Shaw. He testified that after the three men had discussed such details as the need for "diversionary tactics," the "triangulation" of crossfire, and the selection of an appropriate "scapegoat," they ended the conversation by bickering over various methods of escape.

Under cross-examination the following day, Russo admitted that he had not been able to identify Oswald positively until after an artist in the District Attorney's office spent six hours drawing different beards on photographs of Oswald. It was also revealed that, before Garrison interrogated him, he had denied in a number of interviews that he had ever seen Oswald or that Ferrie had ever specifically discussed the assassination of President Kennedy. Many of the details of Russo's story, it turned out, were developed under hypnosis—a method that Garrison said he used in order to "objectify" testimony. Moreover, it was learned that Russo had been under psychiatric treatment for eighteen months, ending in late 1960, and had last consulted a psychiatrist just two months before he went to see Garrison.

The District Attorney found his only other witness, Vernon B. Bundy, in the Parish Prison after the hearing had begun. Assistant District Attorney Charles Ray Ward and other members of Garrison's staff strenuously objected to using Bundy as a witness, but Garrison put him on the stand anyway. Bundy, a narcotics addict and petty thief, testified that in the summer of 1963, while he was preparing to inject the contents of two capsules of heroin into his arm, he saw two men meet on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, on the outskirts of New Orleans. One, whom Bundy described as "a junkie or beatnik type" with a light growth of beard, he had later recognized from photographs as Lee



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Harvey Oswald. The other man Bundy identified as Clay Shaw. Like Russo, Bundy had never before told anyone about his encounter with Oswald. The three-judge panel ruled that there was sufficient evidence for a trial. The decision was by no means startling; it merely established that there was evidence that merited judgment. Yet to many people the ruling suggested that Garrison had won some sort of legal victory.

As it turned out, the evidence used at the preliminary hearing was even less sound than it may have appeared at the time. About six weeks after the hearing, James R. Phelan reported in the *Saturday Evening Post* that Russo had told two contradictory stories—one in his first interview with Sciambra, the other in court, after being questioned under hypnosis. Phelan discovered the discrepancy when Garrison, with his customary generosity to journalists, supplied him with a memorandum of Russo's first interview. Nowhere in this document, which ran to thirty-five hundred words, was the supposed meeting among Shaw, Ferrie, and Oswald mentioned, either directly or implicitly. Yet two weeks later, in court, Russo stated that it had definitely taken place. In his first interview, moreover, Russo did not state that he had ever met Shaw, and he himself made no mention whatever of a Bertrand—either Clay or Clem. Assistant District Attorney Sciambra, who conducted this first interview and wrote up the memorandum, later said that Russo did tell him of the assassination plot but that he forgot to include it in his report. Yet Sciambra's own words in the memorandum would appear to belie this explanation: "The next picture that he [Russo] identified was that of Clay Shaw. He said that he saw this man twice. The first time was when he pulled into Ferrie's service station to get his car fixed. Shaw was the person sitting in the compact car talking with Ferrie. He remembers seeing him again at the Nashville Street Wharf when he went to see J.F.K. speak." Here Sciambra specifically states that Russo said he saw Shaw twice, and neither occasion involved a rendezvous in Ferrie's apartment during which Shaw, Ferrie, and Oswald planned the assassination. If Russo went on to describe a third encounter, and that was the only one relevant to Garrison's case, it is difficult to understand how Sciambra could have neglected to include it in the memorandum. Moreover, according to Billings, Sciambra did not mention the alleged "third encounter" in an oral report he made to Garrison the day after the interview. Sciambra reported that Russo said he had seen Shaw only twice—once at Ferrie's service station and once at the Nashville Street Wharf. In fact, the first time Billings heard of the third encounter, during which Russo was supposed to have overheard Bertrand, Ferrie, and Oswald planning the assassination in Ferrie's apartment, was when Sciambra himself *told* Russo that he had mentioned the name Bertrand and had described the meeting in Ferrie's apartment. This was after Russo had taken the "truth serum." And Russo still, at this time, said that he could not remember anyone named Bertrand.

If a witness tells two contradictory stories, external evidence may make it possible to choose between them. In Russo's case, the corroborative evidence available casts doubt on his second story—the one he told in court. He testified that Oswald was Ferrie's roommate in early September, 1963, yet there is evidence that at that time Oswald was living with his wife and their infant daughter on Magazine Street in New Orleans. Russo described Oswald as having a beard in early and mid-September, yet generally reliable witnesses reported that Oswald was clean-shaven at that time. Russo claimed that he saw Oswald in Ferrie's apartment in the first week of October, yet Oswald was known to have been in Mexico and Dallas during this period. Russo said that a friend of his, Niles Peterson, was at a party at Ferrie's apartment the night that he saw Oswald and Shaw there, yet Peterson flatly denies that he saw anyone fitting the description of either Shaw or Oswald. (Peterson did, however, recall a bearded man who was six feet tall and otherwise fitted the description of the man who was known to be Ferrie's roommate at the time—James R. Lewallen.) Russo claimed, further, that a young woman, Sandra Moffitt, accompanied him to Ferrie's apartment the night of the meeting, yet she denies this, and says that she did not meet Ferrie until 1964. In sum, Russo's court testimony appears to be at odds with a great many of the external points of reference he himself provided. After the preliminary hearing, Russo began expressing doubts about his identification of Shaw. He told James Phelan, who had spent more than forty hours questioning him for his *Saturday Evening Post* article, that he wished he could have an "opportunity to talk to Shaw for a few hours so I can be sure he was the right man." He told Richard Townley, a reporter for WDSU-TV, in New Orleans, that he was unsure of his testimony.

The testimony of Garrison's other witness, Vernon Bundy, also raised a number of questions. One of Bundy's fellow-inmates in the Parish Prison, Miguel Torres, told an N.B.C. interviewer that Bundy had admitted to him that he was testifying for Garrison "because it's the only way that I can get cut loose"—indicating that unless he did testify, his probation would be revoked and he would have to complete a five-year sentence in prison. Bundy was subsequently arrested on a charge of robbery. Another inmate, John (the Baptist) Cancler, said in an interview that Bundy had told him that his account of the events at Lake Pontchartrain was a fabrication. Of course, felons are not known for their probity, and Garrison dismissed the statements of Torres and Cancler "in view of their criminal records." But if no credence is to be placed in the testimony of Bundy's fellow-convicts, what of the testimony of Bundy himself?

Garrison's entire case at the preliminary hearing, then, was based on the allegations of two witnesses who had both waited four years before disclosing uncorroborated stories and who both subsequently cast considerable doubt on their own testimony.

A few months after the hearing, there was another legal skirmish that strengthened the appearance, if not the substance, of Garrison's case: Dean Andrews, the New Orleans lawyer who had claimed that shortly after the assassination a shadowy figure named Clay Bertrand appealed to him to go to Dallas and defend Oswald, became involved in perjury proceedings. Andrews, after telling a number of stories about Bertrand, and at one point claiming that Bertrand was a figment of his imagination, had nevertheless stated categorically when Garrison questioned him in December that Shaw was not Bertrand. In late February, after Russo had come forward, Garrison again met with Andrews. According to Andrews, the District Attorney said he had other evidence that Shaw was involved, and asked Andrews not to deny

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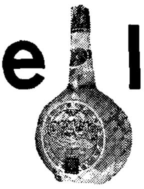
the  liqueur.

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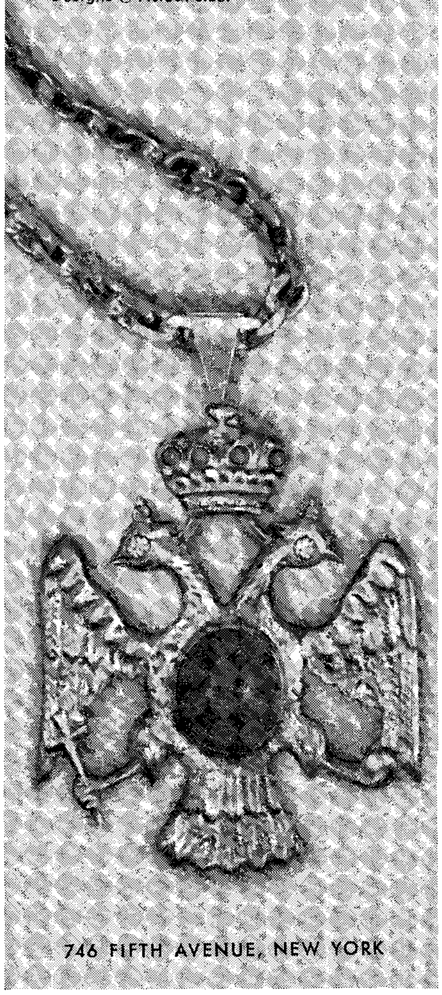
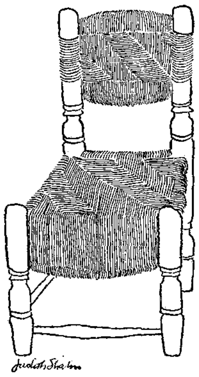


that Shaw and Bertrand were one and the same. Andrews agreed—because, he has said, he was afraid that "otherwise the Jolly Green Giant would pounce on me like a thousand-pound canary." When called before a grand jury in March and asked if Clay Shaw was Clay Bertrand, he replied, under oath, "I can't say that he is and I can't say that he ain't." Three months later, on June 28th, Andrews volunteered to appear again before the grand jury. This time, he told of a "deal" with Garrison and testified that he had never thought for a moment that Shaw was Bertrand. Bertrand, he admitted, was a fictitious name he had used in order to protect a friend of his, a bartender in the French Quarter. Andrews acknowledged that he had perjured himself previously, and said, "It doesn't make any difference to me if I'm convicted. . . . Clay Shaw is not Clay Bertrand. Indict me if you want to."

Andrews was subsequently arraigned, tried, and convicted for perjury. Although the conviction is being appealed, Garrison declared that this represented "a major conviction . . . in connection with this case." It was, if anything, a Pyrrhic victory. Assistant District Attorney Alcock charged that the name Bertrand had been "foisted on the world" by Andrews, but if Bertrand was indeed a fiction, invented by Andrews after the assassination, how could Russo testify that he had met Shaw before the assassination under the pseudonym Bertrand? According to the Sciambra memorandum, Russo had not mentioned the name Bertrand in his initial interview. It was only after Sciambra told Russo that he had identified one of the participants at the meeting in Ferrie's apartment as Bertrand while under the influence of sodium pentothal—an identification which, according to Billings, Russo did not recall at the time—and after Russo was allowed to ask leading questions about the case so that, in his own words, he "could figure out what they wanted to know," that the name Bertrand found its way into his story.



AFTER the preliminary hearing, there was a second notable shift in the nature of the investigation. Whereas the first phase had concentrated on the activities of David Ferrie, and the second was devoted principally to efforts to substantiate Russo's allegations about Clay Shaw, the third phase had no single specific objective. It was, in effect, a hunt without a quarry, a search for any information from any source that might relate to any aspect of the assassination. For this desultory pursuit, Garrison reinforced his permanent staff with volunteer recruits from the growing corps of critics of the Warren Commission. A number of these people who might best be described as peripatetic demonologists found in New Orleans an unexpected rallying point; they were attracted to Garrison like the children of Hamelin to the Pied Piper. At the head of the line stood Mark Lane, the author of "Rush to Judgment," who, together with William Turner, a staff writer for *Ramparts*, spent months assiduously combing Garrison's files on the case for new clues and devising ingenious schemes to produce new disclosures. (When one assistant district attorney protested that by making Xerox copies of the evidence Lane might be jeopardizing the case, Garrison replied that Lane and Turner were "writing the official history of the investigation.") Reports on developments in Texas came from Penn Jones, Jr., the editor of the Midlothian, Texas, *Mirror* and the author of a series of booklets called "Forgive My Grief," the most celebrated feature of which was a death count of individuals who were even peripherally connected with the assassination, and from Allan Chapman, a knight-errant in a two-hundred-year-old crusade against the Illuminati (supposedly a worldwide conspiracy of intellectuals who now control the television networks). Harold Weisberg, the author of a numerically consecutive series of books called "Whitewash," was charged with the task of going through the twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission's testimony and evidence for new leads relevant to Garrison's investigation. Two specialists in photographic interpretation, Raymond Marcus and Richard Sprague, scanned films of the assassination to detect previously neglected pieces that might fit into what Garrison calls his "jigsaw puzzle." Three trouble-shooters-at-large also assisted—Jones Harris, with whom I had gone through the evidence when I first arrived in New Orleans; Richard H. Popkin, a professor of philosophy at the University of California at San Diego and the author of "The Second Oswald," a conject-

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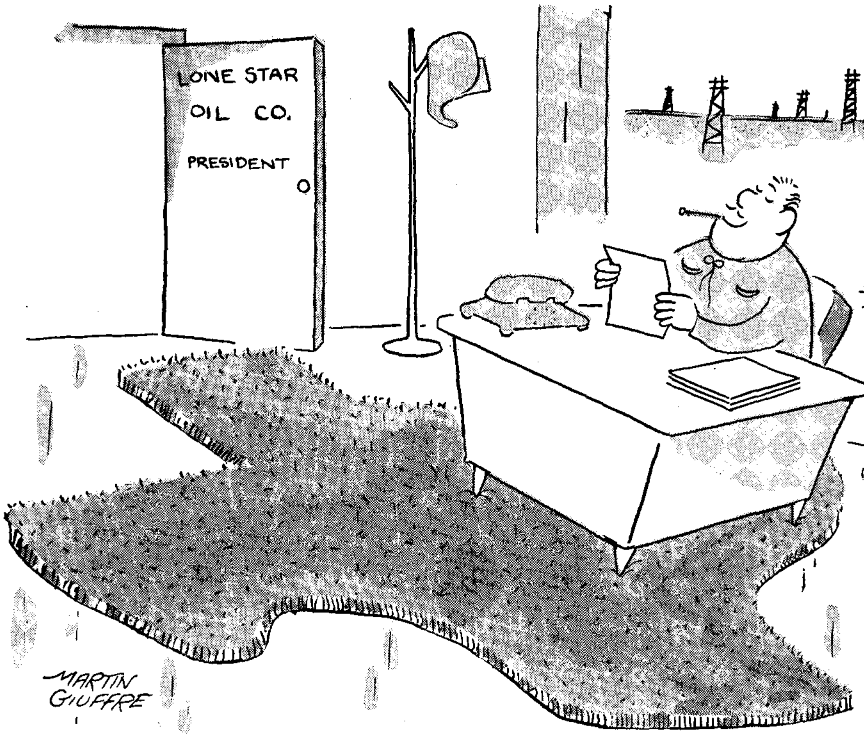

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ural essay originally published in the *New York Review of Books* which suggests that the assassination was performed not by Oswald but by his *Doppelgänger;* and the night-club comedian Mort Sahl. Although these amateur sleuths, who sometimes refer to themselves as the Dealey Plaza Irregulars, have provided Garrison with the bulk of the new "evidence" that he has cited in numerous public appearances—he appeared on numerous radio and television shows in the course of a coast-to-coast tour arranged in connection with the *Playboy* interview—they have occasionally proved a source of friction for the professional investigators on Garrison's staff.

A member of Garrison's staff who has worked on the investigation since its inception has described the contribution of the amateurs this way: "The trouble with these third-rate students is that the only way they can make a strong impression on Garrison is by coming up with flamboyant nonsense, thus hoping to be hired as someone with original ideas. They therefore represent a serious threat to the sanity of the investigation. One of them has a bad habit of steering Garrison into crackpot directions, such as the 'Storm Drain Theory,' to which Garrison tends to be susceptible." When Allan Chapman, the Illuminati specialist, lent his support to the theory that a shot had been fired from a storm drain in Dealey Plaza that day in Dallas, Garrison stated on television that the bullet that killed President Kennedy was "fired by a man standing in a sewer manhole." Thus, Garrison added a sixteenth man to the team that he claims carried out the assassination and a fifth spot from which he has said the shots were fired. Six months before, Garrison had theorized that there were only two assassins—one in the Texas School Book Depository Building and one on the so-called grassy knoll, just beyond the building and on the same side of the street. After discussing the case with Weisberg, who believes that there was another rifleman in the nearby Dal-Tex Building, Garrison accommodatingly added a third rifleman there, and also exonerated Oswald from having fired any of the shots. Then Marcus came along with a blowup of some trees and shadows on the grassy knoll, claiming that this revealed four gunmen in cowboy hats, and Garrison added four more assassins to the band. (Two of them, he has suggested, were there to pick up stray cartridge cases.) Next, Jones Harris showed Garrison a blowup of a truck parked behind a picket fence, and the "commando team" grew by two. By mid-June, Garrison was saying that the assassination was performed by a fourteen-man team of Cuban guerrilla fighters. Finally, after discussing the matter at some length with Professor Popkin, Garrison posited a "second Oswald," who was sent to impersonate the first Oswald at the scene. (This understandably disconcerted some members of his staff, since the presence of a second Oswald would tend to vitiate the legal case against Clay Shaw: Did Shaw conspire with Oswald, as he is accused of doing, or with an impersonator?) The assassins were supported, according to Garrison, by Jack Ruby and some members of the Dallas Police Department.

Although the exact number of assassins changed from one public statement to the next, the "forces behind the conspiracy" grew steadily. In the early stages of the investigation, Garrison told Senator Russell Long that only a few insignificant men were involved. Then, after Ferrie's death, Garrison began to specify the guilty parties, identifying them as a band of perverts and anti-Castro Cubans. With the arrival of the demonologists, however, the conspiracy was rapidly escalated to include Minutemen, C.I.A. agents, oil millionaires, Dallas policemen, munitions exporters, "the Dallas establishment," reactionaries, White Russians, and certain elements of "the invisible Nazi substructure."

On what sort of evidence was this extraordinary conspiracy predicated? Garrison's method of deducing the last member of the team is perhaps indicative. The figure of what may be reckoned as the sixteenth assassin was extrapolated from two photographs taken about ten minutes after the assassination. The first shows a man in a dark suit apparently examining a curb near the spot where President Kennedy was shot, with two policemen shown looking on. Garrison claims that he can detect in this photograph a pebblelike object partly concealed by the heavily matted grass, and he states that this object is a .45-calibre bullet "which killed John Kennedy, which has markings on it that would show [that] the automatic gun from which it came [was a] handgun." The bullet is not readily visible to the naked eye; in fact, according to one member of Garrison's staff, the photograph is so grainy that it is difficult even to distinguish the curb from the grass. The other photograph, taken seconds later, shows the man in the dark suit walking away with his

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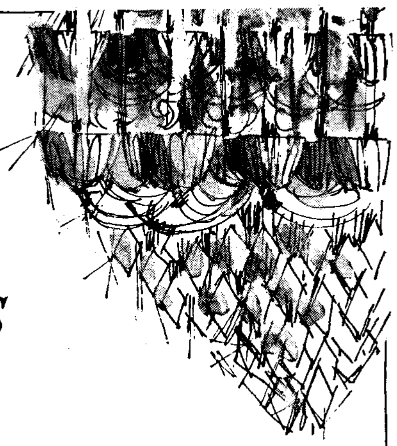

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hands closed. Flashing this photograph in front of television cameras in Dallas, Garrison declared that the man (from his appearance Garrison has somehow surmised him to be a "federal agent") had "got the bullet clutched in his hand, the bullet that killed John Kennedy." Garrison has never explained how he could determine from a photograph that a bullet was being held in a man's closed fist—and even discern its calibre. However, this was the "evidence" that Garrison cited in support of the theory that an assassin was in a sewer, and of his own charge on television that "the bullet which killed John Kennedy, which fell in the grass with pieces of the President's head, was in the hands of the federal government ten minutes after the President was dead." And Garrison went even further. "This means that the federal government knowingly participated in framing Lee Oswald," he said. "Lyndon Johnson had to know this."

Although most of the assassins were identified only as projections of connected dots in enlargements of photographs of trees and shrubbery, the man whom Garrison identified in *Playboy* as the seventh member of the assassination team turned out, much to the District Attorney's embarrassment, to be a real person. Garrison alleged that this seventh man "created a diversionary action in order to distract people's attention from the snipers," explaining, "This individual screamed, fell to the ground, and simulated an epileptic fit, drawing people away from the vicinity of the knoll just before the President's motorcade reached the ambush point." Garrison further described this man, presumably one of a number of anti-Castro Cuban paramilitarists, as being clad in green combat fatigues. As it happened, however, the person Garrison was talking about was Jerry Boyd Belknap, an employee of the Dallas *Morning News*, who had fainted in Dealey Plaza about twenty minutes before the motorcade arrived. Belknap explained to the F.B.I. that he had had frequent fainting spells since he suffered a serious head injury in an automobile accident in 1960, and that he had been receiving daily medication to prevent these spells. When Garrison learned that the man who fainted was not the paramilitarist he had presumed him to be, he told his staff to forget about the matter. Yet in his public statements he continued to say that he had located this seventh member of the commando team.

A prosecutor who wants to insure that the story of his investigation remains newsworthy must produce new evidence constantly. Garrison's corps of Irregulars proved helpful not simply in digging out new evidence but, on occasion, in finding opportunities for Garrison to present it. When Mort Sahl appeared on the Johnny Carson television show last January and complained about the coverage that the various media had given the District Attorney and his case, Carson agreed to have Garrison on his program, provided that he would not merely reiterate old charges but would present new evidence. Garrison telegraphed Carson accepting the impromptu offer. And on the evening of last January 31st Carson devoted most of his show to an interview with Garrison. When Carson asked Garrison to reveal the new evidence that he claimed he had, Garrison reached into a black leather portfolio he held in his lap and pulled out some photographs, which, he said, showed suspects being arrested immediately after the assassination. "Here are the pictures of five of them being arrested," he said, "and they've never been shown before." He went on to say, "Several of these men arrested have been connected by our office with the Central Intelligence Agency." The new evidence Garrison presented that night had been found by Allan Chapman some weeks before, in the photographic department of the Dallas *Times Herald*. Robert Hollingsworth, managing editor of the *Times Herald*, has told me that he personally inspected with a magnifying glass the photographs given to Chapman, and that they showed nothing more than some bystanders, two of whom were employed in the building in which Oswald worked, being routinely questioned by policemen. Carson, who was, of course, seeing the pictures for the first time, had no way of knowing who the individuals in the pictures were or whether they were in fact "being arrested," and he had no way of challenging Garrison's claim that they were connected with the C.I.A. What Garrison presented to the public that night, then, was not actually new evidence—witnesses pictured in his photographs had testified before the

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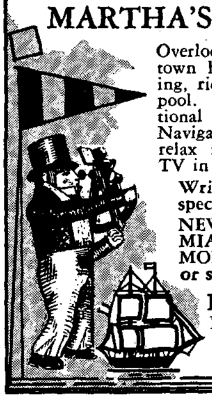

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Any sensational murder case attracts its share of crank letters, publicity seekers, and bogus tips, and, whereas most district attorneys regard such offers of help as a nuisance, Garrison found them a rich source of new witnesses, ready to provide allegations and disclosures of the sort required to keep his story current in the press. Although it is extremely doubtful whether any of these volunteer witnesses will ever testify in court, the case of a man named Donald Philetus Norton illustrates the use to which the testimony of such "secret witnesses" can be put in the open arena of public opinion. Norton, a thirty-four-year-old night-club entertainer, got in touch with Garrison in June, 1967, claiming that he had been a C.I.A. courier, and that he had delivered fifty thousand dollars to a man who was "a dead ringer for Oswald" in Mexico in 1962 and had received a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar "pickup" from David Ferrie in 1958. He said, further, that he would like to work as an investigator for Garrison. Norton was immediately brought to New Orleans from Vancouver, where he was living at the time, and was interrogated by Garrison's pseudonymous intelligence expert Bill Boxley. Though Norton was more than willing to identify Oswald, Ferrie, and even Shaw as C.I.A. agents, his story contained so many contradictions and implausibilities that Boxley and other staff members concluded that he would be totally ineffective as a witness. (It was later revealed that he was a convicted bank embezzler with a prison record.) But even though Norton was turned down in July as a possible court witness, Garrison referred to him as a "secret witness" in the interview that appeared in the October issue of *Playboy*. "We have evidence that Oswald maintained his C.I.A. contacts . . . and that Ferrie was also employed by the C.I.A.," he announced. "In this regard, we will present in court a witness—formerly a C.I.A. courier—who met both Ferrie and Oswald officially in their C.I.A. connection." This "courier" was subsequently identified by a member of Garrison's staff as Norton.

Another witness who was found in the mail—this one with Professor Popkin's assistance—was Richard Case Nagell, an inmate of a federal institution for the criminally insane in Springfield, Missouri. Nagell had been arrested while he was attempting to rob a

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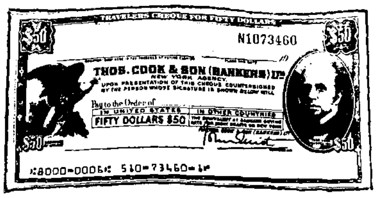

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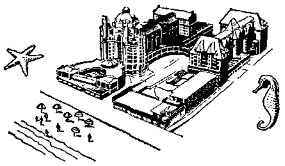

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bank in El Paso in September, 1963, and had been sent to prison. After the assassination, he claimed that he had purposely got himself arrested in order to provide himself with an alibi for his involvement in the assassination conspiracy; his part in it, he said, had been to kill Oswald, who was the "patsy." Although the court records indicated that Nagell had suffered brain damage in an airplane crash in 1957, Garrison thought his story worth pursuing, and sent a former assistant district attorney, William R. Martin, to Missouri to question him. Nagell insisted that he had proof of the conspiracy in the form of tape recordings stashed away in a steamer trunk in California. When no recordings could be found, however, Nagell told Martin, "They've stolen the tapes," and refused to discuss the matter any further. Though Nagell, like Norton, was rejected as a court witness, Garrison continued to use Nagell's story to bolster his case in public. Explaining Oswald's role as a patsy in the conspiracy, Garrison stated in his *Playboy* interview, "We have evidence that the plan was to have him [Oswald] shot as a cop killer in the Texas Theatre 'while resisting arrest.' " Garrison said he was unable to divulge the evidence at the time, but the whole thing was one of Nagell's tales.

Another confidential witness with whom Garrison has spent a good deal of time is a Dallas ex-convict who was recently under suspicion in Texas for attempted murder. According to Thomas Bethell, this witness "drops into the office at fairly frequent intervals and readily identifies almost anyone you show him a photograph of." He has proved more coöperative than accurate. Of thirteen new witnesses found through the mail or with the help of the Irregulars assisting Garrison, nearly all have turned out to have criminal records or to have been under psychiatric care.

The "mailbag," as all of the unsolicited tips and offers to testify are called around the District Attorney's office, has led to one arrest. William Turner, the *Ramparts* staff writer (and a former employee of the F.B.I.), ran across an anonymous letter alleging that a Californian named Eugene Bradley had once made inflammatory comments on President Kennedy. Checking through a file he keeps on right-wing extremists, Turner found an Edgar Eugene Bradley, who raised funds for a radio program called "20th Century Reformation Hour," and who happened to have been in Texas on the day of the assassination—though in El Paso, not in

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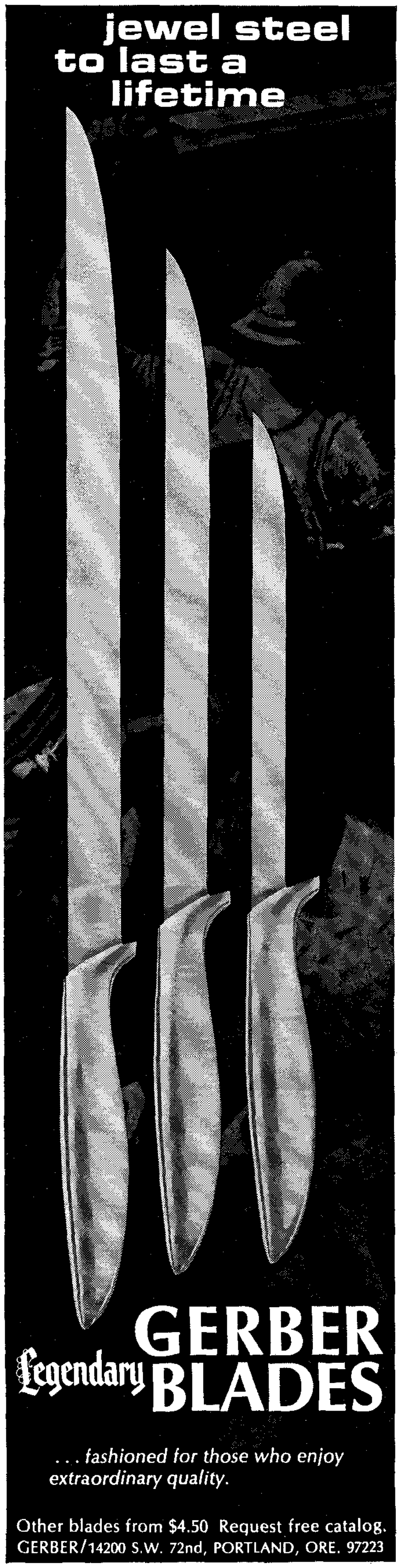

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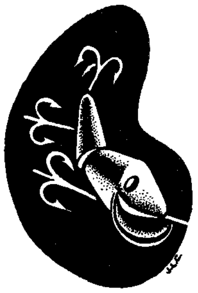
Dallas. On the basis of this information, Garrison, who at the time was in Los Angeles raising funds himself, telephoned his office in New Orleans and ordered Assistant District Attorney Alcock to issue a warrant for Bradley's arrest, charging him with conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. Bethell reported concern among the staff members; there was nothing in the files on Bradley except the anonymous letter, and no one in the office had even heard of Bradley as a suspect. The warrant was issued anyway, and Bradley was arrested in Los Angeles and then released in his own recognizance. When Garrison returned to New Orleans, he remarked that he saw little prospect of Bradley's ever being extradited by Governor Reagan. After leaving Garrison's staff, William Gurvich said, "Jim has a philosophy about national headlines. He believes that everyone reads the headlines concerning arrests and charges but few people read denials or correcting statements."

THE principal consideration operating to restrain a duly elected district attorney from making indiscriminate arrests and charges—aside from normal ethical considerations—is fear of exposure by the press if supporting proof should not be forthcoming. Yet, despite cogent evidence of malfeasance on Garrison's part reported by a number of journalists, public-opinion polls indicate that there has actually been a substantial increase in the number of people, not only in Louisiana but throughout the country, who share Garrison's belief in a conspiracy. If in fact his case is based on little more than wild rumors and the unsubstantiated testimony of unstable witnesses, why has the press been so ineffective in checking Garrison? In his study of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Richard H. Rovere demonstrates how a certain kind of demagogue, when he is assailed by the press, can turn the hostile criticism to his own advantage. Such a demagogue builds his political base on the systematic exploitation of inchoate fears, and sets about organizing a popular flight from reality. To him, even the most vocal censure, however adverse its ostensible effect, represents useful publicity, for the more rigorously he is assaulted by the press, the more prominently he figures in the popular imagination. A false charge has to be repeated if it is to be refuted, and if the charge happens to be more appealing than the truth it is entirely possible that it, rather than its refutation, will win general credence. This is especially likely to occur if the demagogue's charge offers a more or less plausible explanation of disturbing events, and if its refutation depends on the word of government officials, since the people most apt to accept conspiratorial interpretations of history are those who are most suspicious of both complexity and authority. As Rovere points out with regard to McCarthy, the demagogue soon learns that "the penalties for a really audacious mendacity are not as severe as the average politician fears them to be, that, in fact, there may be no penalties at all, but only profit."

In a sense, the man who exploits popular fears builds his reputation on the prestige of his adversaries. The more impressive the list of detractors he can cite, the more important his charges appear to be. "Why are they trying to destroy me?" the demagogue asks. But the surest benefit he derives from being publicly criticized is the "right to reply"—a right that is greatly enhanced by the demands of day-to-day reporting, which cause the press to focus more directly on the individual under attack than on the general issue at stake. If the demagogue is challenged on radio or television, he can demand "equal time" to respond. And, of course, his reply need not restrict itself to a defense of his original position. Indeed, to obfuscate the issue further and mitigate the attack on him, the demagogue may strike out in an altogether different direction. For he is, typically, concerned not with substantive issues but with ways of manipulating the emotions of the electorate.



One way Garrison has responded to attacks made on his thesis that there was a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy has been by talking about a second conspiracy that grew out of the first one—a conspiracy of secrecy dedicated to concealing the truth about the assassination. As in a speech he gave last December in New Mexico jocularly entitled "The Rise of the Fourth Reich, or How to Conceal the Truth About an Assassination Without Really Trying," Garrison often seems more deeply preoccupied with exposing an insidious misprision on the part of federal authorities than with establishing the facts of the assassination itself. To be sure, such an obsessional concern with governmental suppression is not a new

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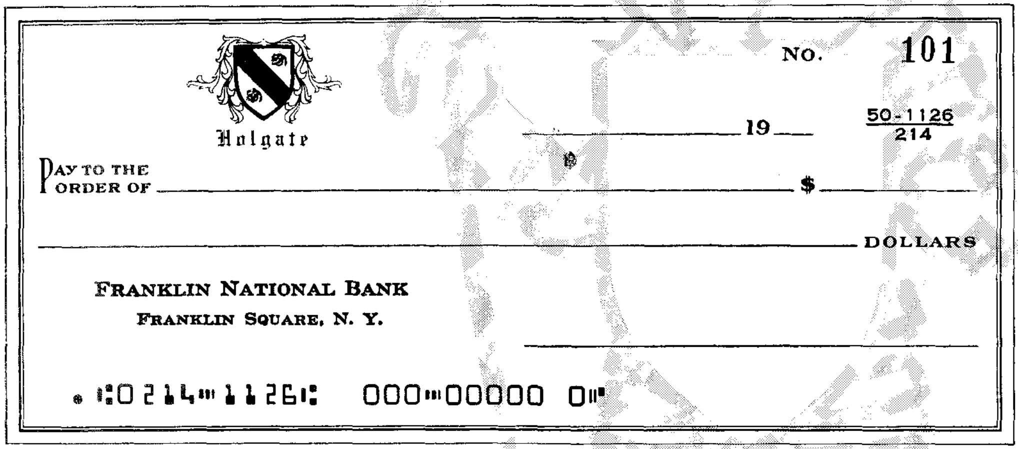
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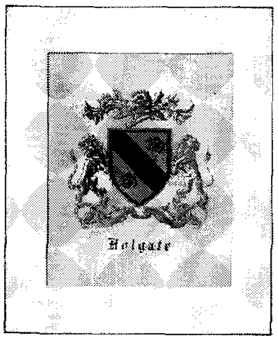

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phenomenon, nor is it limited to the assassination issue. The political-sociologist Edward Shils has pointed to a highly suggestive link between the generalized fear of secrecy and the Populist tradition in America. In his book "The Torment of Secrecy," he argues that a repugnance toward secrecy is so deeply ingrained in American political life that even in matters involving national security secrecy is tolerated only as a necessary evil. To exploit this fear of secrecy, a truly Machiavellian politician could be expected to portray himself as engaged in a life-and-death struggle to wrest secrets from some powerful élite that controls the government and the news media, and to interpret all criticism levelled against him as part of a plot to conceal the dark truth from the populace.

The first full-scale criticism of Garrison came in the last week of April, 1967, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, when, in an article entitled "A Plot to Kill Kennedy? Rush to Judgment in New Orleans," James Phelan revealed that the crucial part of Russo's testimony—the section incriminating Clay Shaw—was contradicted by a statement Russo had made earlier to Assistant District Attorney Sciambra. The day Phelan's story appeared, a bold headline in the New Orleans *States-Item* announced, "MOUNTING EVIDENCE LINKS CIA TO 'PLOT' PROBE." The article under this head, which implied that the C.I.A. was attempting to block Garrison's efforts, because former agents were involved in the conspiracy, had been prepared by several *States-Item* reporters, including Hoke May and Ross Yockey, who at the time were working closely with Garrison on the investigation. Whether by design or by accident, the charges against the C.I.A. effectively overshadowed the Phelan story, at least in New Orleans.

Two weeks later, in an article written by Hugh Aynesworth, *Newsweek* reported that a friend of David Ferrie's had been offered a three-thousand-dollar bribe to implicate Clay Shaw in the conspiracy. The offer had been secretly tape-recorded by the witness's lawyer. Although the tape left it unclear whether the money was to be in payment for true information or false, it was damaging under any circumstances. (At one point, Garrison's representative said, "We can change the story around.") When Garrison learned of the impending *Newsweek* disclosure, he prepared a memorandum on C.I.A. participation in the assassination; this document promptly found its

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way into the hands of Yockey and May, who wrote it up in an exclusive story in the *States-Item*. Upon being asked about the *Newsweek* charges, Garrison answered by confirming the *States-Item* report on the C.I.A. "The federal agents who concealed vital knowledge regarding President Kennedy's assassination, and their superiors who are now engaged in a dedicated effort to discredit and obstruct the gathering of evidence, are guilty of being accessories after the fact to one of the cruelest murders in our history," he declared, and he went on to warn that "the arrogant totalitarian efforts of these federal agencies to obstruct the discovery of truth is a matter which I intend to bring to light." An article in the New York *Times* the following day attested to Garrison's success in blurring issues; although the *Times* article focussed on the *Newsweek* report, the headline read, "GARRISON CHARGES C.I.A. AND F.B.I. CONCEAL EVIDENCE ON OSWALD."

Garrison continued his offensive by issuing a subpoena for Richard Helms, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, demanding that Helms produce a photograph showing Oswald in the company of a C.I.A. agent in Mexico. Subsequently, it was made plain that Garrison had no reason to believe that a photograph showing Oswald with a C.I.A. agent had ever existed, but Garrison's subpoena drew national coverage and tended to dilute further the effect of the *Newsweek* story. It is worth noting that before Garrison subpoenaed the director of the Central Intelligence Agency he had considered another move—arresting Regis Kennedy, an F.B.I. agent in New Orleans who had taken part in the government's investigation of the assassination. Garrison explained to Gurvich that although the agent would deny the charge, the denial would only add to the effect of criminally charging an F.B.I. agent. But Garrison had second thoughts about attacking the F.B.I. and, according to Gurvich, chose the C.I.A. because, as Garrison himself put it, "they can't afford to answer."

On the evening of June 19th, N.B.C. devoted an hour to a critical examination of Garrison's investigation, entitled "The J.F.K. Conspiracy: The Case of Jim Garrison." The first part of the program dealt with Russo's allegation that he had seen Oswald, Shaw, and Ferrie plotting the assassination at a party in Ferrie's apartment in September of 1963. The N.B.C. reporters demonstrated that at least one

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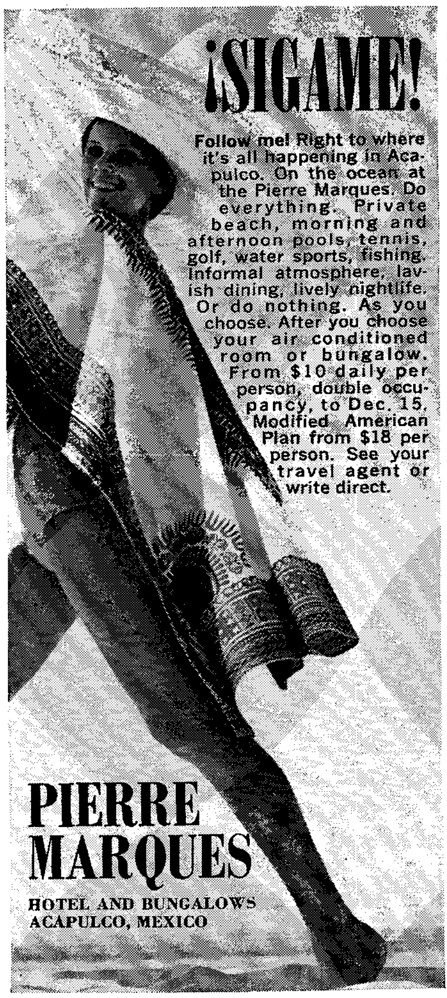
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other person present at the party had not seen Shaw or Oswald there and that Ferrie's bearded roommate, who Russo claimed was Oswald, had been identified by other people at the party as James Lewallen. The program then concentrated on Garrison's investigative methods, and a parade of witnesses was presented to allege that Garrison representatives had attempted to bribe or intimidate them. In addition, N.B.C. revealed that both of Garrison's key witnesses, Russo and Bundy, had failed lie-detector tests before testifying at the preliminary hearing. Frank McGee, the N.B.C. anchor man, concluded, "The case he has built against Clay Shaw is based on testimony that did not pass a lie-detector test Garrison ordered—and Garrison knew it." The lie-detector evidence that N.B.C. used to cap its case against Garrison was almost certainly the weakest part of that case. The lie-detector test carries a certain authority in the popular imagination, because it appears to give an unambiguous answer—the man is either lying or telling the truth—and *Newsweek*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the Hearst Headline Service also used lie detectors to demonstrate that Garrison's case was based on untruths. But the lie detector is in fact merely a device for measuring the emotional stress that a witness is undergoing while he is being questioned. Such stress may indicate nervousness over deception or it may indicate any of a number of other emotional responses. J. Edgar Hoover had informed the Warren Commission in a memorandum that lie-detector tests were unreliable and of dubious value. N.B.C. had assembled a good deal of cogent, if complex, evidence to show that Russo's allegation was untrue. But for it to resort finally to a simple indictment based on evidence drawn from a source as dubious as lie-detector tests left the program's conclusions open to serious criticism.

Garrison, however, did not bother with serious criticism of the program's content; instead, he launched his counterattack by denouncing N.B.C. as a party to an "Establishment" conspiracy to destroy him. "All of the screaming and hollering now being heard is evidence that we have caught a very large fish," he proclaimed the morning after the N.B.C. show. "It is obvious that there are elements in Washington, D.C., which are desperate because we are in the process of uncovering their hoax." To account for N.B.C.'s interest in his investigation, he told an interviewer that the network "is owned by Radio Corporation of America, one of the top ten defense contractors in the country." (It is actually twenty-seventh, according to the Department of Defense.) Garrison added, "All of these ladies of the evening are very much alike—the preferred customer is the one with the big bankroll and any position he suggests is eagerly assumed." Moreover, Garrison implied that the program had been secretly financed by the C.I.A.

Garrison demanded equal time, and N.B.C. granted him a half hour of prime evening time on July 15, 1967, to reply to the charges. Once on the air, however, he said, "I am not even going to bother to dignify the foolishness which *Newsweek* and N.B.C. and some of the other news agencies have tried to make you believe about my office," and went on to denounce the media for manipulating the news. After giving five specific examples of "suppressed news," he presented his familiar argument that the attacks on his case attested to its validity: ". . . if our investigation was as haywire as they would like to have you think, then you would not see such a coördinated barrage coming from the news centers in the East." And he concluded, ". . . as long as I am alive, no one is going to stop me from seeing that you obtain the full truth, and nothing less than the full truth, and no fairy tales." Garrison had an audience of some twenty million, and for that, he said in his *Playboy* interview, he was "singularly grateful to Walter Sheridan," one of those who had prepared the N.B.C. critique of his case.

Garrison's gratitude was less than total. Not long after the N.B.C. program, he issued warrants for the arrest of Sheridan and also Richard Townley, who had assisted in the preparation of the show, charging them with attempted bribery. Specifically, Garrison alleged that they had offered Perry Russo a free trip to California. But if this offer technically constituted an act of bribery, Garrison himself had taken considerable pains to bait the trap. He told me himself that he had directed Russo to speak to the reporters over a monitored phone and inquire what protection they could offer him if he were to change his testimony. The purpose was, as he put it, "to give N.B.C. enough rope to hang itself." In his public statement on the matter, Garrison charged that the N.B.C. program "will probably stand for many years to come as a symbol of the length to which some powerful outside interests are willing to go in order to interfere with state government." The cases are still pending.

Shortly after Garrison's skirmish with N.B.C., William Gurvich resigned as one of his investigators, after telling Senator Robert F. Kennedy that there was no basis in fact and no material evidence in Garrison's case. Gurvich's private-detective agency had conducted most of the lie-detector tests that Garrison had ordered, and at the time of his resignation Gurvich had in his possession a master file of the principal evidence in the case. This defection not only made for embarrassing headlines but opened up the possibility that Garrison's fund of confidential information—or his lack of such a fund—would be made public. In a statement to the press, Garrison described Gurvich's resignation as "the latest move from the Eastern headquarters of the Establishment to attempt to discredit our investigation." It was all part of a coördinated plot against him. In another press release, he said, "All they are doing is proving two things: first, that we were correct when we uncovered the involvement of the Central Intelligence Agency in the assassination; second, that there is something very wrong today with our government in Washington, D.C., inasmuch as it is willing to use massive economic power to conceal the truth from the people." Later, in his *Playboy* interview, Garrison implied that Gurvich had been a C.I.A. infiltrator from the start. He also charged Gurvich with petty larceny, claiming the file that he had was worth nineteen dollars. And, for good measure, he charged on the A.B.C. "Page One" television show that Senator Robert Kennedy "has made a real effort to stop the investigation."

After it had become quite clear that criticism of Garrison's case could be used to generate a spectre of conspiracy, Garrison took the logical next step and started creating pseudo-attacks on himself. When reporters in Tokyo asked Chief Justice Earl Warren his opinion of the Garrison investigation, he replied, "I want to skirt this very carefully, because the case could someday come before the Supreme Court." Pressed as to whether Garrison possessed any evidence that might contra-

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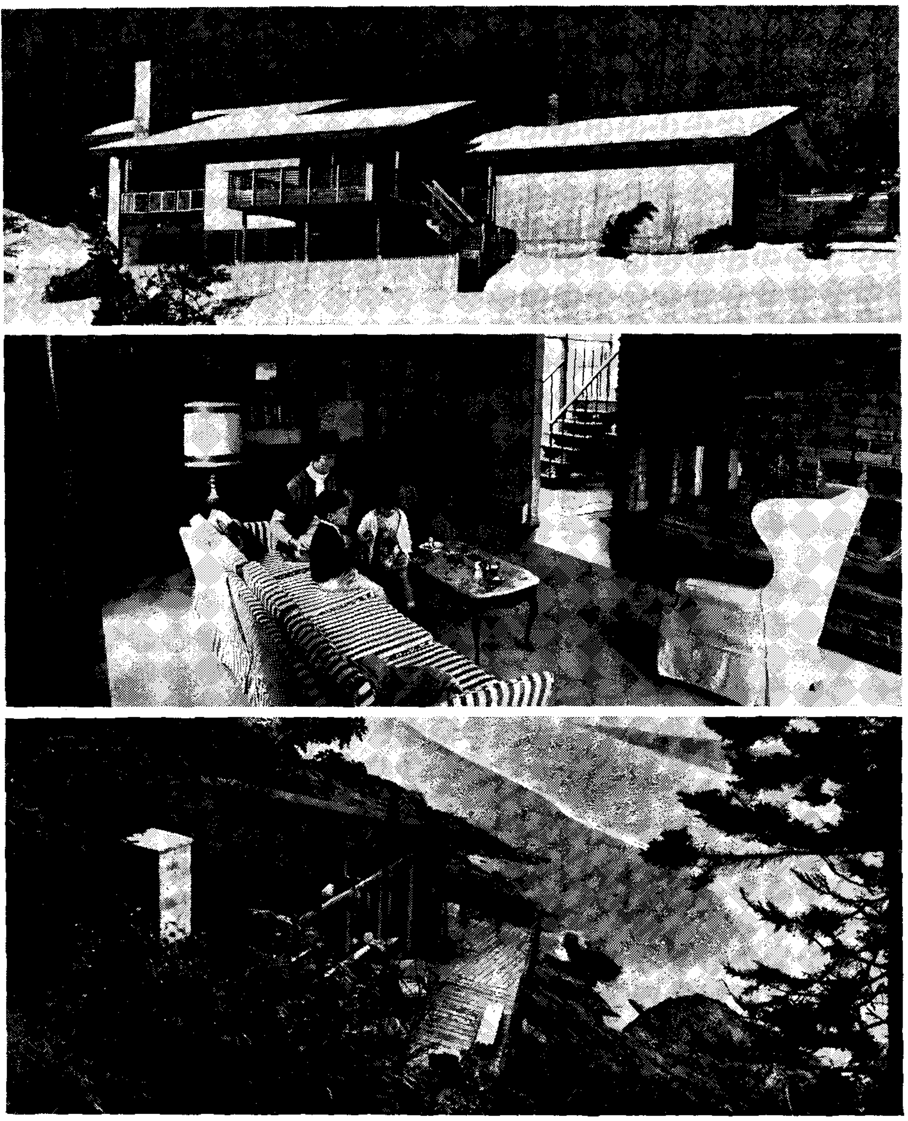

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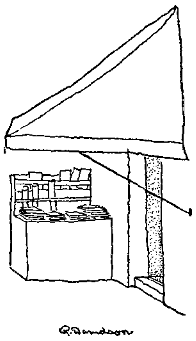
dict the findings of the Commission he had headed, the Chief Justice answered, "I've heard that he claims to have such information, but I haven't seen any." Garrison immediately characterized this "new counterattack" as "heavy artillery whistling in from Tokyo," and said in a press release, "It is a little disconcerting to find the Chief Justice of the United States on his hands and knees trying to tie some sticks of dynamite to the case. However, the Chief Justice is a practical man and I expect he knows what he is doing. . . . The last time he was called into action to perform a service was when the President of the United States was assassinated by men who had been connected with the Central Intelligence Agency." Garrison predicted a new broadside from the federal authorities: "Judging from the careful coördination which the Establishment showed in its last offensive against the case, it is safe to expect that other elements of the federal government and national press will now follow up with a new effort to discredit the case and the prosecution."

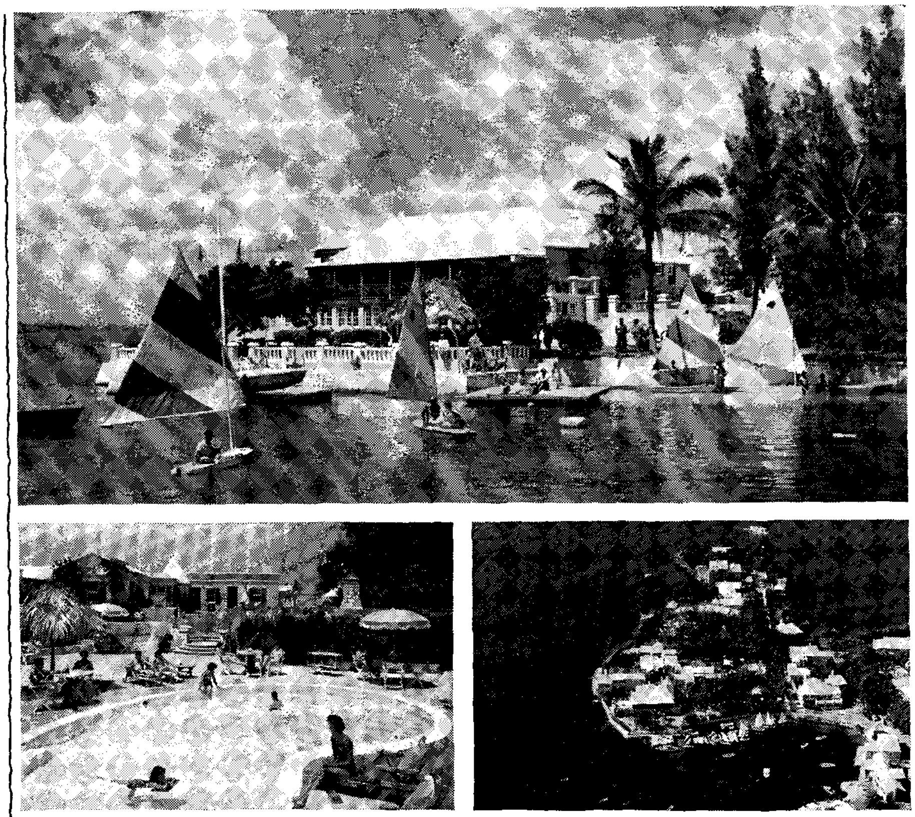
Another example of Garrison's technique involved Gordon Novel, the electronics expert, who had told him about Ferrie's participation in a "pick-up" of munitions from the Schlumberger Well company, in Houma, Louisiana. Novel rapidly advanced from advising Garrison on anti-eavesdropping techniques, the business that had first brought him to Garrison's attention, to become a witness against Ferrie and, at least in Garrison's mind, an "investigator." Then, according to one account, Garrison was told that his investigator had been furnishing information to N.B.C. reporters, and Novel was subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury. Instead of appearing, Novel left the state and went to Ohio. Garrison filed burglary charges against Novel, alleging that he had participated in the conspiracy to steal arms from the Schlumberger Well company in Houma, and he was arrested in Ohio. After some initial reluctance, Governor James Rhodes, of Ohio, finally agreed to extradite Novel to Louisiana if Garrison would complete the papers within sixty days. Garrison, however, did not take the steps that were necessary. As the deadline approached, Assistant District Attorney Alcock asked if he should return the papers to Ohio, and Garrison told him not to bother. And yet in the *Playboy* interview Garrison insisted, "The reason we were unable to obtain Novel's extradition from Ohio . . . is that there are powerful forces in Washington who find it imperative to conceal from the American public the truth about the assassination." He went on to indicate that Novel was now a material witness in his case and, according to attorneys for Novel, implied that his former "investigator" was somehow connected with the conspiracy. (Novel is suing Garrison and *Playboy* for ten million dollars in punitive and compensatory damages.) And in a speech to the Radio and Television News Association of Southern California, in Los Angeles, Garrison cited his failure to obtain Novel's extradition as evidence that President Johnson was putting pressure on local officials to secrete witnesses from him. He went on to accuse President Johnson of preventing "the people in this country from seeing the evidence," and asserted, with the logic of *cui bono*, ". . . the fact that he has profited from the assassination most, more than any other man, makes it imperative that he see that the evidence is released, so that we can know that he is not involved . . ."



GARRISON's technique in expounding the so-called second conspiracy is typical of what Richard Hofstadter has classified as "the paranoid style in American politics," to which "the feeling of persecution is central," and which is "systematized in grandiose theories of conspiracy." Still, the fact that Garrison expresses his ideas in a paranoid style does not of itself rule out the possibility that there is substance to his claims. Is the C.I.A., for example, really concealing some involvement of its agents in the assassination, as Garrison has claimed? In May, 1967, Garrison declared on the A.B.C. "Issues and Answers" television program, "Of course the Central Intelligence Agency had no role in the planning or intending the assassination of President Kennedy. I think that would be a ridiculous position for anyone to take." He has, however, taken precisely that position on several occasions. His allegations regarding the culpability of the C.I.A. have varied widely. On May 9, 1967, the C.I.A. was accused of merely concealing evidence; by May 18th, Oswald and Ruby were themselves identified by Garrison as C.I.A. employees; on May 21st, the District

Attorney stated that the C.I.A. knew "the name of every man involved and the name of the individuals who pulled the triggers;" on May 24th, he added that the C.I.A. was presently hiding the killers' whereabouts; on November 14th, he decided that "employees—a limited number—of the Central Intelligence Agency of the U.S. government are involved in the assassination;" on January 31, 1968, he said on the Johnny Carson show that "the Central Intelligence Agency was deeply involved in the assassination;" and in February he said in an interview filmed for Dutch television that "President Kennedy was killed by elements of the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States government," going on to explain, "The Central Intelligence Agency . . . had worked for a long time creating the tableau—the cover scene—beforehand. This is standard for a Central Intelligence Agency assassination. As a matter of fact, the C.I.A., when it conducts an assassination, describes it as an executive action. This takes the sin out of it. As a matter of fact, to the C.I.A. employees, the sin then becomes failing to do your job properly, in the executive action. Of course, even as I describe it, I'm conscious of the parallels with regard to Germany under Hitler. What I'm talking about is nothing less than Fascism, which has arrived in America. . . ."

Just how solid the basis for these charges is can be deduced from Garrison's twenty-six-page interview in *Playboy*, which is doubtless the fullest and most coherent single presentation of his case to date. When he was pressed by *Playboy*'s interviewer, Eric Norden, for the evidence on which his charges of C.I.A. complicity were based, Garrison mentioned eight specific items: (1) a missing C.I.A. photograph that shows Oswald in the company of a C.I.A. agent in Mexico before the assassination, (2) classified files on David Ferrie, which "would indicate the existence of a conspiracy involving former employees of the C.I.A. to kill the President," (3) suppressed autopsy X-rays and photographs of President Kennedy's body and "other vital evidence," which also reveal that former C.I.A. agents took part in the murder, (4) C.I.A. files that reveal, it is implied, that Oswald was involved in the C.I.A.'s U-2 project, (5) the fact that the C.I.A. destroyed a document that the Warren Commission had requested, (6) the identification of Oswald's C.I.A. "babysitter," (7) the identification of a C.I.A. "courier," and (8) "the con-



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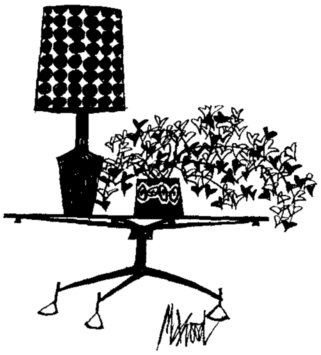
sistent refusal of the federal government" to provide Garrison with "any information" about the role of the C.I.A. in the assassination. This last piece of "evidence" Garrison calls "the clincher."

At least half of the "evidence" on which Garrison's repertory of charges against the C.I.A. is based is itself deduced from evidence that Garrison has never seen. He has accomplished this trick by simply sketching in on the *tabula rasa* of missing (or nonexistent) evidence facts that appear to incriminate the C.I.A. If the evidence is missing, a revelation of its contents is not, of course, easily refuted. And the old suspicion of secrecy qua secrecy also plays a part. "If there's nothing to hide," people wonder, "why is the thing missing in the first place?" Consider Item No. 1, the missing C.I.A. photograph, on which Garrison based his original charge that the C.I.A. was concealing vital evidence. When Garrison subpoenaed Richard Helms, the director of the C.I.A., he instructed him to produce a photograph that C.I.A. agents had taken in Mexico City about seven weeks before the assassination and that, Garrison claimed, showed Oswald in front of the Cuban Embassy in the company of a C.I.A. agent. The supposed facts conveyed by this missing snapshot were what led Garrison to assert that the C.I.A. knew the identity of Kennedy's assassins and was concealing the truth. But how had this information been deduced from a missing photograph, which Garrison admits that he has never seen?



Actually, the story of the C.I.A. photograph had its origin in an incident I myself first reported, in my book "Inquest," as a means of illustrating the problems that the Warren Commission lawyers faced in communicating with the C.I.A. According to my account, a man in front of the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City before the assassination had been routinely photographed by a hidden C.I.A. camera and identified as Lee Harvey Oswald; the information had subsequently been forwarded to the F.B.I. However, as it turned out, I continued, the man in the photograph (which was published in Volume XX of the Warren Commission's testimony and evidence) was obviously not Oswald but a heavyset individual who could not be identified. The staff lawyer Wesley J. Liebeler, who was trying to clarify the incident for the Warren Commission, inquired of the C.I.A. whether a photograph showing Oswald in Mexico City did in fact exist. He never received an answer. Garrison postulated that the C.I.A. had forwarded the picture of a man who was not Oswald and had withheld a photograph that *did* show Oswald leaving the Cuban Embassy. Furthermore, he conjectured that the most likely reason for suppressing such a photograph was that it revealed Oswald to be in the company of another man—and since the identity of this man was being concealed, he must have been working for the C.I.A. It seems unlikely that Garrison had any knowledge of this photograph other than what he gathered from the account of it in my book, because he repeats the details of that account, including a certain erroneous detail. As Liebeler, who originally told me the story, pointed out a few weeks after "Inquest" was published, the picture in question had been taken of a man in front of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City, not the Cuban Embassy. Yet Garrison repeated the erroneous information (my own) to contrive an ominous piece of "evidence" that was not simply "missing" but nonexistent.

Garrison relied on a similar device in his second and third items of "evidence," asserting that files on Ferrie and the President's autopsy X-rays and photographs and other vital evidence were classified because they "would indicate the existence of a conspiracy involving former employees of the C.I.A." Exactly how Garrison could specify what would be indicated by evidence he had never viewed is left problematical, but again the *tabula rasa* of missing evidence gives him an opportunity to sketch in unverifiable details of a C.I.A. conspiracy. (Every once in a while, the evidence proves to be existent and Garrison is caught in the act. For example, he stated in his *Playboy* interview that four frames of a film taken of the assassination—frames 208-211—were missing from the frame-by-frame reproduction of the film in the testimony and evidence published by the Warren Commission, and he went on to claim that these frames "reveal signs of stress appearing suddenly on the back of a street sign" and to suggest that "these signs of stress may very well have been caused by the impact of a stray bullet on the sign.” But frames 208-211, while missing from the Warren volumes, are not missing from a copy of the film that *Life* holds, and they reveal no “signs of stress.”)

In his fourth item, Garrison supposedly reveals the contents of classified C.I.A. documents in the National Archives. These documents were prepared for the Warren Commission by the C.I.A. And although the title of each of these reports—usually referring to the general topic on which Commission lawyers requested that the C.I.A. provide information or answer queries—is listed in the index of Commission documents, the reports themselves are classified, as are all C.I.A. reports containing the names of operatives, informers, and foreign sources. Garrison customarily rattles off the titles of the “suppressed C.I.A. files,” as he calls them, and then sets forth their “contents” in his own terms. For example, in *Playboy* he cited Commission Document No. 931, entitled “Oswald’s Access to Information About the U-2,” and then ominously suggested that Oswald was involved in the U-2 program. He amplified on this “evidence” in a speech he made after the *Playboy* interview appeared, stating, “The reason you can’t see that [Commission Document No. 931] for many years is because you will then realize that Lee Oswald was then working for the United States government, as a C.I.A. employee, and they don’t want you to know that.” Garrison used this classified document, which, of course, he had not seen, to substantiate the charge that Oswald acted as a C.I.A. agent. Yet testimony in the Warren Report indicates that it may well contain information on what Oswald heard when, during his stay in the Soviet Union, he dropped in on the trial of the U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers. In any event, it seems highly unlikely that if the C.I.A. were indeed as sinister as Garrison alleges, it would *admit* in a report to the Commission that Oswald was a C.I.A. agent, especially since its reports were to be read by lawyers working for the Commission who were not (as my own interviews with them demonstrate) particularly inclined to be secretive.

The fifth item of evidence—that the Warren Commission was never able to obtain “a secret C.I.A. memo on Oswald’s activities in Russia” that was attached to a State Department document, because the memorandum had been “destroyed” the day after the assassina-

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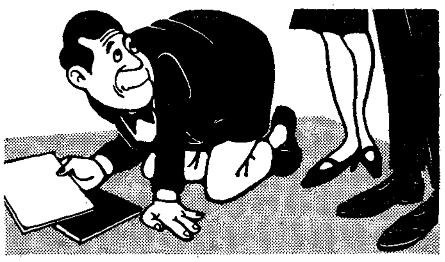

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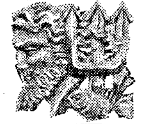

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tion—is simply untrue. While it is true that one copy of this memorandum was destroyed while being photocopied, another copy was duly forwarded to the Commission on May 8, 1964, as is evident from Volume XVIII of the Commission's testimony and evidence. When Sylvia Meagher, who has indexed the twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission testimony and evidence, and has tried earnestly to correct the mistakes of the critics as well as those of the Commission, pointed out to Garrison that his charge was based on a fallacy, he acknowledged the error, but, even so, he went on using the non-fact to support his charge that the C.I.A. was "incinerating" evidence.

The sixth item of evidence, the identity of Oswald's C.I.A. "babysitter," was extrapolated from a purchase order for ten Ford trucks. Oscar Deslatte, the assistant manager of a New Orleans Ford agency, who wrote up the order on January 20, 1961, subsequently reported to the F.B.I. that his customers told him the trucks were to be used by an organization known as "Friends of Democratic Cuba." Deslatte listed the purchaser of the trucks as "Oswald" (no first name given) and said that the individual with "Oswald" called himself Joseph Moore. When F.B.I. agents asked Deslatte about the incident, he said that he could "neither describe nor identify either of the men." Garrison believes, however, that the purchase was made for the C.I.A., and that Moore, who has never been located, was in fact Oswald's C.I.A. chaperon. It is possible, of course, that Moore was the C.I.A. "babysitter" of some Oswald, but in 1961, at the time the purchase order was filled out, Lee Harvey Oswald was working at the Belorussian Radio and Television Factory in Minsk.

The seventh item of evidence, concerning a C.I.A. "courier," refers to Donald Philetus Norton, the bank embezzler and night-club entertainer who had been thoroughly discredited as a witness and was jettisoned by Garrison himself even before he gave the *Playboy* interview.

Garrison's "clincher," the assertion that the government has not revealed to him any information of the C.I.A.'s complicity in the assassination, is a perfect example of Garrison's own brand of logic, in which the fact that he has not found or been given any evidence of C.I.A. complicity is itself proof that the C.I.A. is withholding evidence of its guilt.

GARRISON has also charged that the press has furtively controlled the news as a means of suppressing known facts about the assassination. "Behind the façade of earnest inquiry into the assassination is a thought-control project in the best tradition of '1984,'" he has written. "Because of their role in the Establishment and their failure to conduct an effective inquiry, major news agencies have a vested interest in maintaining public ignorance." Most of what Garrison has had to say on this subject has been vague philippics, but in his half-hour N.B.C. rebuttal he did give five specific examples of news suppression, and they are worth examining in detail. Of "powerful news agencies," Garrison alleged:

> They do not tell you that Lee Harvey Oswald's fingerprints were not found on the gun which was supposed to have killed the President.
>
> And they do not tell you that nitrate tests exonerated Lee Oswald from the actual shooting by showing that he had not fired a rifle that day.
>
> And they do not tell you that it was virtually impossible for Oswald to have taken his fingerprints off the gun, hidden the gun and gone down four flights of stairs by the time he was seen on the second floor.
>
> Above all they do not tell you of the overwhelming eyewitness testimony that shots were coming from behind the stone wall on the grassy knoll....
>
> You have not been told that Lee Oswald was in the employ of U.S. intelligence agencies, but this was the case.

It is true that the public had not been told any of these things, except by Garrison, but there is a good reason for that. All five of the charges are either false or captious.

Fingerprints were found on the rifle "which was supposed to have killed the President," but the prints could not be positively identified. Sebastian F. Latona, a nationally recognized fingerprint expert, testified before the Warren Commission that because of the unpolished finish of the rifle, which allowed it to absorb moisture, it was highly unlikely that an identifiable fingerprint would have been left on the weapon. Contrary to the popular impression regarding fingerprints, Latona noted, they are usually discernible only on highly polished surfaces. What Garrison does not say is that a palmprint was discovered on the underside of the barrel of the rifle in question and that three different experts positively identified it as Oswald's.

Garrison's assertion that the nitrate

tests "exonerated" Oswald is equally questionable. In the tests to which Garrison referred, the Dallas police made paraffin casts of Oswald's hands and right cheek, and these casts were then checked for traces of nitrates. Nitrates were found on the casts of both hands but not on the cast of his cheek. The test, however, in no way proves that Oswald did or did not fire a rifle. The nitrates found need not have come from gunpowder; many other substances—tobacco, matches, or urine—will leave such residues. Conversely, the absence of nitrates indicates just as little, because a rifle (which, unlike a revolver, has no gap between the chamber and the barrel) is not as likely to leave nitrate traces on the cheek. In fact, the rifle in question was experimentally fired three times by an F.B.I. agent and no traces of nitrates were detected on his hands or cheek. According to one F.B.I. expert, Cortlandt Cunningham, the so-called paraffin test is completely unreliable, and its principal use in police work is simply to intimidate suspects; it produces more apprehension than valid evidence. Garrison's suggestion that such tests could have proved that Oswald "had not fired a rifle that day" plays on the gullibility of the general public regarding the reliability of scientific-sounding data.

As for Garrison's statement that it was "virtually impossible" for Oswald to have been on the second floor of the Depository Building a few minutes after the assassination, it, too, is specious. A Secret Service agent, simulating Oswald's movements, reached the second floor from the sixth in one minute and eighteen seconds. In any case, it is impossible to ascertain exactly what time Oswald was seen on the second floor; it could have been as long as five minutes after the assassination.

Garrison's next assertion—that the press failed to report that there was "overwhelming eyewitness testimony" that the shots came from behind a stone wall—is also sophistical. None of the hundred or so Warren Commission witnesses who testified on the matter or were questioned by the F.B.I. said that they saw a rifle being fired from behind the stone wall. The *ear*witness testimony, which is undependable in determining the source of any shots where there is a possibility of echoes, was divided. More than half the witnesses thought the shots originated in some spot other than the Depository Building, but only a few of the earwitnesses thought the shots came from the direction of the stone wall.

Finally, the assertion that Oswald

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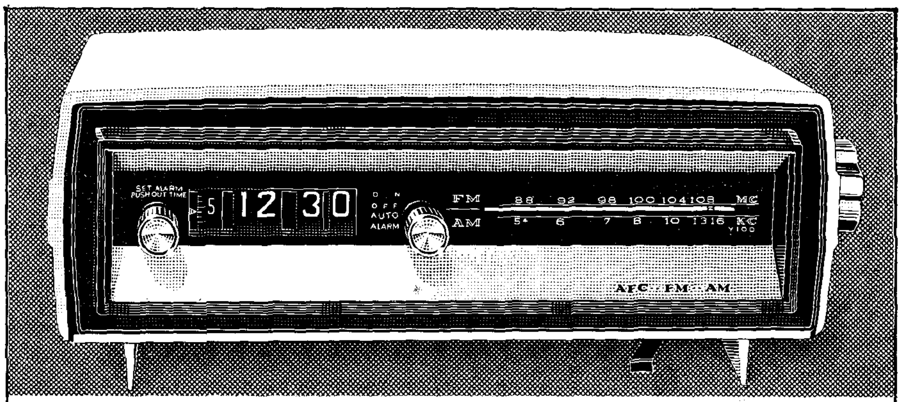

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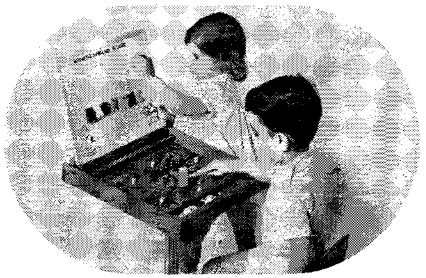

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was a C.I.A. agent, as has already been shown, was based on Garrison's own private interpretation of "missing" or classified documents that he had never seen. Of the five examples of "news suppression" that Garrison cited, then, not one was based on accurate information.

ANOTHER of Garrison's sweeping charges about a "second conspiracy" is that the federal government—through its agents Lyndon Johnson, Robert Kennedy, J. Edgar Hoover, Earl Warren, and Ramsey Clark—has been involved in a sinister plot to quash his investigation. It would have been difficult to gainsay Garrison's imputation of federal obstruction if he had charged merely that the government was hindering his case. Certainly federal agencies have been less than coöperative, and important federal officials, including Attorney General Clark, have openly (and often harshly) criticized the New Orleans investigation. But Garrison's allegations have gone far beyond the charge of interference in this sense. He has accused the federal government of conspiring to wreck his investigation specifically because it harbors a motive of its own in concealing the truth about the assassination, and he has levelled his accusation in no uncertain terms: ". . . the United States government—meaning the present administration, Lyndon Johnson's administration—is obstructing the investigation—any investigation. It has concealed the true facts—to be blunt about it—to protect the individuals involved in the assassination of John Kennedy." In other words, he is charging that the government knows the truth and, in concealing it, is itself conspiring to protect the conspirators.

So far, Garrison has offered only two specific items of "evidence" to support this charge. The first item is the photograph of the assassination site showing a man with a closed fist, which by Garrison's surmise conceals the bullet that killed the President. From this conjecture he goes on to postulate that the man in the photograph is a federal agent, that the bullet has been turned over to the federal government, and that the government consequently knows the assassin's identity. The second item of evidence he mentions is a telegram that was supposedly sent to J. Edgar Hoover before the assassination. Garrison charged last December that this telegram, which he has been unable to obtain, proves that Oswald telephoned the Dallas field office of the F.B.I. five days before the assassination and gave details of the plot, which were then forwarded by interbureau telegram to Hoover in Washington. This, Garrison claimed, was proof that President Johnson had "actively concealed evidence about the murder of his predecessor." When a reporter asked him what evidence he had that such a telegram ever existed, he answered, "If you and I were in a closed room, I could prove it. But I'm not going to allow any evidence to get out now." His evidence, it later turned out, was simply a story that Mark Lane had told him.

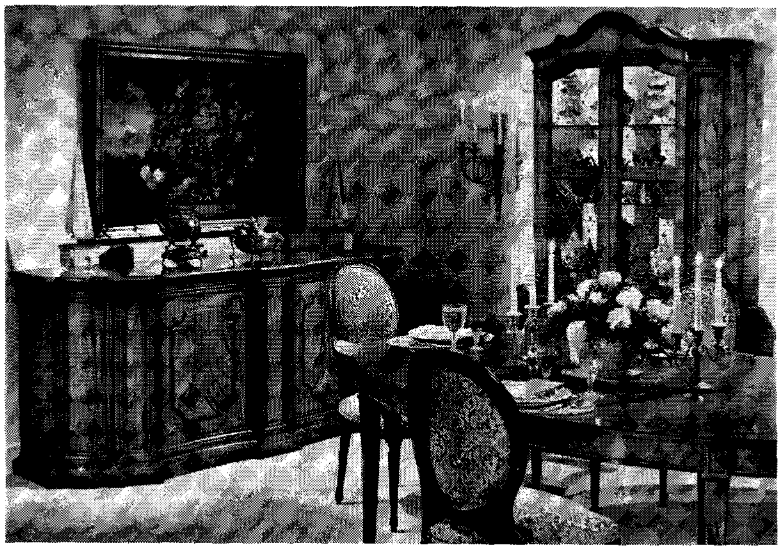
Apart from such speculation by Garrison and Lane, the charge of federal complicity is based almost solely on the fact that there is government secrecy. According to Garrison's logic, the government would not classify information pertinent to the assassination unless it had something to hide. Garrison has persistently exploited popular suspicions about secrecy, accusing *those who* would, in his estimation, benefit most from the maintenance of such secrecy. For example, after noting that part of the Warren Commission's documents are classified in the National Archives, Garrison claimed on a Texas television show last December, "They destroyed evidence in every possible way. The President of the United States, the man who has the most to gain, the man who gained more than any other human from the assassination, is the man who issued the executive order concealing vital evidence for seventy-five years so that we can't look at it, so that you can't look at it, so that no American can see it for seventy-five years. Now, this was an executive order by Lyndon Johnson, the man who gained the most from the assassination."

No such executive order has ever been issued. Many investigative files are withheld from use by law for seventy-five years—a number arbitrarily selected to exceed the life-span of persons likely to be mentioned in the reports—in order to safeguard confidential information (such as tax returns), to protect confidential informers, and to avoid embarrassing innocent persons mentioned incidentally. But in the case of the Warren Commission's documents McGeorge Bundy, acting on behalf of President Johnson, sent a special request to the Archivist of the United States that the seventy-five-year ban be waived wherever possible and much of the material be opened to the public. Following guidelines approved by Bundy, all the agencies involved in the investigation were to review their files and declassify everything except pages containing the names of confidential informers, information damaging to innocent parties, and information about the agencies' operating procedures. There was to be a periodic review by all the agencies concerned. By the time Garrison had begun his own investigation, virtually all the documents that could be declassified according to these guidelines had been opened to public scrutiny. Garrison's claim in *Playboy* that "any document the C.I.A. wanted classified was shunted into the Archives without examination" by the Commission is simply untrue. *All* the relevant documents relating to the inquiry which are now in the Archives were sent there by the Warren Commission after the Warren Report was published. Most of the C.I.A. reports were prepared to answer specific questions put to the Agency by Commission lawyers, and there is no reason to assume that they went unread.

The distinguishing mark of the paranoid style, Hofstadter writes, is "the curious leap in imagination" between fact and fantasy which is made at some critical point in an argument to cover a gap in reasoning. Consider in this light the following remarks by Garrison, taken from one of the many speeches he delivered during the fall of 1967:

> Is this a Great Society which allows innocence to be butchered as Oswald was, with no concern, no interest? Which allows the guilty, the murderers to walk the streets, knowing without any question who they are, knowing what happened, is this a Great Society? Is it a Great Society which causes blackouts in news centers like New York when there's a development in the case? . . . Is this a Great Society which monitors your phone if it has the slightest bit of curiosity about you? This is not a Great Society—this is a Dangerous Society, a society which despite the lip service to populism . . . is so morally threadbare that the futures of your children are in danger.

Here "the curious leap in imagination" is made between the fact that some investigative files are still classified and the fantasy that the government is protecting the assassins by censoring the news, monitoring telephone calls, and threatening the futures of children. (It is worth noting, incidentally, that the image of "innocence . . . butchered as Oswald was" creates complications in the case of Clay Shaw, who was, after all, indicted for a conspiracy that involved Lee Harvey Oswald.) In Garrison's case against the news media, a



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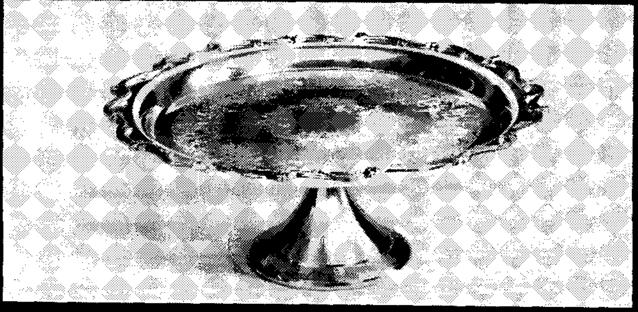

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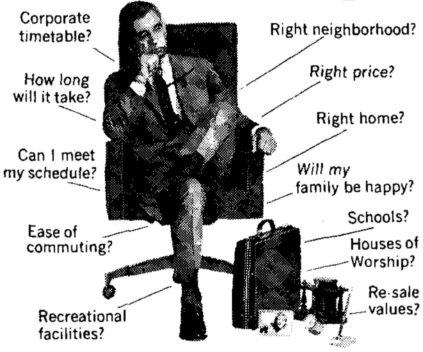
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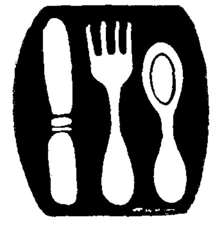
leap is made between the fact that the media failed to broadcast some untruths about the assassination and the fantasy of a conspiracy to suppress the news. In his charges against the C.I.A., a saltatory advance is made from missing or nonexistent evidence to the fantasy of C.I.A. complicity in the assassination. For Garrison, the C.I.A. epitomizes all that is feared in governmental secrecy: an invisible government, answerable to no one, with unlimited resources and unlimited power. Since all its acts are veiled in secrecy, it may be postulated to be the "real force" behind any event. The government, Garrison claims, "*is* the C.I.A. and the Pentagon"—an élite that perpetuates its power by concealing the truth about the assassination, and creating, through the "manipulation of the mass media," what he calls "a concentration camp of the mind."

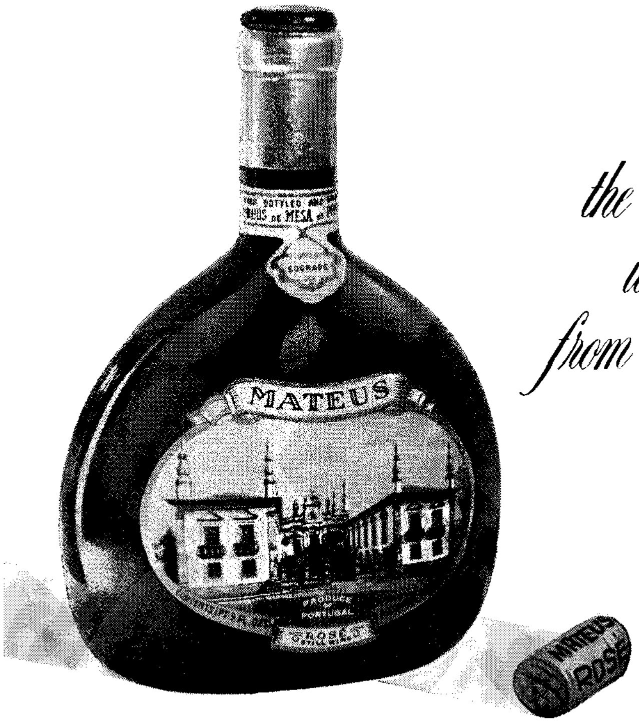
As his investigation continued, Garrison appeared to become increasingly obsessed with governmental secrecy, and less directly concerned with the issues of his court case. His obsession with the "second conspiracy" might be more easily dismissed if it were not for the fact that a considerable portion of the population appears to believe his claims. The extent of his popular support leads one to wonder if there may not be some political calculation behind his choice of chimeras.



Early in 1967, before the New Orleans investigation became public knowledge, a poll conducted by Louis Harris and Associates indicated that some forty-four per cent of the American people thought that the murder of President Kennedy was the result of a conspiracy. In May, 1967, shortly after Garrison had announced the discovery of a plot, had gone on to arrest Clay Shaw, and had charged the C.I.A. with concealing evidence, a Harris survey indicated that sixty-six per cent of the American public now believed that the assassination had been carried out by a conspiracy. A third Harris survey, taken in September, revealed that despite the fact that Garrison's inquiry had produced no tangible results, sixty per cent of the people still believed that Kennedy had been killed by a conspiracy. To be sure, it is by no means clear that Garrison was chiefly responsible for effecting this remarkable change in public opinion. It can be argued that a considerable number of people are naturally disposed to make a conspiratorial interpretation of any event as historically momentous as the assassination of a President. Indeed, earlier Harris surveys showed that at least thirty per cent of the population believed from the outset that Oswald had not acted entirely alone, and continued to believe this after the Warren Commission rendered its verdict. Moreover, Harris concluded from the questionnaires filled out by his respondents immediately after the Warren Report was issued that eleven per cent of the population may be considered "chronic doubters who tend to feel that the 'real' story about almost any important public event is never quite told." The fact that there was a marked increase—from thirty-one per cent to forty-four, according to Harris surveys—in the number of people who believed in a conspiracy when the Warren Commission became the subject of heated controversy, owing to the publication in the latter half of 1966 of a number of books and articles by critics of the Report, may reflect a certain resistance by the general public against accepting a purported "truth" that is neither clear-cut nor obviously irrefutable. The idea that even a few points in the Warren Report were subject to dispute, or that even a few of its facts could be differently interpreted, probably led many people to reject, or at least doubt, the over-all conclusion that the Commission had put forward so emphatically. In any event, the change in public opinion seems to have been substantial after Garrison appeared on the scene. Between February and May of 1967, Harris surveys indicated nearly half (sixteen out of thirty-five per cent, to be exact) of the people who had believed that Oswald was the lone assassin were now changing their minds. In other words, once Garrison began issuing his charges some thirty million Americans who had apparently been neither predisposed to believe in a conspiracy nor moved by earlier criticism of the Warren Report started having second thoughts on the question of a lone assassin.

In presenting to the public his own conclusions about the assassination of President Kennedy, Garrison has enjoyed some strong advantages over all other critics of the Warren Commission. The first and most obvious is simply the authority of his office: he is the district attorney of a major American city. Garrison has been able to make news at will, merely by submitting charges, issuing subpoenas, and making arrests. Moreover, to many people it must seem almost inconceivable that an elected prosecutor's carefully worded "factual" statements—for example, that "at 12:45 P.M. on November 22nd, the Dallas police had broadcast a wanted bulletin for Oswald"—could be demonstrably false. Still another important benefit that Garrison derives from being a public prosecutor with a case pending is the right to refuse to divulge the evidence on which his charges are based. And Garrison has exercised this right with stunning effect, particularly in the *Playboy* interview. Take, for example, his statement that "we know from incontrovertible evidence in our possession who the real Clay Bertrand is—and we will prove it in court." Since Garrison has charged that Clay Shaw used the alias of Clay Bertrand, this is an extremely important claim, but although the question of the identity of Clay Bertrand was a central issue in the perjury trial of Dean Andrews, which took place well after the *Playboy* interview was conducted, Garrison failed to introduce any evidence at that time concerning it. Later, a source in Garrison's office suggested that the only evidence to which Garrison could have been referring in the *Playboy* interview was a library card taken out under the name Clay Bertrand and bearing Clay Shaw's former business address. This card hardly qualifies as incontrovertible evidence. For one thing, the card turned up well after Shaw was arrested, and, for some reason, bore no date of issuance or expiration. For another, the signature on the card was definitely not in Clay Shaw's hand—a fact that Garrison's own staff confirmed. In other words, it appears that someone other than Clay Shaw filled out a library card under the alias that Garrison has claimed Shaw used and put Shaw's former business address on it.

Garrison has also enjoyed the advantage of what might be called strategic plausibility. As Hannah Arendt points out in her essay "Truth and Politics," the liar is usually more persuasive than the truthteller, simply because he can fashion his facts to meet his audience's expectations. Since Garrison is under no compulsion to reveal his evidence, there is nothing to prevent him from contriving his own explanation of the assassination. Whereas neither the Warren Commission nor its critics could offer a definite motive for the murder of the President, Garrison can. He states categorically in *Playboy*, "President Kennedy was killed for one



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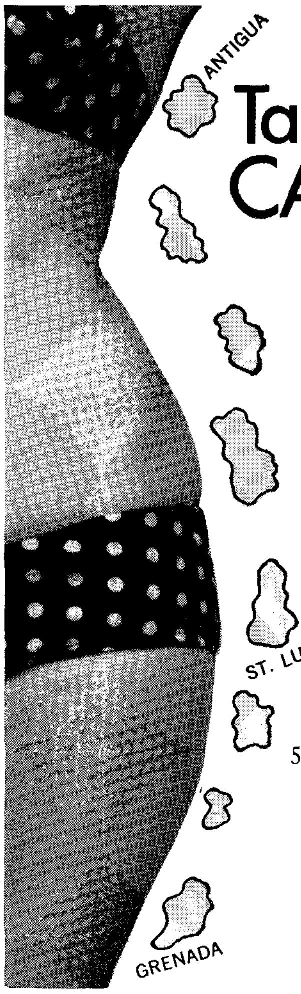

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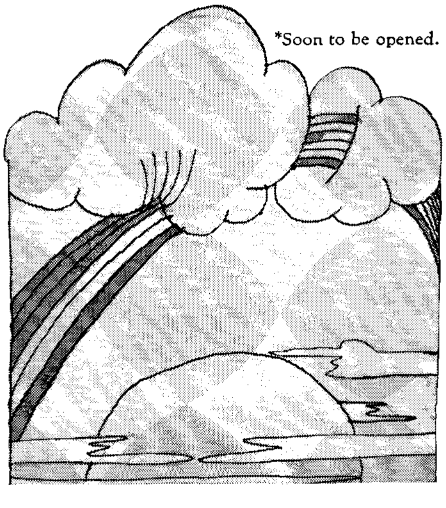

*Soon to be opened.

reason: because he was working for a reconciliation with the U.S.S.R. and Castro's Cuba." And he goes on to declare that this is not mere speculation, insisting, ". . . we know enough about the key individuals involved in the conspiracy—Latins and Americans alike—to know that this was their motive for the murder of John Kennedy." To those who expect a momentous event to have some significant cause, Garrison's explanation naturally sounds more logical than the explanation that a lone assassin acted out of personal disaffection.

Moreover, Garrison has found ready allies, eager to proselytize on his behalf, among dissident political writers. His charge that there is a conspiracy between the government and the mass media to conceal the truth from the people accords perfectly, after all, with what such journals see as their raison d'être. It is therefore hardly surprising to find his speeches printed verbatim in such papers as the Los Angeles *Free Press*, and to find his portrait on the cover of *Ramparts*, with the words:

> "Who appointed Ramsey Clark, who has done his best to torpedo the investigation of the case? Who controls the C.I.A.? Who controls the F.B.I.? Who controls the Archives where this evidence is locked up for so long that it is unlikely that there is anybody in this room who will be alive when it is released? This is really your property and the property of the people of this country. Who has the arrogance and the brass to prevent the people from seeing that evidence? Who indeed? The one man who has profited most from the assassination—your friendly President, Lyndon Johnson!"

Among Garrison's most ardent supporters is the *Councilor*, the bimonthly official journal of the Citizens' Council of Louisiana, which claims a circulation of some two hundred and sixty thousand, and which actively campaigns against Communism, the suppression of news by the mass media (supposedly controlled by Zionist interests), race mongrelization (a plot aided by the C.I.A. and the Rothschilds), and the insidious intrusion of federal authority into the sacred domain of states' rights. That Garrison had been "fought by Sterns, Newhouse papers, and Agnes Meyer" (i.e., the N.B.C. affiliate in New Orleans, WDSU-TV; the *Times-Picayune* and *States-Item;* and the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek*) was for the *Councilor* sufficient reason to lend Garrison its enthusiastic support. The logic of *Ramparts* has not been significantly different; William Turner concluded one of his articles on Garrison in the magazine by saying that the anti-Garrison tactics of N.B.C. and the daily press "smack of desperation—and indicate that there is much to hide." The *Councilor* goes along with most of the details of the plot theory outlined in *Ramparts*, differing only in its belief that New York Communists, rather than right-wing extremists, were behind the conspiracy. (Perry Russo, always accommodating, told the *Councilor* in an exclusive interview that David Ferrie was really a "Marxist" and a follower of Che Guevara.)

Garrison's cause has also found champions in more highly respected journals that pride themselves on their intellectual credentials—notably the *New York Review of Books*, which has rejected the Warren Commission's conclusions because the Commission's investigation was defective but has embraced Garrison's investigation despite its far more glaring defects. Professor Richard Popkin, in a lengthy defense of Garrison's investigation in the *New York Review*, argues that Garrison should be given a "fair hearing" in court, and not have his case "prejudged" by the press. He claims that while Garrison has "studiously avoided any discussion of Shaw and the specific evidence against him," the press has interviewed "potential witnesses," evaluated the evidence, made "charges against the District Attorney and his office . . . in effect, trying the case out of court." The "wave of attacks in the press and TV" against Garrison, Popkin contends, "surely prejudices a fair trial." He concludes that no investigation of Garrison is necessary, for "if the evidence is as contrived and cockeyed as the press and TV allege, they should expect that twelve jurors along with [the judge] will see through it." It is true that the right of a defendant not to be prejudged is a fundamental principle of jurisprudence. And pre-trial publicity, by prejudicing public opinion, can certainly deny the defendant his right to a fair hearing. Jim Garrison, however, is not the defendant. Clay Shaw is. The rights of the defendant have been established precisely to counterbalance the powers of the state. Popkin's plea that the press suspend scrutiny

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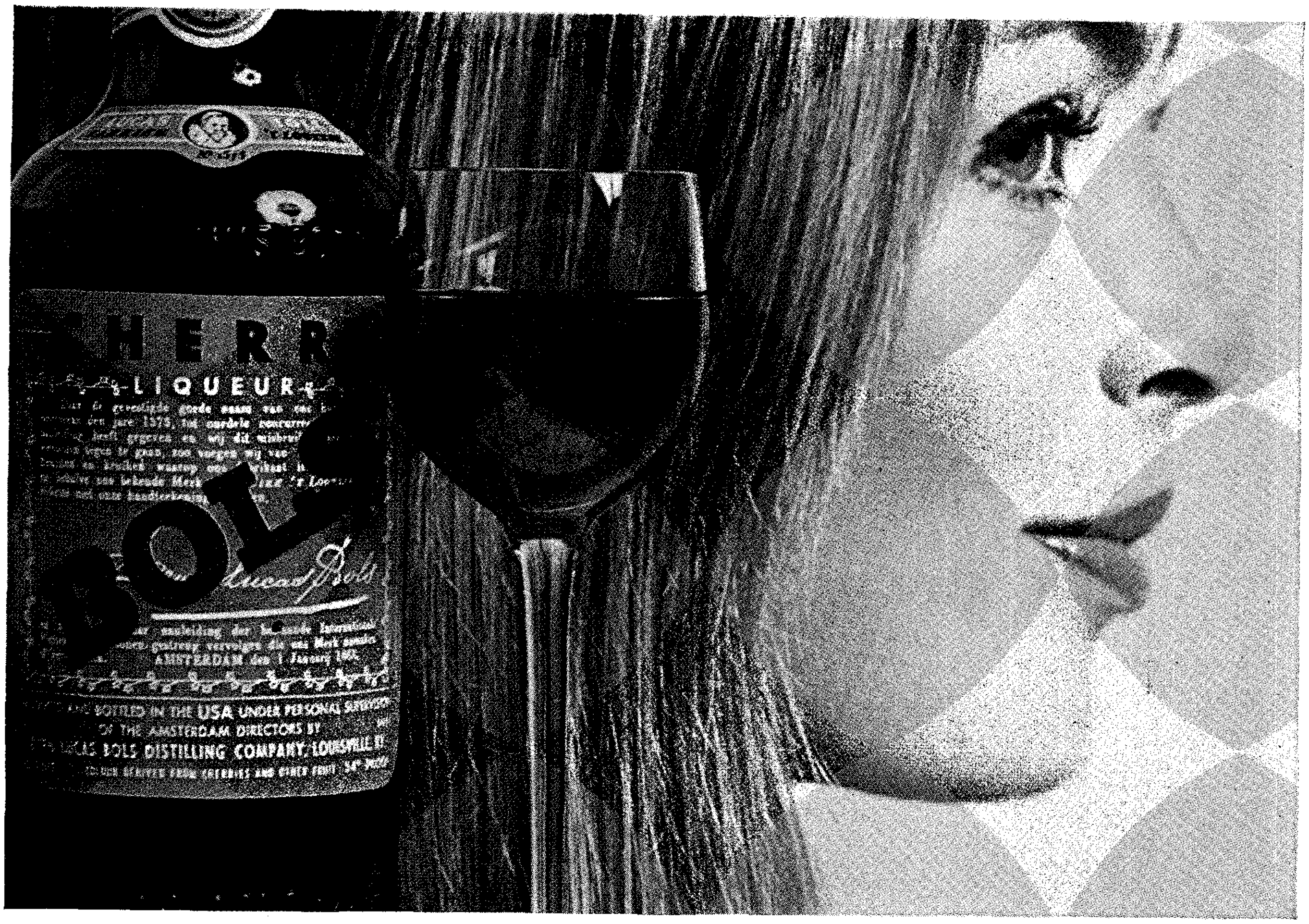
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Product of U.S.A. Bols Liqueurs, 40-78 Proof, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1965 and criticism of the methods by which Garrison is gathering evidence and bringing the case to trial would, if it were taken to heart, undermine a defendant's legitimate protection against the possibility of a prosecutor's using his power and resources to fabricate evidence and intimidate witnesses. Moreover, Popkin's contention that Garrison has "studiously avoided" discussing the evidence is disingenuous, at best. The fact is that an interview that Popkin had with Perry Russo, Garrison's star witness against Clay Shaw, was arranged by the District Attorney himself. It was Garrison, too, who told reporters that he had found Jack Ruby's coded telephone number in both Shaw's and Oswald's address books, and repeated the allegation on television and to newspaper reporters even after it was shown to be false. It was Garrison who stated in the *National Observer*, "There is no way that Clay Shaw can get an acquittal." It was Garrison who allowed Mark Lane and William Turner to photostat evidence in his files. And it was Garrison who, in his *Playboy* interview and on his subsequent coast-to-coast tour, made numerous references either to evidence in the Shaw case or to Shaw himself (including the demonstrable falsehood that Shaw was with President Kennedy "on an airplane flight in 1963"). Indeed, Garrison has gone on about the case in speeches, radio talk shows, television programs, press conferences, and interviews almost without pause. Of course, most of the evidence Garrison has discussed is spurious, but surely that makes it all the more imperative for the press not to waive its responsibility for examining it closely.

Popkin's notion that there is no need for the press to scrutinize Garrison's techniques for recruiting witnesses and assembling evidence because if the evidence is contrived a judge and jury will see through it and "destroy Garrison at the trial" shows an unusual confidence in the legal process. While it is true that a judge and jury can detect contradictions in testimony and other incongruous evidence, there is no certainty at all that they can uncover perjury that has been systematically arranged for, with one perjurer corroborating another's testimony, or that they can recognize artfully fabricated "facts" purposely designed to fit into the pattern of evidence. Exposure of such systematic fraud would, in fact, depend on an outside investigation of the prosecutor's means and methods. Gene Roberts, of the New York *Times*, and

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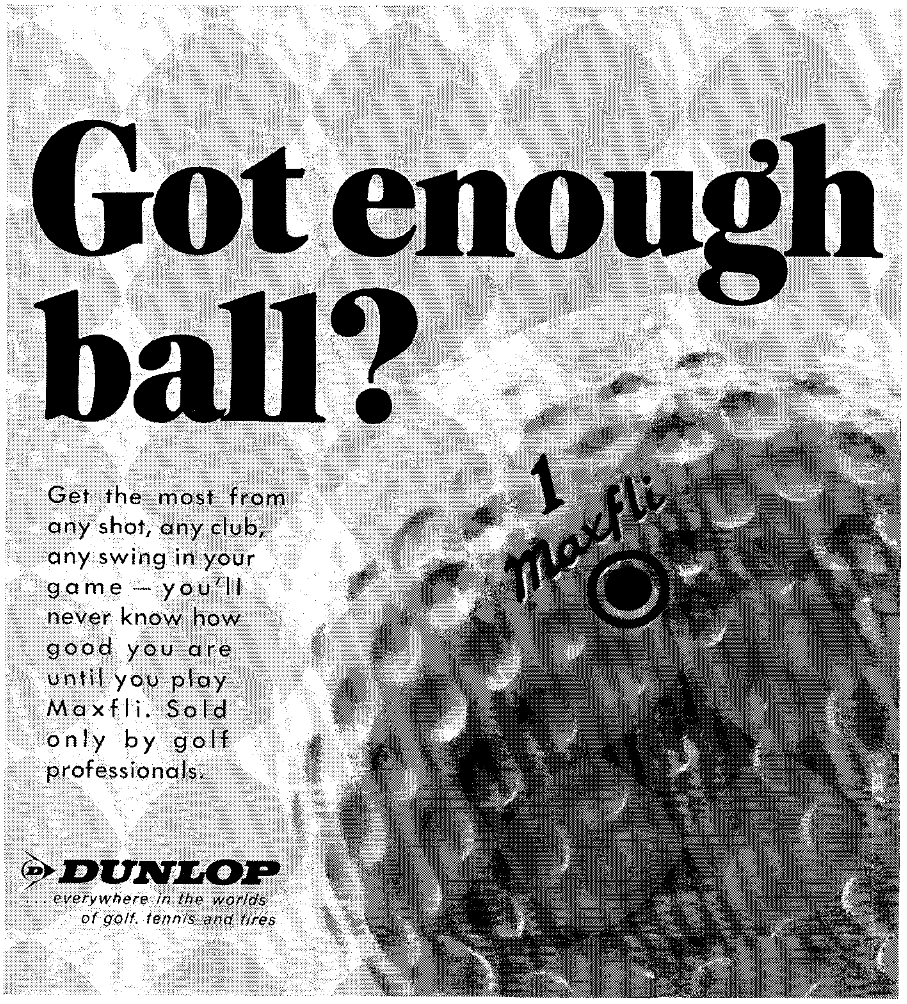
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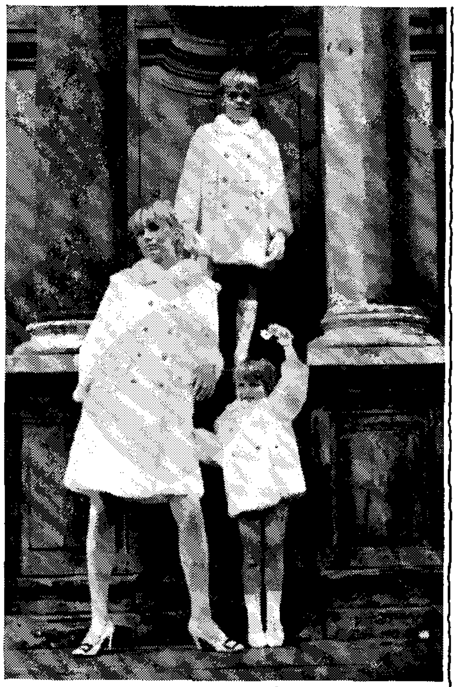

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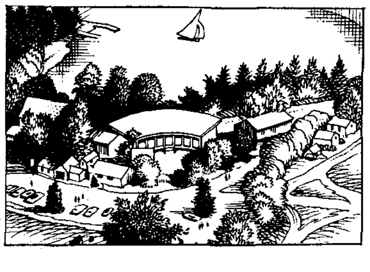
Walter Sheridan, of N.B.C., have stated that in separate inquiries they discovered at least six witnesses who said that they had been offered bribes, blackmailed, or otherwise coerced by Garrison's representatives. All were, in one way or another, vulnerable people. William Gurvich said that while he was working for Garrison he saw the way the powers of a district attorney's office could be used "to intimidate and coerce witnesses." Popkin intimates that Sheridan and Gurvich may have had some ulterior motive in revealing information about Garrison's mode of operation. One can, as the British philosopher A. J. Ayer points out, always sustain one's beliefs in the face of apparently hostile evidence if one is prepared to make the necessary ad-hoc assumptions, and in this case supporters of Garrison seem all too ready to assume that everyone who criticizes Garrison's conduct is part of a plot to conceal the truth. But such rationalization explains nothing. In the year I have been studying Garrison's investigation and have had access to his office, the only evidence I have seen or heard about that could connect Clay Shaw with the assassination has been fraudulent—some devised by Garrison himself and some cynically culled from criminals or the emotionally unstable. To fail to report this information so that Garrison might have a "fair hearing" in court could preclude the possibility of the defendant's ever receiving *his* fair hearing in court.

To see the issue of the assassination as of such overwhelming importance that the juridical rights of the defendant may be neglected, the Constitutional rights of witnesses disdained, the scrutiny and criticism of the press suspended, and the traditional methods of the state's prosecution ignored is to accept a curious sort of ethics. It is to say that in a search for facts the means can be disregarded if the ends—the facts—are of enough consequence. Fred Powledge, writing in the *New Republic*, suggests the dilemma: ". . . I had the irrational feeling that he [Garrison] was on to something. I had the equally startling feeling that it did not really matter if Garrison were paranoid, opportunistic, flamboyant, or if his witnesses were not candidates for *The Defenders*. Was he *right*?" But can the process of establishing the truth ever be separated from its end product—the truth? Facts must be selected, interpreted, and arranged in the context provided by other information before they take on meaning. Factual evidence can be established as truth, as Hannah

Beauty Spot of the Champlain Valley



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Arendt points out, only "through testimony by eyewitnesses—notoriously unreliable—and by records, documents, and monuments, all of which can be suspected as forgeries." If one has reason to doubt the process by which "facts" have been ascertained or confirmed, how can one ever be certain that they bear any relation to the truth, or even that the "facts" themselves are not outright fabrications? Questions such as these have been taken under consideration by a federal court in New Orleans. On May 28th, United States District Judge Frederick Heebe, after considering a forty-five-page complaint from Clay Shaw's attorneys alleging that Garrison had conducted a "reign of terror by the misuse and abuse of the powers of the public office," issued a temporary restraining order that prohibited Garrison from any further prosecution of Clay Shaw until a federal court has had the opportunity to decide the merits of the charges filed against Garrison.

In view of the shortcomings of the Warren Commission's investigation, it becomes apparent that there is no easy way to devise a process for ultimately answering such complex and elusive historical questions as those provoked by the assassination of President Kennedy. Indeed, there can be no certainty that such a process is even within our institutional means. But there *can* be certainty that as long as the means by which an investigation has been conducted remain suspect the truth will never be fully established.

—EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

•

THE JUDGES SAID MRS. HARPER WILL BE DECLARED THE WINNER OF THE ELECTION IF HER COMPLAINT IS SUSTAINED. OTHERWISE, THE WINNER OF TODAY'S ELECTION, IF THERE IS A SINNER, WILL GET THE JOB.

—*A. P. dispatch.*

A shoo-in, if we ever heard of one.

•

Icarus, technically known as an asteroid, or minor planet, will miss the Earth by "about 4 miles"—something like 3,950,000 miles to be more precise—in its closest approach to Earth in 19 years, Navy and other astronomers said.

—*Tucson Arizona Daily Star.*

Anyway, it's a miss.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

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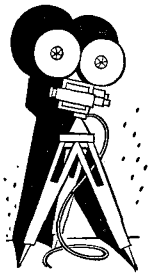
THE CURRENT CINEMA

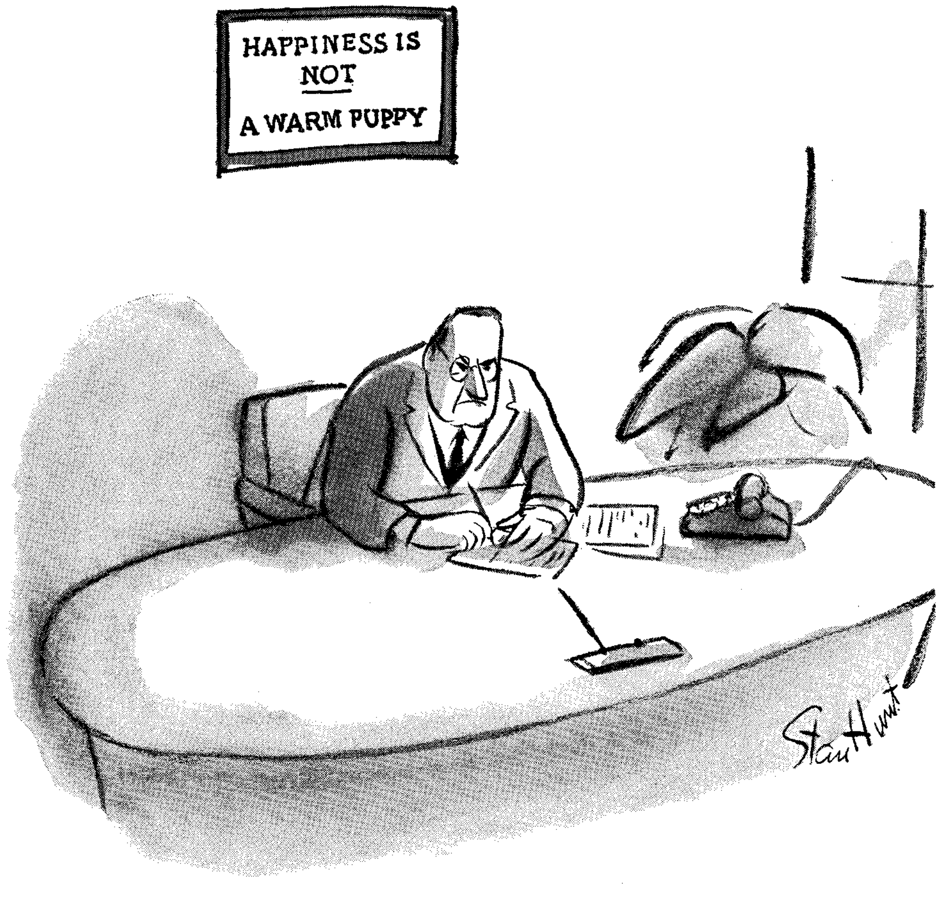
What Is Your Robbery Trying to Say?

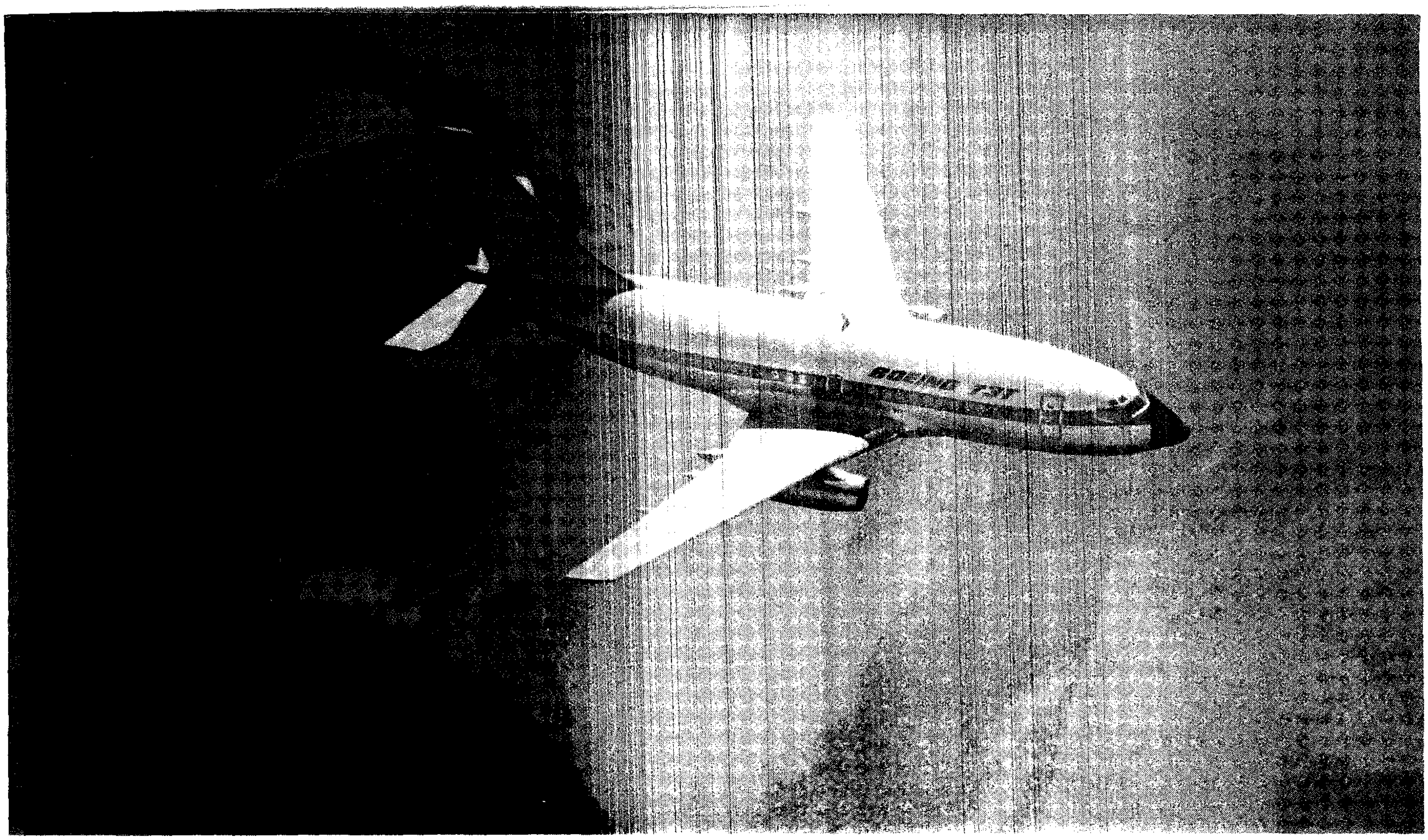


IT'S rare to find a contented dumb movie of the old Hollywood kind nowadays. Norman Jewison's "The Thomas Crown Affair" is an insecure stupid movie, which is the new version of the species, and quite different. I suppose the dumb movies of the past were relaxed because they weren't trying to do anything much, apart from getting Doris Day married off, or maneuvering as many confrontations between Joan Crawford and Bette Davis as possible. The stupid movies of the present Hollywood have something obscurely tense about them. Perhaps it is that they are floundering for an audience and trying helplessly to hold together the centrifugal parts of the land by being consciously square and consciously with-it at the same time, in the doomed hope of reaching all the frightened ghettos of their lost unified public. Hollywood is one of the most frightened ghettos of the lot, and its anxiety in trying to placate the factions of the sullen which now plague the imaginings of greedy producers communicates itself more and more. The sense of unease is particularly stifling when these entertainment movies—the poor screwed-up descendants of enjoyable junk—feel some insane pressure on them to make a Statement. "The Thomas Crown Affair" suddenly lunges so wildly toward significance that you want to go and rescue it. I don't suppose Shakespeare thought of himself as making a Statement about social attitudes toward aged parents when he wrote "Lear." Norman Jewison's film is only a story about a *bank robbery;* when it shovels in motivating lines for the multimillionaire thief about rejecting "the system," something has got out of hand. For the film no more possesses authentic insight into any system—let alone into the spirit of a dissident—than Jewison's earlier "In the Heat of the Night" possessed insight into what it is for a man to be black and clever in the South; Sidney Poitier's presence in the super-'tec plot of "In the Heat of the Night" was an example of the push-button emotionalism raging now through the life of the country. Steve McQueen's stray references to capitalism in "The Thomas Crown Affair" are still less organic than the racist theme in the Poitier picture. The new film is a crime thriller, for goodness' sake; it needs a plot, not a message. Its nominal sophistication isn't going to fool many spectators into missing the fact that a very ropy story is being fobbed off on them.

The heroes of crime films—both the criminals and the trackers—simply have to be bright. It is absolutely necessary for them to be better at their jobs than we can imagine ourselves being. Dassin's beautiful "Rififi" dazzled and humbled you with how much you didn't know about picking locks. It was always Bogart's stoic intelligence that made him striking and, incidentally, debonair and moving. "The Thomas Crown Affair" goes at it the other way around, outfitting Steve McQueen with the accessories of a dashing man without giving him a brain. This dawns on you slowly and comically. You can see that he has sharp clothes, an interesting tartan sofa, a grand way with secretaries, and every advantage of the well-brought-up millionaire. It takes you a while to realize that the presumed mastermind is actually always a jump behind you, for Jewison and his cameraman, Haskell Wexler, have mocked up a convincing suggestion that a head is at work on a brilliant plan. The film uses a lot of split-screen devices (as in "Grand Prix"), showing Thomas Crown and his hirelings doing different things at the same time, and these make the scheme look deceptively complicated. Crown also cleverly shines a blinding light into a man's eyes to protect himself (as in "Rear Window"), and he is studiously set up as a model of the skeptic who has everything (as in the James Bond pictures, and the hell with it). The threads of his plan are gradually drawn together. It takes ages for one to assimilate its simplicity. The men in his gang merely go into a bank with guns, say "This is a holdup," and leave with the bread.

Soon afterward, a beautiful girl (well played by Faye Dunaway) decides to catch the villain. By a dazzling act of deduction, she does it on no evidence. Sherlock Holmes, here's your hat. Out of millions of possible suspects she fixes on a photograph of Thomas Crown, inspecting it under a light with her specs on, and looking like a snazzy young fashion editor picking a male model for a sitting. "Every crime has a— personality," she says sagely. "Something like the mind that planned it." Hot on the trail of the crime with the least personality in film history, she goes to a polo field that one sees for a long time in slow motion *and* out of focus, and there she instinctively knows that the handsome man who finally


HAPPINESS IS NOT A WARM PUPPY
Stan Hunt



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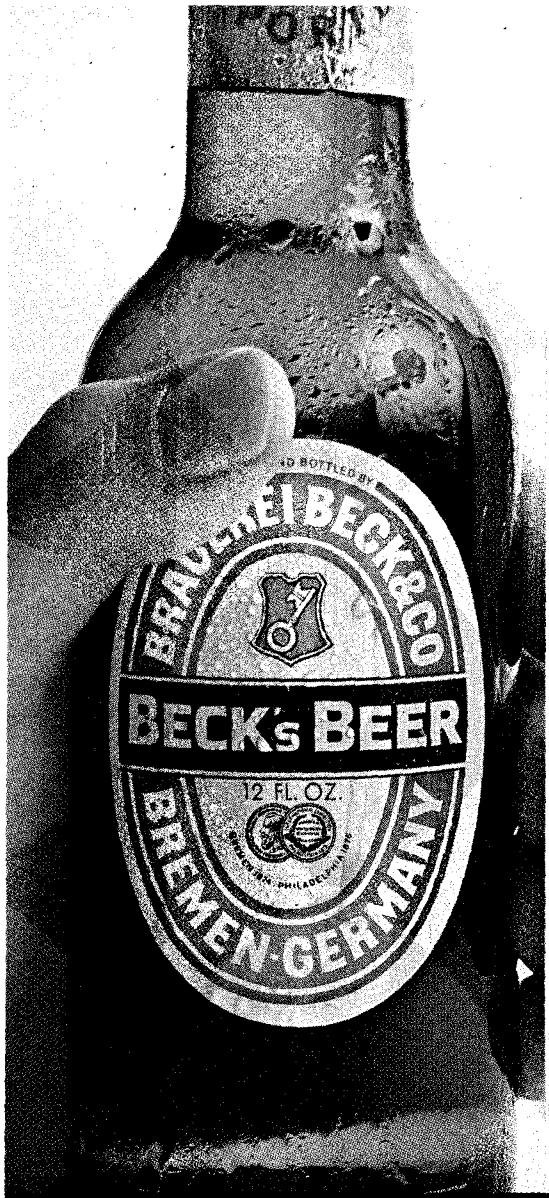
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jiggles into sight is the criminal. They have an affair. She gets the worst of it—an outcome that will satisfy everybody, since she works for an insurance company and everybody hates insurance companies. Her highest point, intellectually and as a woman, comes when they play chess. After that, things go downhill. For the game, she wears pearl-gray chiffon without a bra; this causes neither the film nor Steve McQueen to attend to the chess, though I felt like a small boy hissing at a soppy scene and wanted to see the moves. The film is remarkable, in some way of its own, for a very peculiar and gourmandizing kiss sequence. You have to imagine a cameraman trained in Swedish pornographic cinema photographing two goldfish going after the same crumb. It comes in the middle of the plot—such plot as there is—and hard-stomached men around me went "Ech!" Steve McQueen is an interesting actor, with resources that I suspect his films have never got to. The ironic thing is that he is one of the uncommon Anglo-Saxon actors who would have been capable of implying an intellect.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

My son is interested in the diplomatic corps. Where can he apply?
Melrose Park reader

Your son must have the proper educational background, including foreign service and diplomacy courses, offered by some colleges. In Illinois, the University of Chicago, University of Illinois, and Bradley University offer such studies, we are told. A comprehensive examination is given by the department of state to prospective job candidates. For more information, write the department in Washington.

We have forwarded your letter to Theodore Eppig, bureau of sanitation commissioner, for action.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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—*Dayton* (*Ohio*) *Journal Herald.*

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THE RACE TRACK

One for the Doctor

As I may have said before, you can always count on the Suburban Handicap to be a good race. This year's renewal, at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July, lived up in every way to the traditions of its predecessors, for Dr. Fager galloped Damascus clean off his elegant, expensive feet and won by a couple of lengths. Damascus finished third, three lengths behind Bold Hour, who came up swiftly in the stretch to take second money. It was the fastest Suburban ever run, the time for the mile and a quarter being 1:59⅗.

In the paddock before the race, Damascus—big, handsome, the perfect picture horse—struck me as looking particularly good. In fact, I'd seldom seen him so cool and relaxed. Dr. Fager had never been better in appearance, either, giving every impression by both his gay, eager manner and his muscular condition that he was at his best. And Bold Hour also struck me as being fit and ready—which he proved to be. Before I knew it, the horses were on the track, and I hadn't got a look at Amerigo Lady and In Reality, the other runners. When the starting gate opened, Dr. Fager was out of it like a rocket. Damascus wasn't very far behind, and joined him in the backstretch, whereupon the two went stride for stride for nearly five furlongs. As they turned for home, you knew Damascus had had it. No excuses, however understandable, should be allowed to hide the fact that as the race was run Dr. Fager was the better horse, and won absolutely fair and square. Johnny Nerud, his trainer, deserves full marks. He practiced what seems to be a forgotten art with horsemen these days—he picked out a race and pointed his horse specially for it. There may be perfectly feasible reasons for Damascus's failure to show his best form, but lack of fitness could not have been one of them. Frank Whiteley, Jr., who trains him, would hardly have let him run unless he had been satisfied that the horse was ready. What really upset Whiteley's plans—and perhaps the apple cart—was that he had to scratch Hedevar, the running mate of Damascus, when Hedevar developed soreness in one of his legs. It had been the intention for Hedevar, who is among the fastest horses in training, to force Dr. Fager, who is a speedster, too, to go at a pace that would tire both at the end of a mile and set up an easy victory for Damascus. (This tactic is common practice.) Instead, Damascus raced with Dr. Fager and ran out of speed first. The time by quarters was 0:24, 0:48⅖, 1:11, 1:34⅕, 1:59⅗. Obviously, the first two were not fast, but the second two certainly were, and they did Damascus in. I wonder whether Dr. Fager and Damascus will meet in the Brooklyn Handicap at the Big A a week from Saturday.

To nobody's surprise, lovely and admirable Dark Mirage won the Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth Park on the Fourth—fireworks that should have been on TV instead of a number of other programs I could name. She did it with quite as much authority as she had shown in her six previous stakes victories, although she came in only four lengths ahead of Singing Rain, who, in turn, was five lengths ahead of Guest Room. From all accounts, Dark Mirage did it despite the track's being deep and rough from recent rains, despite a bumping by Singing Rain, and despite the fact that Ycaza, who rode her, lost his whip during the race. Anyway, Ycaza travelled in a helicopter from Aqueduct, where he rode Damascus in the Suburban, to Monmouth, to ride Dark Mirage, and made the trip without incident.

As everyone knows, it is the practice of racecourse managements to run off a stakes race in two sections if there are too many entries for all of them to be started from the stall gate at the same time. But I don't remember when I've seen one of those two-section affairs that had finishes comparable to the ones in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and three-sixteenths, over the turf course at Aqueduct last Saturday. In the first division, won by Ludham, an Irish mare, a little number named Hail the Queen, who was last of ten turning into the stretch, made a spectacular run on the rail and was beaten by the shortest of necks. In the second division, half an hour later, Mount Regina, a 9–1 chance, and Politely, the odds-on favorite, fought it out all the way down the stretch, Politely winning by a nose in the last few strides. By the way, I wonder whether those who play horses by the numbers shown on their saddlecloths noticed

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☆ The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards—Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt – a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the 60 designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed September first.

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that both Ludham and Politely had "7" on theirs.

THE more you consider Stage Door Johnny's performance in the Saranac Handicap on the last day at Belmont Park, the more you realize what a masterpiece it was. The race was at a mile, and he is better at longer distances; also, he gave weight to such seasoned runners as Out of the Way, winner of the Massachusetts Handicap and the Jersey Derby, who was second, and Iron Ruler, who placed in several of the more important stakes races this season, and who finished third. It was a delightful race to watch, and Gustines, who was on Stage Door Johnny, has seldom ridden with greater skill or assurance. Verbatim, a game little runner who likes to be in front as long as he can, set the pace for more than half the route, while Stage Door Johnny, who was slow to begin, was settling into his full stride. When he got there, he swept past the leaders on the turn for home to win going away by a length and a quarter. The time by quarters was 0:23, 0:45⅘, 1:10⅖, 1:35⅖. I know that it's a pretty heavy order for a filly to beat colts, unless she's a superior filly, but I'd like to have seen Dark Mirage in the Saranac, though no doubt she'd have had to carry the same weight, according to the scale, that Stage Door Johnny did. (The time by quarters in this year's Acorn Stakes was 0:22⅘, 0:46, 1:10⅖, 1:34⅘, and Dark Mirage won it by six lengths.) What do you think might have happened?

SIR IVOR, Raymond Guest's American-bred winner of the English Derby, seems to have run out of luck, or something. In the Irish Sweepstakes Derby at the Curragh of Kildare a fortnight ago, he finished second, beaten two lengths by another American-bred, Ribero. (Ribero is owned by Charles Englehard, who races the Cragwood Stables in this country.) Last weekend, Sir Ivor finished third in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, near London. The winner was Royal Palace, who took the English Derby last year, and second money went to Taj Dewan, one of the leading French four-year-olds. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

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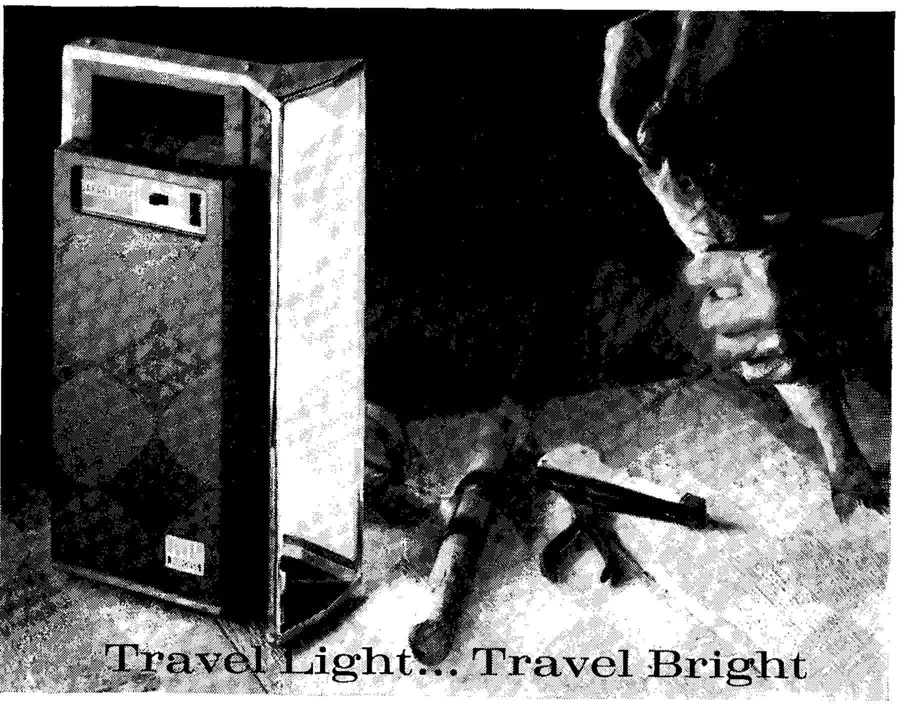

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U.S. JOURNAL: PHOENIX

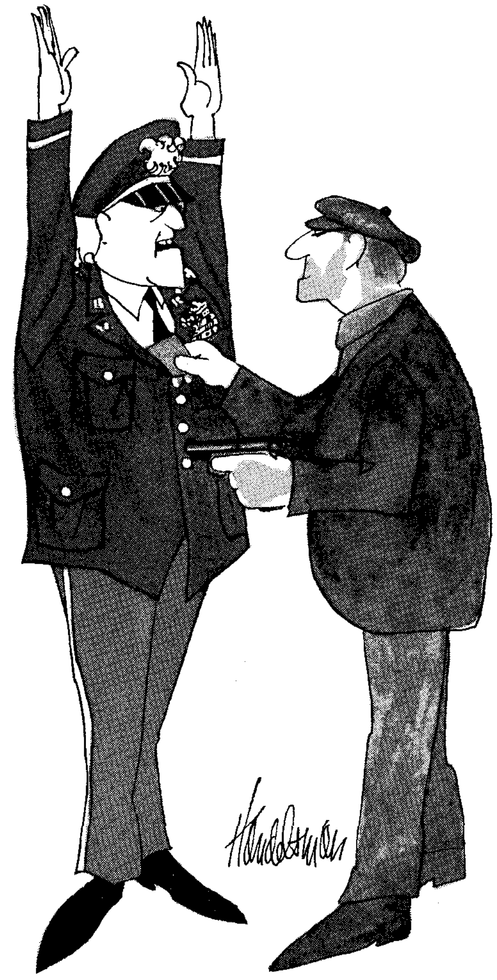
PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

A CAMPAIGN for the presidency of the United States Jaycees, a service club for men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, ordinarily costs fifteen thousand dollars. It's a bargain. There is probably no way to come closer to the feeling of being nominated for the Presidency of the United States except to be nominated for the Presidency of the United States—and the only Jaycees that has ever happened to are Barry Goldwater and Richard M. Nixon. If there are more Nixon posters displayed at the Republican Convention in Miami than there were A. Bruce Coble posters at the Jaycee convention I have just attended in Phoenix, it will only mean that Miami, for some reason, offers more flat surfaces. In Phoenix, a presidential candidate like Roger R. Jenkins, a badge-and-trophy dealer from Seattle, could take it for granted that wherever he went he would be accompanied by a squad of aides who wore neat business suits, talked intently into walkie-talkies, and stood out among the Oklahoma Jaycee Indian costumes and the Mississippi Jaycee Confederate uniforms and the Indiana Jaycee basketball-referee shirts like Secret Service agents at a college reunion. Campaign workers in the headquarters suite of the candidate from Michigan answered the phone with "Smith for president," and everyone knew they were talking about Wendell E. Smith, a division zone manager for a grocery firm. At the annual conventions of the Jaycees (formerly called the Junior Chamber of Commerce but never officially connected to the senior chamber) demonstrators are dependable and uniformly enthusiastic. During the week of a convention, demonstrations wind through the hotels every evening on schedule, and after the candidate's name is finally placed in nomination he can be assured of a demonstration lasting the full twenty minutes allotted by convention regulations. In Phoenix, each candidate was wheeled through the convention hall on a kind of mobile speaker's platform—one hand on his wife's shoulder, one hand waving to the cheering thousands—followed by hundreds of supporters blowing whistles, beating drums, waving placards, and chanting a slogan like "We Back Mack" or "Align with Glines." During the polling of the delegations, if a state leader walked to a floor microphone and said something like "Mr. Chairman, the great state of Missouri, home of the world-champion St. Louis Cardinals, is proud to cast its seventy-five votes for that great little razorback from Arkansas, the next president of the United States Jaycees—MACK KOONCE!" Mack Koonce, an insurance man from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, could rest assured that every single member of every single delegation supporting him would stand up, wave a Mack Koonce placard, and make as much noise as possible.

All this is carried on with the knowledge that the winning candidate will give up his ordinary business for a year and move to the Jaycee White House, a ranch-style presidential residence in Tulsa, Oklahoma. His wife goes with him, of course; Jaycees sometimes refer to her as the First Lady. According to Jaycees, whoever does reach the Tulsa White House has "a lot of doors open for him" in the business world, and, according to the approved Jaycee history, a book entitled "Young Men Can Change the World," he becomes the most lionized young man in the country ("He's an honored guest at the Indianapolis 500, the Phoenix Rodeo, and the Apple Blossom Festival in Virginia, to name just a few events he attends with bells on"). But "the experience of leading three hundred thousand young men" is usually mentioned by Jaycees as the most important plum of the presidency. In a chapter on the presidency, called "How to Make a Halfback Cry," the Jaycee history says, "If the Jaycee movement as a whole is a great college of practical experience, as many have described it, the intensive experience gained by the one top leader in the movement must be a valuable postgraduate course indeed."

At a time when there are warnings that the world is being taken over by the young, some people may find it comforting that so many thirty-three- and thirty-four-year-old men are still just practicing. Although Jaycee chapters are noted for running an unremitting stream of projects—holding Safe Driving Road-e-os, sponsoring beauty pageants, leading get-out-the-vote drives, building playgrounds—Jaycees consider a project less important for its own ends than for the opportunity it provides to amass experience and leadership training. The Jaycee presidential election seems to be an example of experience in pure form, since there are no issues. The impression made by the candidates themselves is considered only a minor factor, and the outcome is decided largely not by the demonstrating delegates but by a group of Jaycees known to all as "the politicians." A presidential candidate is almost always one of ten vice-presidents, and he automatically receives the support of those states he has been assigned to look after during his vice-presidency; other states are attracted by the politicians with reminders of past voting support and hints of future voting support. Jaycees appear to enjoy the political process for itself, no matter who the candidates are. It is a matter of some pride among them that the balloting in Phoenix lasted all night. Once a candidate withdrew, the delegates from states supporting him would merely switch placards and jump up with undiminished enthusiasm at every mention of their new favorite.



"You wouldn't be looking so damned cocky if I had my air support!"

JAYCEES believe officially in God and the free-enterprise system. Support for both is pledged in the

Jaycee Creed. "Young Men Can Change the World" has a description that might be taken as the Jaycee ideal of a young man operating in a free-enterprise economy: "Tall, handsome, with a pleasing personality and a quiet but driving ambition, Tom worked his way up the ladder." The commercial-exhibit area at the convention included several ground-floor offers for young men interested in a free-enterprise opportunity. As I watched a lady demonstrate how Swipe could clean almost anything, I was approached by a man about selling some Swipe myself. "You see, I sign you up and then I get a cut of what you sell, and then you sign people up and you get a cut of what they sell," he said. "That's free enterprise." In large cities, where Jaycee chapters have often not been as strong as they are in small towns, the Jaycees are just beginning to become involved in some ghetto projects, and a former president who addressed a convention meeting on urban problems explained that the key was to give those who live in the ghetto a chance to become "dynamic free enterprisers." The only time the welcoming speech by the mayor of Phoenix was interrupted by applause was when he said that property taxes had not been raised in Phoenix for eighteen years.

Jaycees also believe in a kind of constituency of young people. A Jaycee president once testified against the Medicare bill on the ground that Jaycees "and others like us must immediately begin payments to finance the cost of medical care for those over sixty-five currently receiving Social Security benefits who have not contributed a cent toward these medical costs." The Jaycees have always been a young man's crowd. When a member passes the age of thirty-five, he automatically becomes what Jaycees call "an exhausted rooster." Even professional staff members are not permitted to stay on in that condition. The most successful Jaycee public-relations project is its annual recognition of Ten Outstanding Young Men—an honor that in one year of uncharacteristically bad handicapping was awarded both to Douglas R. Stringfellow, the Utah congressman who later admitted to having invented most of his war record, and to Billie Sol Estes. Jaycees call everybody under thirty-five by his first name—a custom that, combined with their respect for the prerogatives of office, led them to refer to their national president in Phoenix speeches as President Jim.

In or out of presidential campaigns, Jaycees concentrate hard on youthful

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enthusiasm. On the first day of the convention, Paul J. Meyer—the president of Success Motivation Institute, Inc., of Waco, Texas, a Jaycee consultant, and a man introduced as the Master Motivator—lectured a Key Men luncheon on the value of enthusiasm. "Maybe the enthusiasts aren't the most cultured people in the world," Meyer told the Jaycees, "but they're the only ones who make history." It was like lecturing to a group of life-insurance salesmen on the need for planning against unforeseen disasters. In their own public speaking—encouraged by a project called Speak-Up—Jaycees tend to inject enough enthusiasm to transform a speech into what used to be called a declamation. Both Speak-Up speakers and presidential candidates lean toward the inspirational—why a citizen shouldn't let the other fellow do it, or how one Jaycee "became on fire that he, Lewis Timberlake, could make Stamford, Texas, a better place in which to live." Jaycee speakers are apt to use a phrase like "the hallowed halls of our nation's capital" even when referring to the place where programs shouldn't come from. The national winner of the Speak-Up competition gave his speech at a general meeting of the convention. He told the history of the United States, speaking in the first person, as if he had personally seen it from the beginning. It was the first time I had ever heard anybody sound angry when discussing the behavior of the British during the period of the American Revolution. "They taxed our tea!" he shouted.

JAYCEES seem to treasure an image of themselves as rowdy conventioners—being young, they are supposed to have more staying power than the Shriners or the American Legion—but at the end of the convention one of the Phoenix Jaycees in charge of local arrangements said that both the police department and the night-club owners had overestimated the impact that several thousand Jaycees would have on the city. One factor, he explained, was that there were seven candidates for the presidency, an unusually large number, and Jaycees from the candidates' assigned states had spent a lot of time demonstrating, when they could have been in night clubs. Many Jaycees were accompanied by their wives (Jaycettes), wearing feminine versions of the appropriate state costumes, and some brought their children. The traditional convention debauchery seemed to be represented mostly by the dancing of two or three indefatigable go-go girls, who appeared, in one bikini or another, at convention social events in the evening and at the booth of Mr. Lucky's night club, among the free-enterprise opportunities and real-estate offers of the commercial exhibits, from nine to five. At an event called the State Parties—two nights of more or less potluck dinners, with booths featuring the specialties of various states—a huge line formed for cherry pie being handed out by Michigan while at the next booth Tennessee Jaycees, dressed in coonskin hats and buckskin-style suits, were having trouble finding takers for free Jack Daniel's bourbon.

At Jaycee conventions, distinctions among the states are maintained with considerable enthusiasm. The annual convention parade is called the Parade of States, and states compete, mostly through membership figures, for their positions in the line of march. (This year, a state might have been better off finishing low enough in the competition to be left out completely. National Jaycee leaders disregarded the suggestion of the locals that parades in Phoenix during the summer should be held in the evening, if at all—the evening has always been reserved for state caucuses, President Jim later explained—and about a hundred and fifty paraders were overcome by the heat.) Jaycees can find something distinctive about any state, and a visitor may lose track of the fact that the delegates in referee shirts and the delegates in Indian costumes probably live in cities that are physically and culturally almost exactly alike. The Nebraska delegates wore white sailor uniforms, signifying the legendary Nebraska Navy. The Jaycees from Georgia had vests with a symbolic peach on the back, those from Oregon had shirts featuring pictures of lumberjacks, Kansans wore yellow vests with a sunflower design, and the delegates and wives from Idaho wore dun-colored outfits that succeeded in making some of them look like potatoes. Almost every state west of Ohio seemed to have some Western element in its costume. In Phoenix, where it is common for adults to own cowboy outfits, it was sometimes the presidential candidates in business suits rather than the delegates in cowboy shirts who looked out of place. One night, I passed two young men who were wearing Western hats, boots, gun belts, and tight Western-style shirts; I looked at their patches to see if they were Jaycees from Montana or Nevada or Michigan, and discovered that they were deputy sheriffs of Maricopa County, Arizona.

At the State Parties, Florida delegates, dressed in orange blazers, served orange juice, the Hawaiians served pineapple juice, and Kentucky colonels served mint juleps. At the New Mexico booth, small shots of tequila were given away, and New Mexico Jaycees, wearing tasselled Mexican hats, helpfully poured salt on the back of each guest's hand so that he could drink in the authentic manner. Texas cowboys ladled out pinto beans and rattlesnake meat, and Wyoming cowboys gave away beef jerky. On the first night of the State Parties, immense crowds lined up for provisions like Illinois hot dogs and Wisconsin cheese. The hall became so hot that a number of people took what food they could get and went out on the lawn, where the temperature was one hundred and nine. The heat seemed to have little effect on the enthusiasm of the guests or the hosts at the Georgia booth, which featured Jesse Jewell's Portion Controlled Pre-Cooked Chicken Drumettes (wrapped in Delta Airline napkins), hard-boiled eggs from the Georgia Egg Commission, Coca-Cola, and, on two platforms behind the serving line, a rock band and a go-go dancer. A large crowd gathered in front of the booth to watch the go-go girl, and when the demand for chicken was finally satisfied, the Georgia servers gathered around the platform to stare up at her while clapping to the music. One Jaycee stood on a chair behind the dancer flicking water from a wet cloth in her direction to mitigate the heat. Jaycees in referee shirts blew whistles and Michigan Jaycees sounded auto horns. Arkansas delegates in red berets and several varieties of Jaycee cowboys came up to take pictures. At around eight o'clock, the closing time for the State Parties, the band began to play "Dixie," and a half-dozen Georgia Jaycees climbed up on the platform with the go-go girl to wave Georgia flags. Finally, one of them started throwing Jesse Jewell's Portion Controlled Pre-Cooked Chicken Drumettes to the crowd.

Local chapters also compete at Jaycee conventions, displaying their year's accomplishments in scrapbooks filled with documents known as R & R (Records and Recognition) Forms. R & R Forms are designed not only to provide a means of recognizing achievements but to train Jaycees in the organizational habits that might make them leaders. For every project a local chapter embarks on, the committee chairman fills out a Project Proposal Form, listing the Purpose and Benefits of the project, a Plan of Action ("This is an important administrative aid used by all good administrations"), a Budget, a Committee Organization Chart, a Committee Summary of Activities, and a Completed Project Report. With the help of these R & R Forms, Jaycees can gain leadership training from almost any activity; even organizing the District Three and Four Crab Feed requires a systematic listing of what action is planned to gain the objective. In the scrapbooks that prize-winning chapters from each state brought to Phoenix, there were R & R Forms on typical Jaycee community projects—sponsoring a junior olympics, holding a children's Christmas party—and there were also forms presenting the benefits and plan of action and organization chart for such activities as attending a state convention, electing chapter officers, and holding regular meetings. Many scrapbooks included completed R & R Forms on the completion of R & R Forms. Jaycees can assign a benefit to any activity. A party improves relations among the members, and a bowling team helps public relations. Actually, almost any project can be seen as a public-relations benefit. "This project will benefit the city of Deer Park by having a flag in front of one of its buildings," the Deer Park, Texas, chapter wrote about a plan to buy a flag for a new civic center. "The chapter will benefit from the public relations for being civic-minded young men." Most of all, though, Jaycees find a local project—as well as a presidential campaign—beneficial in providing experience. The Minden, Louisiana, chapter wrote that its fund-raising candy sale would "help members develop the ability to sell themselves, the candy, and the Jaycees to the community." The Newton-Conover, North Carolina, Jaycees wrote that members would benefit from a peanut sale "by acquiring leadership training during their sale of peanuts to individuals." Leadership training, it says in "Young Men Can Change the World," is the primary function of the United States Jaycees.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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The nature, significance and meaning of human life according to several philosophies of both Eastern and Western culture will be examined in an evening noncredit course at the University of Denver starting Thursday Aug. 15 and continuing until Aug. 15.—*Denver Post.*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

BEATRICE WEBB: A LIFE, 1858-1943, by Kitty Muggeridge and Ruth Adam (Knopf). Beatrice Webb (née Potter), like Jane Austen's Emma, was handsome, clever, and rich. But Beatrice's mother did not love her, and Beatrice's personality seems to have suffered incurable wounds in the nursery. The authors—Mrs. Muggeridge is a niece of Mrs. Webb—by no means slight their subject's immense achievements, but against this grand theme they play a poignant, recurrent motif: except for her husband and one of his sisters, Beatrice found it difficult to love or be friends with anybody. That greatness or distinction does not banish sorrows and neuroses is no new story, but the authors tell this version with style, sympathy, and taste.

THE LAST DAYS OF MANKIND: KARL KRAUS AND HIS VIENNA, by Frank Field (St. Martin's). The author has successfully performed the unusual feat of taking a somewhat special figure—Karl Kraus, a Viennese satirical writer (1874-1936)—and making the man, his work, and his world accessible and fascinating to the non-specialist reader. Kraus was a brilliant critic who belonged to, and scrutinized, a culture that was producing unparalleled achievements of thought and art at the same time that it was falling into political incoherence. Through Mr. Field's book, the reader suffers the intellectual and emotional conflicts of Kraus's astonishing era, and deepens his feelings for the ideas of Freud, the music of Mahler, and even the political problems of Dollfuss. Ten dollars.

UNTIMELY THOUGHTS: ESSAYS ON REVOLUTION, CULTURE, AND THE BOLSHEVIKS, 1917-1918, by Maxim Gorky, translated from the Russian, and with an introduction and notes, by Herman Ermolaev (Eriksson). This collection of pieces from the newspaper *Novaya Zhizn* (*New Life*) records, in succession, Gorky's hopefulness just after the Russian Revolution; his horror at the violence, terror, and cruelty that then occurred; his love for his fellow-Russians and his awareness of their difficulties in building a just society; and, last, his dogged, brave, principled opposition to the Bolsheviks, who finally shut down his paper. The collection is something far better than just another anti-Bolshevik witness because of Gorky's simple, concrete, and honest prose.

SET IN A SILVER SEA, by Sir Arthur Bryant (Doubleday). This social history takes Great Britain through the industrial revolution, from (approximately) the stirrings and inventions of the late seventeenth century to the decades after Disraeli's reform law of 1867 extended the franchise and began to let poorer subjects vote and so look after their own interests. Sir Arthur presents information in attractive language. His outlook, besides, is cheerful. Even when he describes hard times, sad events, or bad men, he always keeps it in mind that he is, after all, writing *English* history, in which wrongs are sooner or later set right and everything, one way or another, happens for the best.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SHOPLIFTER, by Richard H. R. Smithies (Horizon). Mr. Smithies' clever tale of threats and theft and murder in a well-to-do Connecticut community is too long for its own good, but the atmosphere of elegant suburbia is very well done, and the shoptalk among the various antiques dealers whose problems dominate the action is funny and sounds authentic. The story begins with the theft of a gorgeous little silver cream pitcher from a chic roadside trap called the Black Lion, and it ends in a series of noisy murders that leave the survivors agog but not too seriously disturbed.

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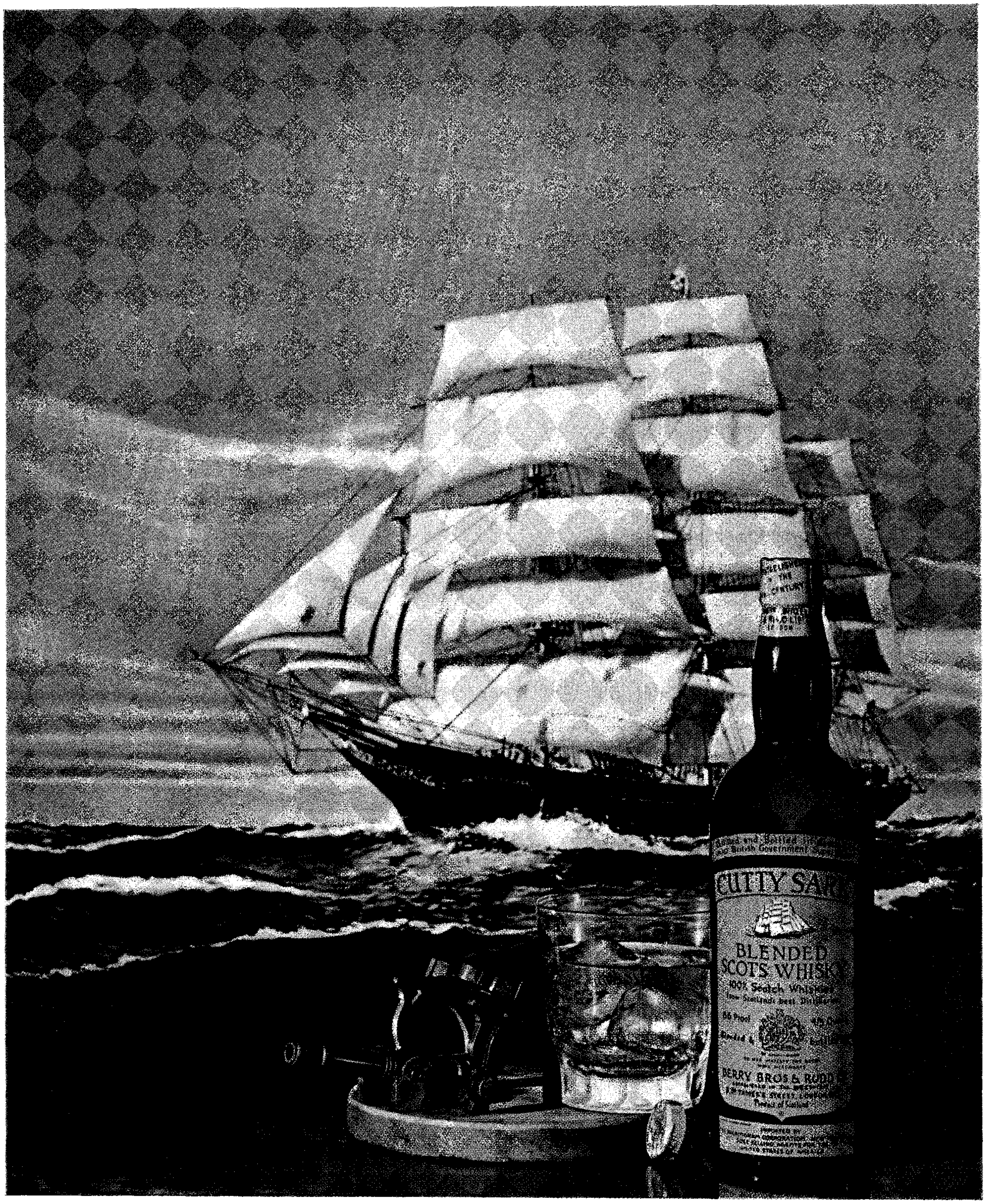
On my first stroll down Pelham St., I ran smack into a huge bunch of Aussies outside the Cameo, and there was no disputing their origin.

There must have been 30 of 'em all from Down Under now residing in Canada and all members of the same rugby team. They all wore white sweat shirts a lovely shade of orange.—*Jane Ward in the News.*

Fallout, probably.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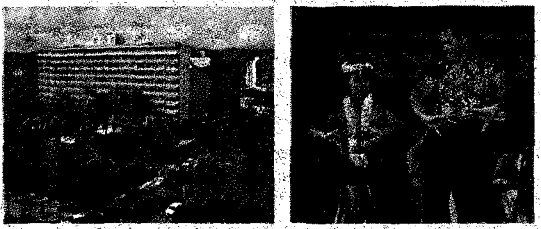

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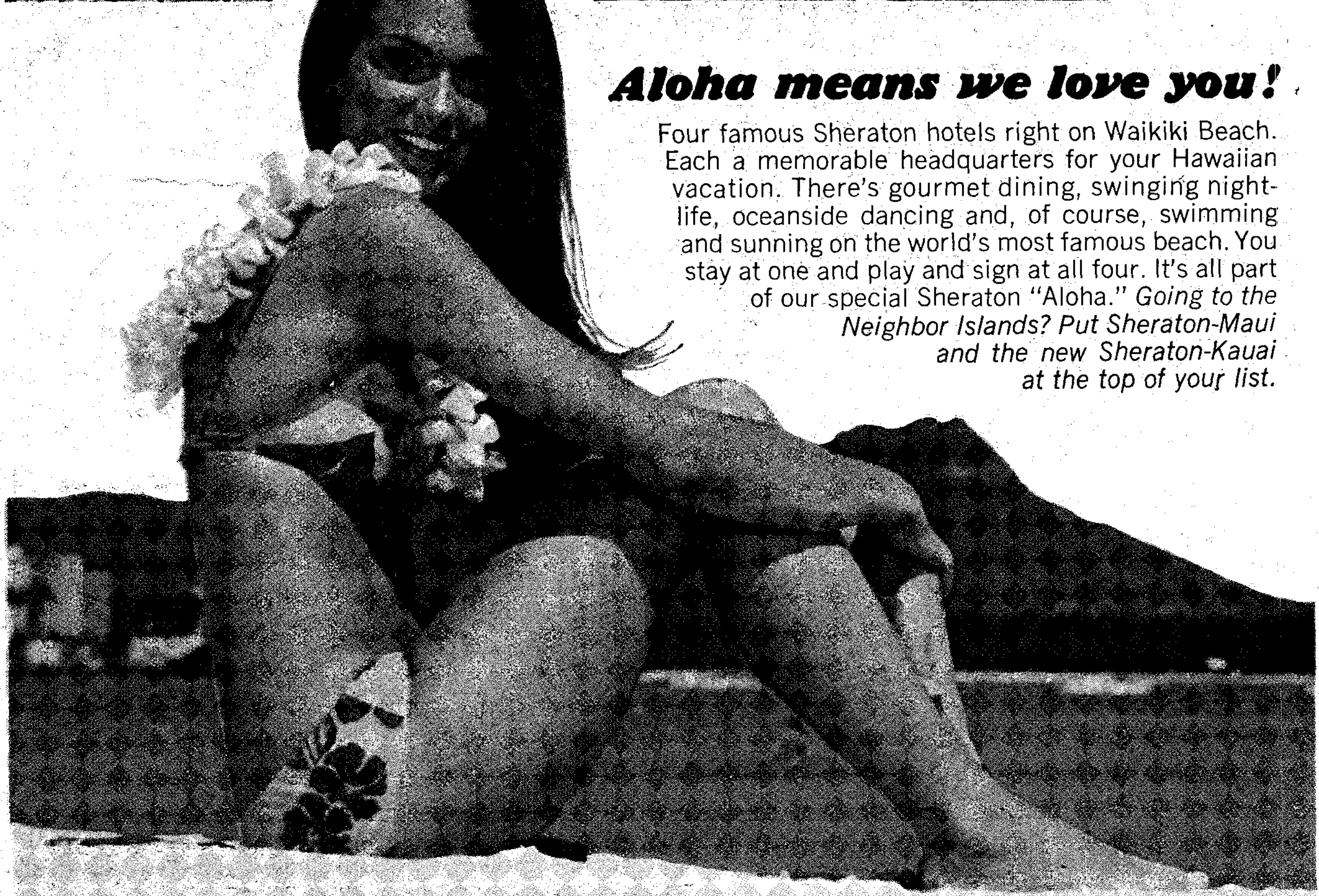

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